NOVEMBER 1966

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-TWO, NUMBER FIVE

THE STATE OF THE UNION–TWO VIEWS

The Empty Society: Paul Goodman
Tensions & Conservatism in American Politics: Oscar Gass

THE "ADVENTURE" OF ASSIMILATION

Jews and Germans: Gershom Scholem
Does the Jew Exist?: Albert Memmi

THE VACANCIES OF AUGUST
John Thompson

AN END TO PORNOGRAPHY?
Dan Jacobson

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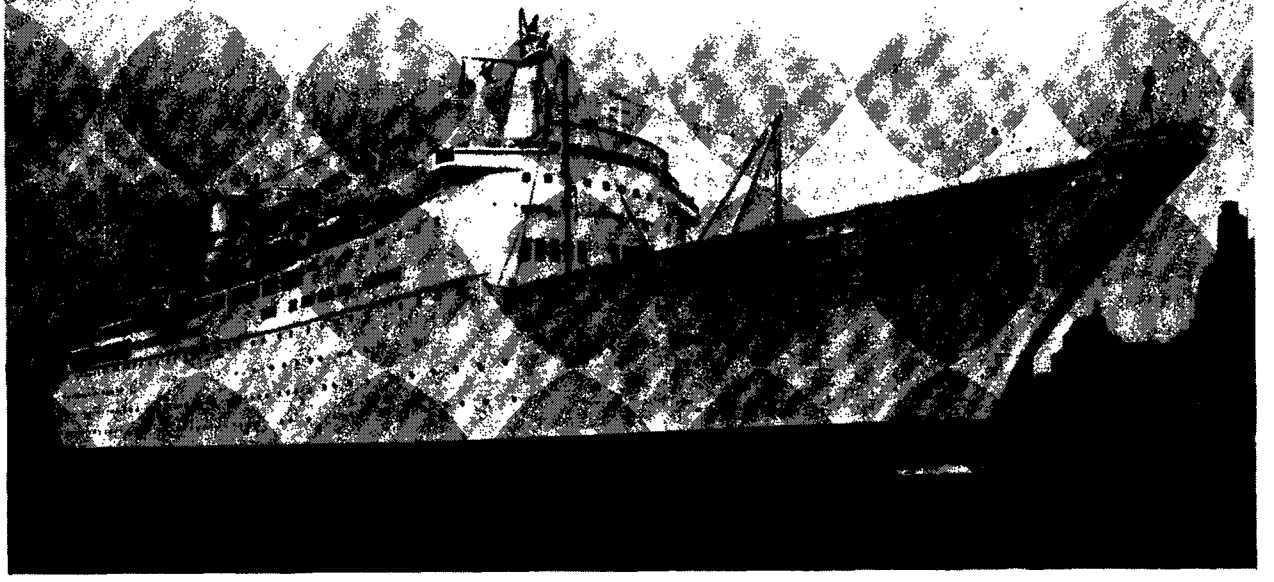

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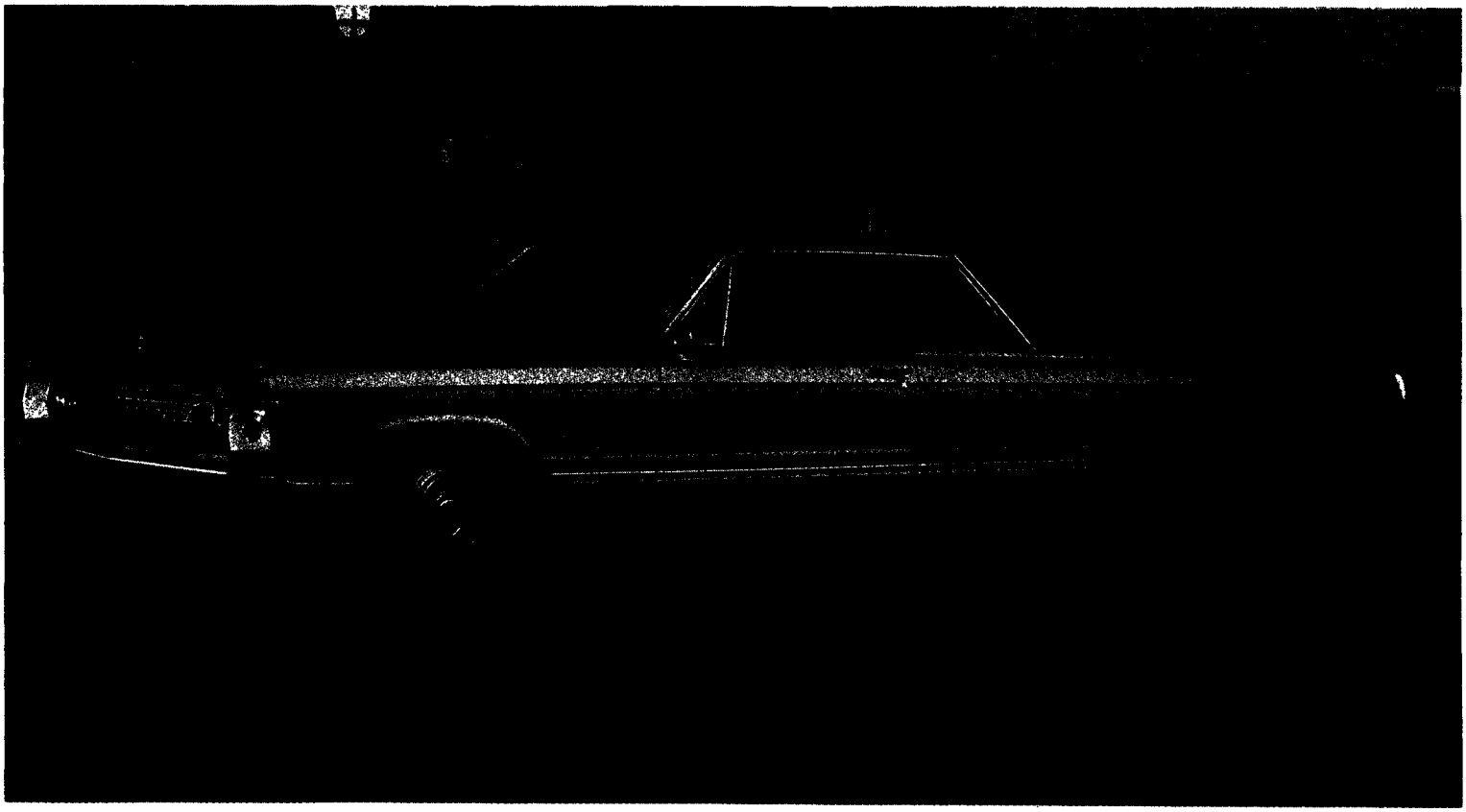

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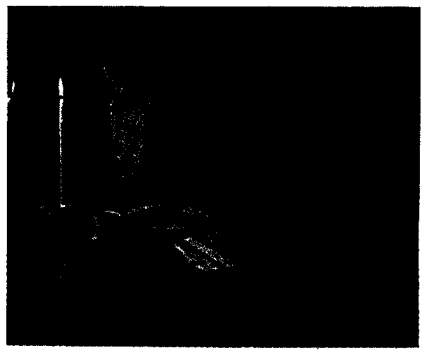

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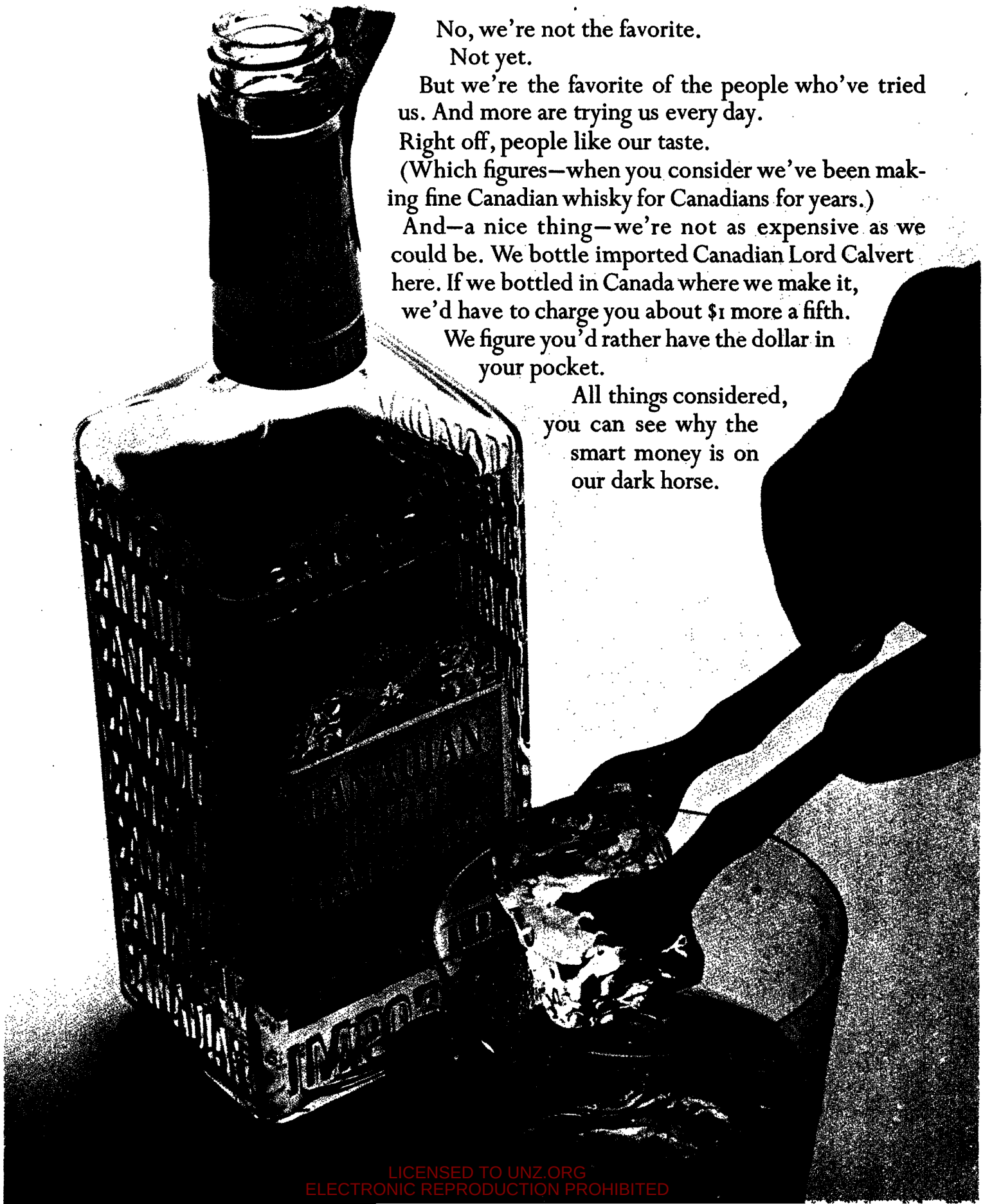

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Radical Politics

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Despite its closely reasoned and at times unarguable conclusions, Tom Kahn's article is more of a projection of his own politics than a description or discussion of the New Left ["The Problem of the New Left," July]. As one of those about whom Mr. Kahn probably thinks he is talking, . . . I would like to raise my objections to what appear to be serious misunderstandings of the New Left.

When Mr. Kahn says "voluntary poverty, precisely because it is voluntary, is never real poverty," he does not know what he is talking about. Carried to its logical conclusion, Kahn's argument would imply that those of us who have been killed in the South or imprisoned for draft refusal didn't really die or go to prison since those were "voluntary" acts. . . . While it is true that none of us has starved yet and there may be a few people in our midst who have romantic illusions about poverty, the reason some of us are poor is not because we like poverty, but because our commitment to changing a society which produces it has meant that *some* of us have worked with people who are poor and a few of us are now poor ourselves. I, certainly, *need* more money—and would welcome any contributions. Nor do those of us who are poor have the option of "escaping poverty," as Kahn asserts. And the reason for that is simple: the middle class is *not* an escape—as race riots, tasteless suburbs, TV, and futile sex lives all suggest, and as a nuclear war may soon prove.

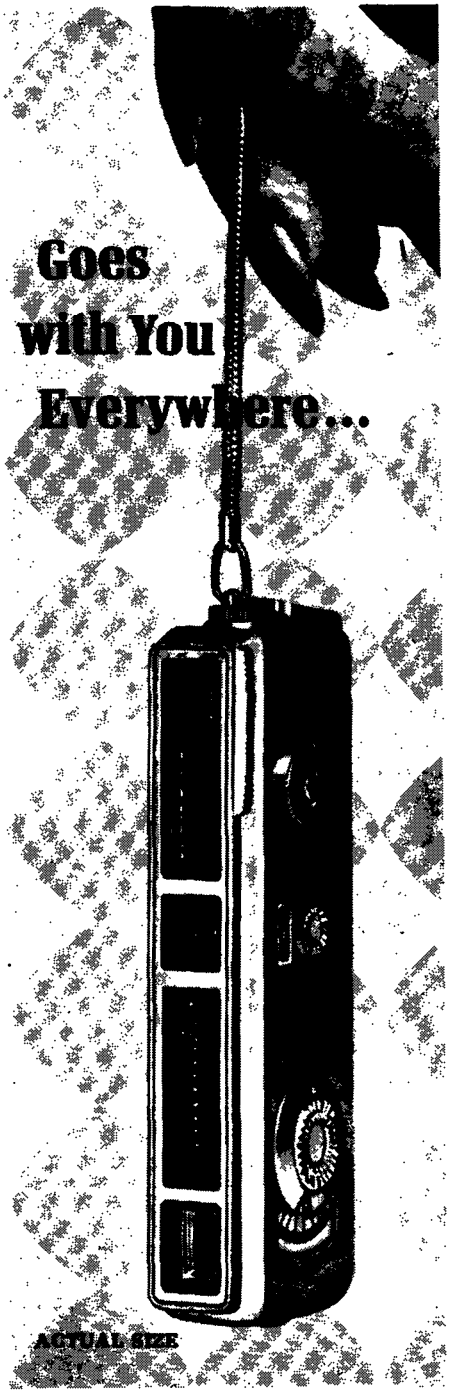
As for Kahn's charge of anti-intellectualism—my own feeling is that SDS, for example, is too intellectually topheavy in some ways. Their arguments about "corporate liberalism" can become as abstract and unconnected with our experience as the debates among the "old" Left or those between the "old" and "new" Left. Nevertheless, the fact is that Oglesby, Lynd, Hayden, Parris, etc. do represent a very creative coterie of intellectuals. If U.S. political scientists don't recognize that, so much the worse for them and for us.

I agree that one issue that has not been well thought out by the New Left is the issue of anti-Communism. . . . We do not have to repeat the mistakes of the 30's, but this does not mean that the experience and problems of the 30's are irrelevant. On the other hand, the refusal of the New Left to become anti-Communist has to do with a concern that Kahn and others of his ilk do not understand. . . .

Basically, our attitude is this: we have a legacy of millions of people murdered in the name of ideologies. Those people were Jews, Communists, Fascists, Christians, Shintoes, Negroes, whites, Orientals. Just as one does not have to be anti-Catholic in order to be a Protestant, or anti-Protestant in order to be a Roman Catholic, we do not believe that the struggle for democracy and anti-Communism are synonymous. Perhaps the experience of the religious wars of the Reformation is more germane than the battles of the American 30's. In any case, the equation of Protestantism with anti-Catholicism and the equation of Roman Catholicism with anti-Protestantism did a disservice to both religions, and just as Protestants and Catholics have learned to live and work with each other, "democrats" and "Communists" are going to have to live and work with each other or perish.

But a greater failing on the part of Mr. Kahn is his attempt to describe the "Hayden-Lynd" influence" as a faction within the Left. A. J. Muste's description of Lynd as "leading intellectual spokesman for the New Left" notwithstanding, it is precisely our refusal to let anyone else—including Staughton Lynd—speak for us that characterizes the New Left. Many of us feel that what Oglesby and Lynd and Bayard Rustin say is important—and Lynd included an ample selection of Rustin's comments in his own recent anthology of non-violence in America—but they don't speak "for us." Nobody does.

I, for one, do not feel that Bayard Rustin is a "labor lieutenant of capitalism"—and I don't think that was what Staughton Lynd really said if you look carefully at his speeches on that subject. In any case, Messrs. Kahn, Howe, and Harrington have all been overly concerned about that one remark and have taken it as a personal insult, with the result that their "ob-



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jective" reporting about the New Left has been highly-colored and very undispassionate. . . .

LOU CLAY HILL

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I don't know where Tom Kahn gets his facts, but they are as distorted as his analysis. For example, the DuBois clubs, recognized by *most* of the New Left groupings as a constituent member of the New Left, and hardly dismissable in a footnote as just "pro-Soviet," do not have "fewer than a thousand members" but rather a paper membership of 5,000 of whom nearly 3,500 are activists. . . .

As for Mr. Kahn's analysis, he seems to share the paranoid concern of his old social-democratic "Left" heroes—Harrington, Rustin, and Howe—that the New Left doesn't accept their particular brand of McCarthyism from the "Left"—i.e. their nearly hysterical "Stalinophobia," and sterile, divisive, vitriolic anti-Communism, . . . which only harm the movements for social change and seek to create disunity. Witness Harrington's (and I believe Kahn's) role at the 1962 Port Huron SDS Conference where there was the injection of the irrelevant anti-Communist issue and an attempt, led by Harrington and his YPSL clique, to red-bait, smear, and isolate Tom Hayden (labeling him "Stalinoid") and those forging a New Left. Such attitudes (reflected so fully in Kahn's piece—one with which I'm sure Phillip Abbot Luce would find himself in basic agreement) objectively can only injure the movement, Left unity, and social progress, and aid and abet the power structure and the Johnson administration. Is it any wonder then that the Lynds, Haydens, Oglesbys are so harsh in their attacks on sterile anti-Communism, be it Katzenbach's or that of the League for Industrial Democracy?

JAMES A. KENNEDY

Chicago, Illinois

MR. KAHN writes:

To Mr. Hill, these points:

(1) It is impossible to write about the New Left without projecting one's own politics. If my politics were identical with those of the New Left, there would be no basis for a critique. I do not believe that I distorted any facts, but, clearly, my interpretations and emphases flow from my own conceptions of social change, from my

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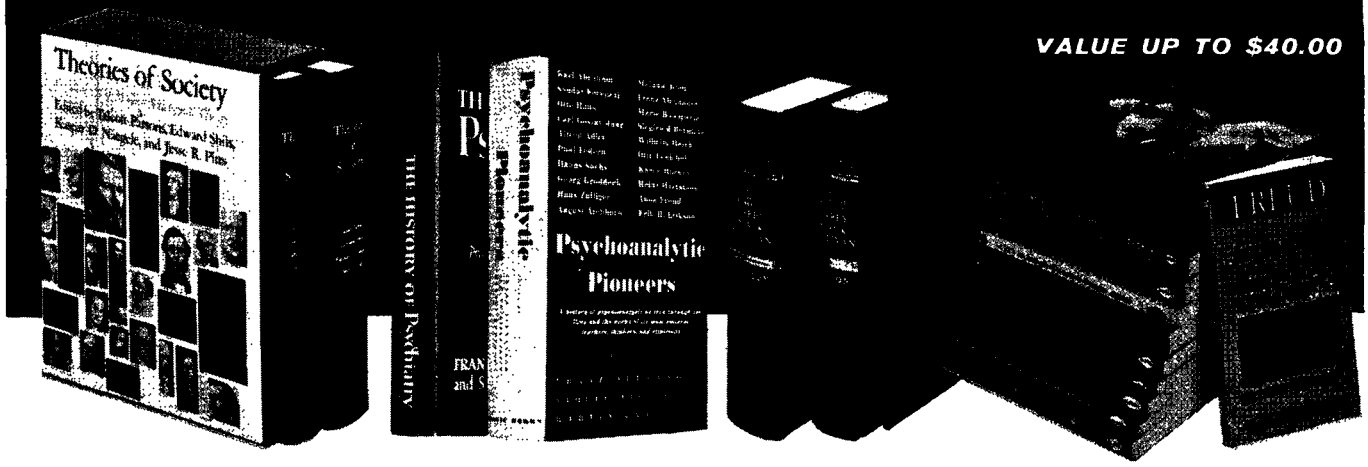

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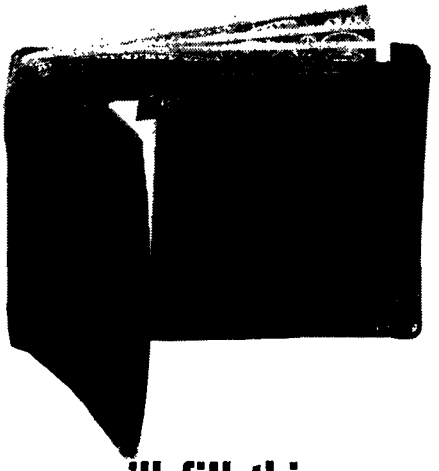

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own assessment of the current American scene—which is to say, from my politics. For this I make no apologies.

(2) Mr. Hill's analogy between voluntary poverty and "voluntary" imprisonment or death is silly. By "real poverty" I meant present material deprivation plus a sense of entrapment, helplessness. That kind of poverty, devoid of apparent concrete alternatives, is what most poor people experience and what most radical students do not.

Actually, I suspect that a man imprisoned for draft refusal—i.e., "voluntary imprisonment"—does experience confinement somewhat differently from men without a cause. But the distinction is less important here than in poverty because in prison the range of options is narrower; in death, of course, it is non-existent—which is what makes the analogy silly.

(3) The middle class is, by definition, an escape from poverty—even if not from "race riots, tasteless suburbs, TV, and futile sex lives." But then I wasn't talking about these. Mr. Hill simply offers another example of the middle-class radical's tendency to confuse his alienation, his sense of the society's spiritual poverty, with the real poverty of the poor. If all the poor were to achieve middle-class economic status, no doubt Mr. Hill would consider them still poor—which would be news to them!

(4) Not speaking for others of my ilk, I understand perfectly well the concern that motivates "the refusal of the New Left to become anti-Communist." I just disagree.

Yes, millions of people have been slaughtered in the names of ideologies. Would Mr. Hill conclude that ideologies are therefore inherently bad, or that all ideologies are equally bad? Would he include the ideological assumptions (if not yet a system) of the New Left? Is he calling for an end to ideology? No, he is merely entangled in an intellectual confusion.

Clearly a socialist is anti-capitalist and a capitalist is anti-socialist. If this is not true, then definitions have gone out the window. The issue is, what is one for and against, and how one expresses his position.

My argument is that while anti-Communism is not synonymous with democracy, a democrat is necessarily anti-Communist. He cannot be for, or indifferent to, totalitarianism. This does not gainsay the obvious fact that, for various reasons of human survival, the democrat may have to coexist with the totalitarian. Nor does it mean that the democrat must engage in mass murder of totalitarians. On the other hand, to coexist with an enemy does not mean to merge with him or to surrender differences with him. To suppose so is to obscure ideological distinctions, which is to destroy the possibility of politics.

(5) Okay, nobody speaks for the New Left. If that's true, either the New Left is voiceless or everybody speaks for it, in which case a host of questions arises concerning organizational responsibility and democratic representation of viewpoints. If the New Left has not chosen its own spokesmen, then am I not free to pick out those who, *in my judgment*, best articulate certain of its ideas? (I did say, incidentally, that I thought the Hayden-Lynd influence was waning, though not the magnetism of their rhetoric.) As it happens, I picked out three of the four people Mr. Hill says "do represent a very creative coterie of intellectuals." Are they not spokesmen? You cannot have your cake and eat it, too. You cannot enjoy the immunity from criticism afforded by the absence of spokesmen ("Did he say that? Well, you understand, nobody really can speak for us") and then hold up these spokesmen as examples of the movement's intellectual quality, bemoaning the failure of the outside world to recognize it.

I did not presume to judge the intellectual quality of individuals like Oglesby, Parris, Hayden, or Lynd. My criticism was that the New Left as a whole exhibited an anti-intellectual tendency precisely because it fails, as Mr. Hill does, to make important political-intellectual distinctions. This criticism is shared by many in SDS, particularly by the initiators of the Radical Education Project, affiliated with SDS by action of the latter's National Council.

(6) Staughton Lynd's suggestion that Bayard Rustin is a "labor lieutenant of capitalism" may be found in the June-July 1965 issue of *Liberation* magazine (page 18, paragraph 7). In the same article (same page, paragraph 6) he charges that Rustin is "in coalition with the marines." The first phrase, incidentally, was originally "social fascist" until *Liberation*'s editors prevailed upon Lynd to moderate his language!

Mr. Kennedy's letter hardly mer-

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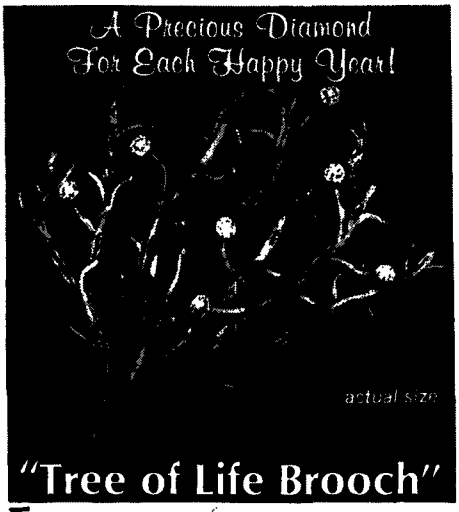

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its serious discussion, for it is a tiresome recitation of the Popular Front litany. There is nothing new or Left about his view that anybody who is anti-Communist injures the movement and abets the "power structure." The only surprising thing about his brand of McCarthyite political blackmail—he would equate me with Katzenbach, although he knows that democratic socialists of my persuasion have an unequivocal record of opposing government inquisitions into anybody's political beliefs—is that it is still on the scene, bedecked in the old phrases about "Left unity" and "social progress," but this time posing as an emanation of the youthful naivete of the New Left.

Hogs & History

To the Editor of Commentary:

I note that slavery is charged, in Stanley Elkins's review of *The Political Economy of Slavery* by E. D. Genovese [July], with responsibility for the poor weight of cattle and hogs in the lower South of pre-1861.

This is a marvelous bit of conclusion-jumping, comfortable to political theorists, perhaps, but not quite enough to satisfy anybody who has ever attempted to grow hogs or cattle in the same region.

Animals have no politics, but they do have organic requirements. To induce weight beyond that best suited to the environment is always to enter a most uncertain battle. To this day, in the same lower South, one venturer after another discovers that standard English and European breeds of consumable animals cannot be relied on to stick the course. The only solution yet found is cross-breeding them on strains adapted to the climate, soil, and pests, human and otherwise; and even so, the consequent products are always sidling off into the bushes trying to become something different yet.

It is not accidental that in Florida the most successful cattle are strains imported from India, if one measures success in terms of survival rather than pounds of edible carcass; or that all along the Gulf Coast one finds anxious millionaires who knew their business in contracting, steel-making, or auto-selling, now nervously attempting to learn genetics and hit on a lucky cross of Brangus Whangus or Hergus, to imitate the patient, more-than-a-century-long search in Texas, centered on the King Ranch, that produced the Santa Gertrudis, the sole example so far of a truly local, American breed of meat cow that will bear genetic scrutiny.

Genetics is a hard science. Marxists have come croppers on it not only in attempting to explain historical events, but also in their own political action. In discussing the human species, historians, as well as all other commentators, are quite reasonably to be excused from facing up to genetic truth. After all, we know very little of it, as yet, and what we do know is most embarrassing to our ethical, social, and religious pretensions. . . .

Marxists, non-Marxists, and all associated sentimentalists, visionaries, and wishers that it were, or were not so, should never forget the case of Trofim Lysenko and his promises of political wheat to the late J. Dzugashvili. One who recalls that will be less ready to explain hog weights in terms of the moral vice inherent in one man holding another as chattel goods.

Frank C. Waldrop
Washington, D.C.

JFK

To the Editor of Commentary:

I congratulate you on the first-rate article by George Kateb ["Kennedy as Statesman," June]. It was a subtle, penetrating, closely reasoned, and intelligently written analysis of a fascinating period of what is now our history.

The article blends . . . scholarship with the felicity of expression that is the mark of the gifted writer. There are few articles that I have enjoyed more or that have instructed me better. . . .

Anthony V. Bouza
Scarsdale, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

George Kateb . . . has given us an incisive analysis of the cold war and, in particular, of the compulsions under which the postwar governments have operated. Cold war psychology, rigid and abstract, robs us of the flexibility of mind needed to cope with the ever-changing shape of reality in our time. Mr. Kateb's reflections on Kennedy can be applied, more or less, to most of the statesmen in the post-1945 epoch.

With regard to the United States, Kateb notes the amazing paradox: as this country has risen to the pinnacle of world power and in-

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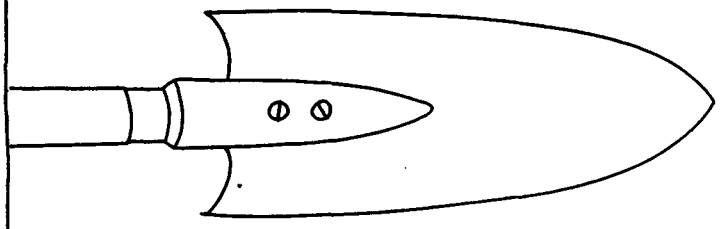
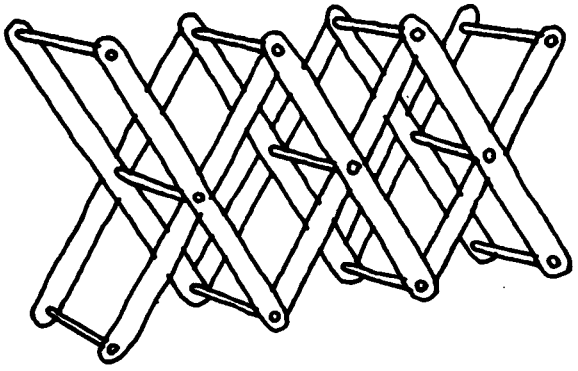
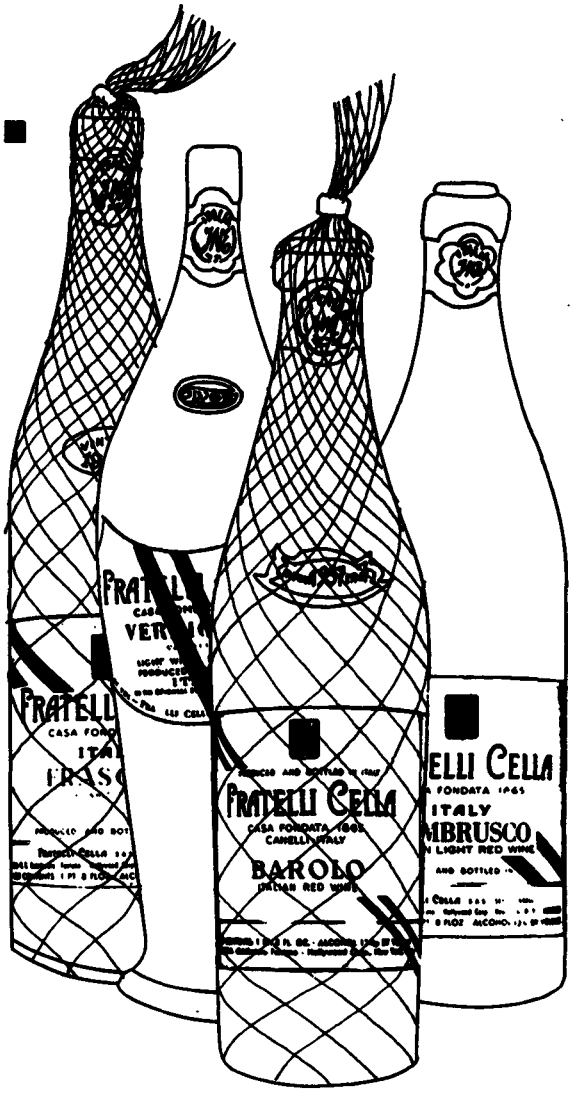


2. Pick up a chic little wine rack. Set you back about five.





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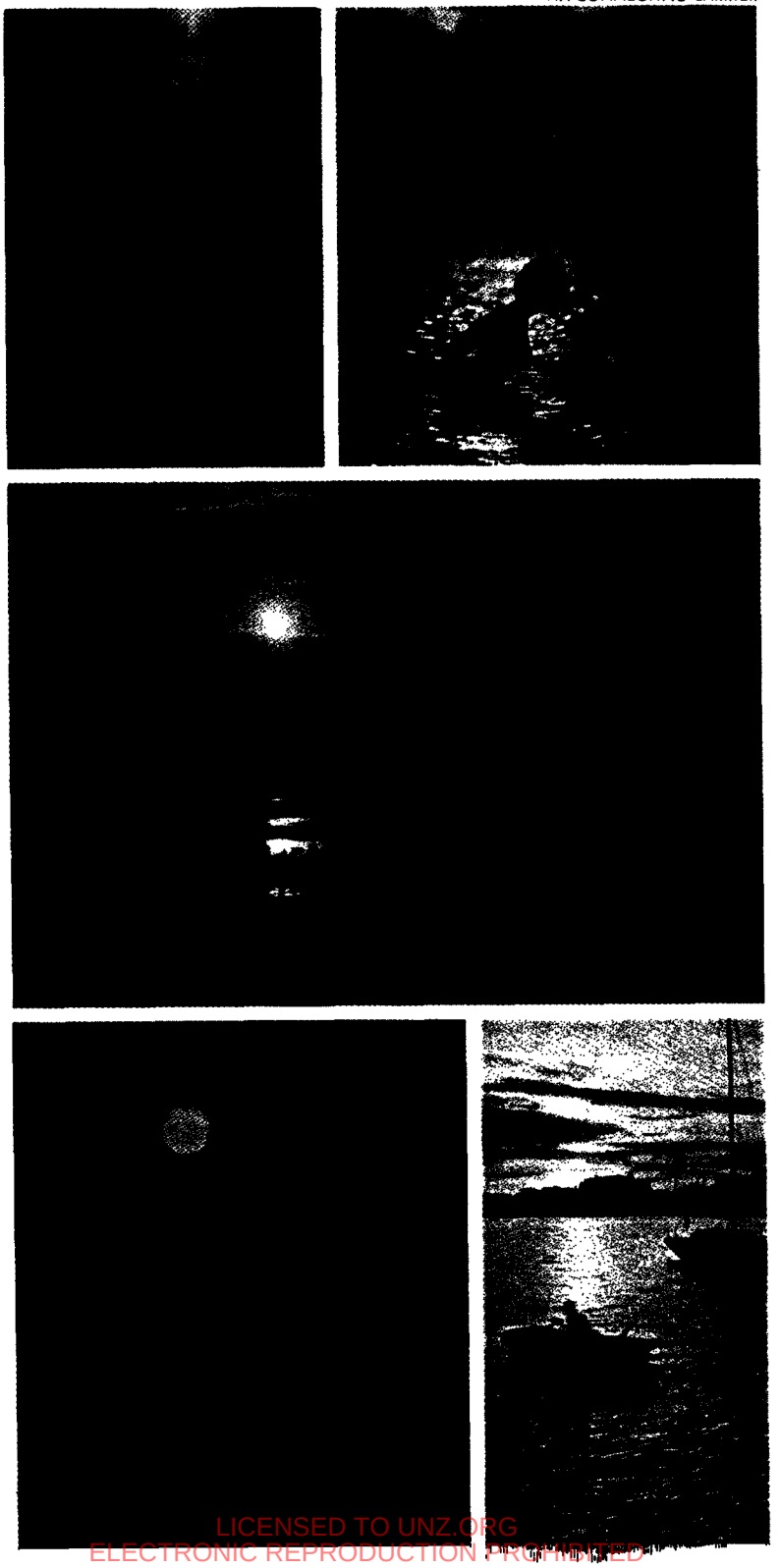

The sun sets around the world. But nowhere with greater splendor than upon the sun places where Eastern flies.

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fluence, the confidence of its leaders has apparently dropped. The panic and insecurity of Kennedy and his advisers seem to make no sense when one considers the massive armed might of modern America. Always, there is the implicit idea that this country is somehow small, beleaguered, and threatened by terrible hostile forces. . . .

The mystique of Communism, the tensions caused by an imaginary external danger, the obsession with showdowns and confrontations—all these are illogical, almost neurotic responses. . . .

JOHN WILEY

Madison, Wisconsin

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

George Kateb's article illustrates the wide gap which has developed in this country since 1960 (greatly enhanced by the Vietnam war) between men with grave responsibilities for the consequences of their acts and those with none; between men who believe that there are principles worth defending whatever the risk and those whose guiding principle is to avoid the risk of conflict at any cost. . . .

Mr. Kateb concludes that Kennedy's abandonment of the Dulles policy of massive retaliation is at the root of our present difficulties. By adopting a policy which permitted graduated deterrence, he argues, Kennedy both provoked the Soviet Union and opened the door to "universal and undiscriminating containment" as a principle of our foreign policy. It is possible that this article represents the first (and hopefully the last) appearance in print by a putative liberal commentator of a defense of massive retaliation. . . .

It is clear that Mr. Kateb prefers the doctrine of massive retaliation because he believes it would never be applied, and dislikes graduated deterrence because it is being applied. His quarrel is with any action taken by the U.S. government anywhere in the world in opposition to the spread of Communist hegemony. In furtherance of this viewpoint, he is willing to ascribe the best of motives to Communist governments and the worst to the U.S. government, and to caricature our foreign policy under both administrations. . . .

What is to be made of this set of attitudes, in which the author of this article is by no means alone? A substantial minority of the academic community holding these views simply does not want this country to confront the spread of Communism by force or threat of force, even where it is being propagated by force, and they devote their considerable talents to providing intellectual underpinning to this basic belief. . . .

Mr. Kateb's final judgment of Kennedy as statesman is mixed or, more accurately, confused. After deploring the trend toward great power confrontation which developed during Kennedy's tenure, . . . he expresses nostalgia for the spirit of Kennedy's inaugural address.

But in that address, President Kennedy . . . spoke with equal eloquence of the need for exploring every avenue of *detente,* for the control of weapons of mass destruction, and for the unity of all nations in a common struggle against tyranny, poverty, disease, and war itself.

This was the genius of President Kennedy—to be a practical idealist in an imperfect world. He would have shrugged off with wry humor the charge that he had intensified the cold war—a charge that was made against Adlai Stevenson before his death, is now being made against Hubert Humphrey, and would be made against any liberal Democrat who had ultimate responsibility for representing the meaning of America to the world.

It is a measure of how far certain liberals have traveled in the last few years that they prefer the sanctimonious quietism of Eisenhower to the vivid, sophisticated, intelligent use of power and restraint which marked the Kennedy administration.

ALLEN TAYLOR

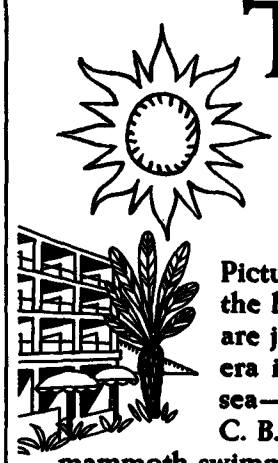
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I find myself in almost complete disagreement with George Kateb's analysis, particularly where the Cuban missile crisis is concerned.

. . . Mr. Kateb concludes that Kennedy's response (to the crisis) was motivated by his "relentless pursuit of appearances." After all, the United States need not demonstrate its strength to anyone, for "who was ignorant of its strength, who, indeed, was not terrified of its strength?"

But it was not . . . that the enormous strength of the United States was unknown; rather, the willingness of the President to use that strength was doubted. The



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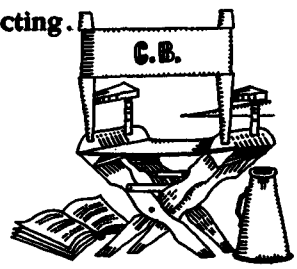

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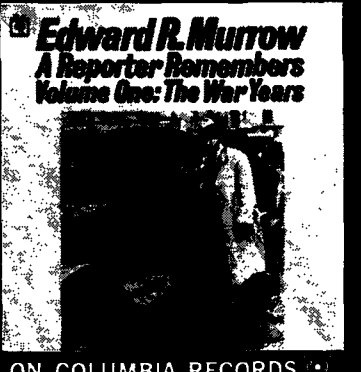

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reason Khrushchev put the missiles in Cuba in the first place was to test the will of the President. . . .

Furthermore, even our allies were not completely sure of our will to use our strength to protect them, even though we had pledged that we would do so. This explains the demand for the multilateral force, and, in part at least, the go-it-alone attitude of de Gaulle.

Finally, Mr. Kateb makes the ridiculous statement that Khrushchev won "a victory of sorts" and became a "champion of rationality" by removing the missiles and preventing a nuclear war. . . .

In point of fact, it was the reputation of the United States which improved; all nations had known that the United States was not capable of the type of deliberate deception [in placing the missiles in Cuba] by which Russia had brought the world to the brink of nuclear destruction, and now no one could doubt our will to employ our strength when we were right and yet to do it with a restraint and intelligence which Russia lacked.

The Cuban missile crisis can be summarized by a maxim Khrushchev liked to quote: "If a man sticks out a bayonet and strikes mush, he keeps on pushing. But when he hits cold steel, he pulls back." Kennedy had responded with steel; Mr. Kateb seems to think that he should have used mush.

ROBERT MEADE
Great Neck, New York

Voting Studies

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Walter Berns's review of *The Responsible Electorate* [August], the final work of V. O. Key, deserved more space and publicity. Many of your readers have not had the opportunity to hear solid criticisms of behavioral social science, at least from writers as able as Berns. COMMENTARY, as the most able and responsible forum for American liberal opinion, has the continuing obligation to encourage the exploration of the damaging dimensions of the "new orthodoxy" in social science.

ALLAN A. SPITZ
Department of Political Science
Washington State University
Pullman, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Walter Berns's review of V. O. Key's last work is needlessly confusing. Berns seems to feel that he must defend Key's book as if it

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The Rover 2000 TC's
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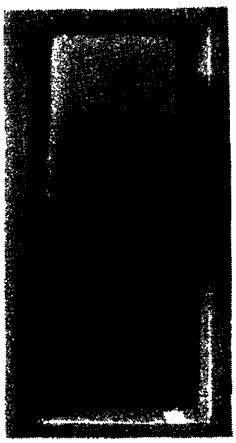

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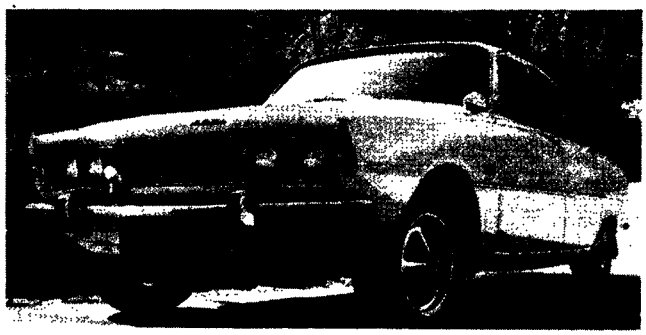

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contradicted earlier voting studies, but I do not see that it does. . . .

As Berns states, the voting studies conducted by Lazarsfeld, Berelson, and others are concerned with correlations. These correlations may be stated in terms of "laws of behavior." But the point must be made that correlation simply implies that when X happens, Y happens (or when X is the case, Y is the case). Correlation does not mean cause. The statement that "wealthy Protestant farmers vote Republican" does not tell us what *causes* that behavior. Key indicates that rational judgment of issues and candidates is the cause. These items of information are obviously not incompatible. Secondly, when behavioral scientists speak of "laws of behavior" they are, in the vast majority of cases, speaking of statistical laws. These laws are primarily based on correlations of man's social milieu and his behavior, and they are useful in explanations or predictions since they are true in more than 50 per cent of the cases to which the law applies. They are not expected to be true in 100 per cent of the cases, as would be so if man's rationality were the same as that of dogs–or ants. The discovery of laws in no way indicates that man is not a rational creature.

Berns writes that the origins of party loyalty are not sociological or psychological, but political. I fail to see the distinction. Generally speaking, sociology is the study of human behavior in groups. Psychology is the study of individual human behavior. Political behavior can be a subdivision of one of these, but surely not a third category.

It is admitted that errors were made in the earliest voting studies that Berns uses as scapegoats. However, much improvement is to be found in more recent works such as those by Angus Campbell and Bernard Berelson's latest book (written in conjunction with Gary Steiner), *Human Behavior*. I do not think contradictions would be found between these and Key's book. Key's book is, in fact, a useful contribution to the behavioral sciences.

[Dr.] SUSAN G. CLARK
Fort Rucker, Alabama

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Scholars, sad to say, are as inclined as anyone else to paint things black and white when the true color is gray, perhaps, or

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checkered. Thus, Walter Berns, in his review of V. O. Key's book, *The Responsible Electorate,* tells us that Key's analysis of American voting behavior is good, and previous studies by social scientists are bad, because Key found voters rational whereas earlier scholars found them non-rational.

Professor Berns's (and Key's) main targets are sociologists who explain voting as the outcome of social pressures from voters' friends and relatives . . . and psychologists who see unconscious personality needs lurking behind the voting decision. . . . Most students of voting now agree that these kinds of explanations are not, by themselves, enough. They leave out a host of specifically "political" influences, ranging from the great campaign issues to the effectiveness of precinct organization. They are based on studies of single elections and cannot explain long-range shifts in party preference.

But must we throw out the baby with the bath? It makes as little sense to suggest that voters are usually rational and are influenced mainly by significant issues as to say that they are seldom rational and are uninfluenced by issues. If, as Professor Berns seems to feel, voters make their decisions only after careful consideration of the facts, and rarely make uninformed choices on the advice of associates, then voting behavior is radically different from most kinds of behavior. Indeed, the most "rational" thing an ignorant voter can do is to follow the advice of someone whose interests are the same as his and who knows more than he does.

Apart from this, how rational are voters? The 1964 Presidential election is often cited, perhaps justly, as a triumph of rationality. Lifelong Republicans switched to Johnson on the basis of genuine campaign issues. At the same time, however, the normally Democratic white voters of five states overwhelmingly chose Goldwater because of one issue, race. Their behavior was impeccably logical, once we grant them the assumption that their wish to keep segregation outweighed all other campaign issues in importance; but my definition of rationality in voting includes a sensible ranking of issues, not merely sound reasoning from whatever premise one starts with.

More questions: If college-educated suburban Jews vote consistently for liberal candidates while college-educated suburban WASPs vote consistently for conservatives, can sociology and psychology tell us nothing about the reasons for the difference? Where is the rationality in Jews', Italians', or WASPs' scanning the ballot to select candidates they may never have heard of, but whose names have the proper ethnic flavor? And if the Democrats in 1964 had nominated a highly competent Negro, or a woman, whose views on all issues were identical to those of Lyndon B. Johnson, how "rational" would the electorate have been, and who would now be in the White House?

When people vote, as when they make other decisions, they are somewhat rational, some of the time. They are not always or entirely so, and on occasion they are capable of the wildest unreason. If social scientists pose their questions about voting in a way that allows only oversimplified extremes as answers, they will never learn much about it.

RICHARD L. SIMPSON
Department of Sociology
The University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

MR. BERNS writes:

Miss Clark says my review is "needlessly confusing" because, she suggests, I felt under some obligation to "defend Key's book as if it contradicted earlier voting studies." She denies any contradiction. But, as my review made clear with ample quotations on this very point, Key himself thought his findings contradicted the voting studies, and I think he was right. Of course both Key and I could be wrong. Whether we are wrong depends on whose understanding of these voting studies is correct, Miss Clark's or Key's and mine. She seems to argue that Lazarsfeld and Berelson used correlations merely to state "statistical laws" and did not intend to make any statement respecting causation. I, on the other hand, quoted them as writing (in *The People's Choice,* p. 27) that "Social characteristics *determine* political preference" (italics added). Does she deny that they wrote this? I offer her more evidence: Berelson and Lazarsfeld (and William McPhee) describe their later book (*Voting*) as an attempt to provide the " 'total' picture of the central decision in voting—how and why people come to favor this candidate rather than that one" (p.xii). Does Miss Clark deny that the how and

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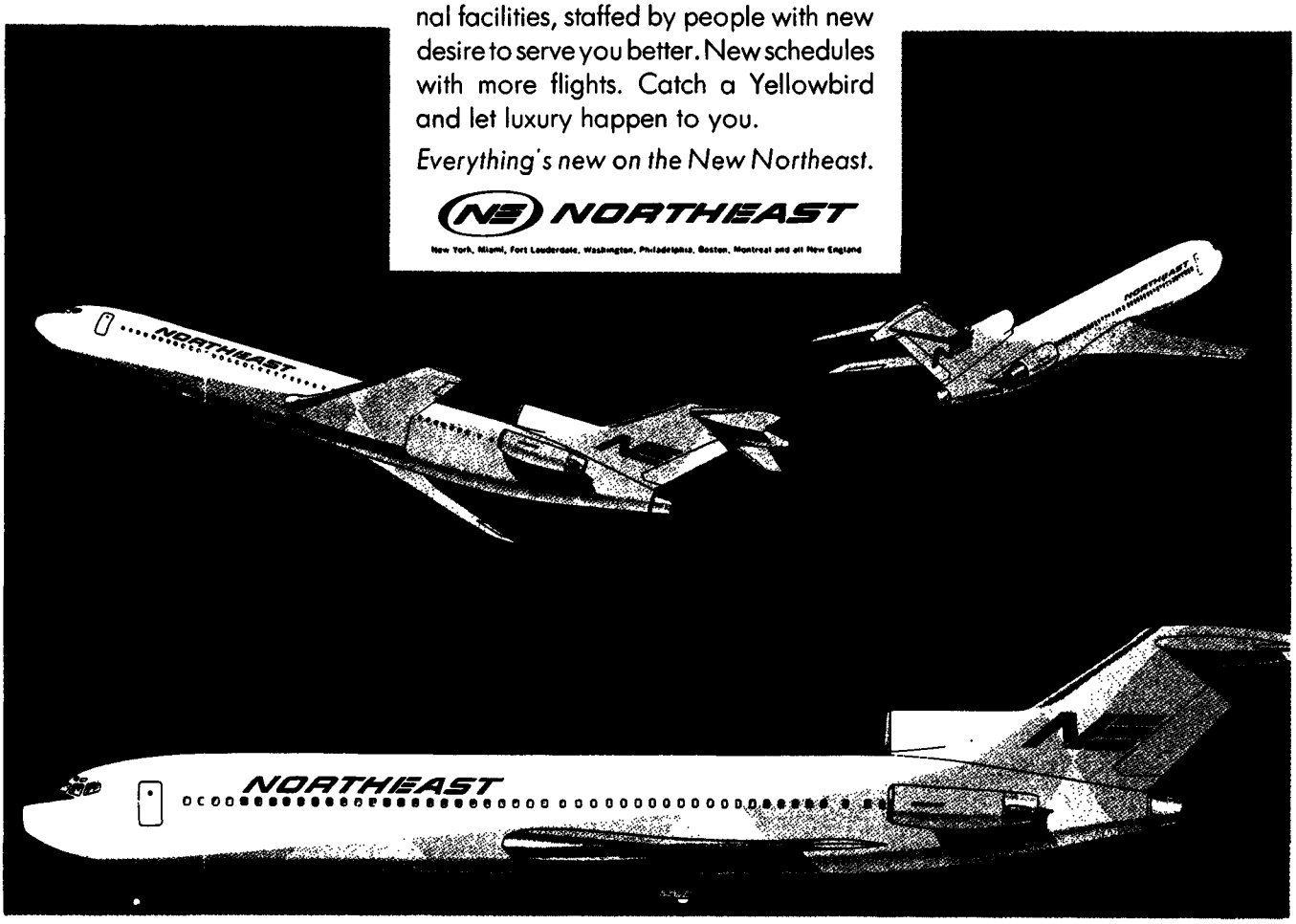

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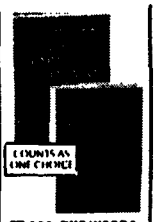

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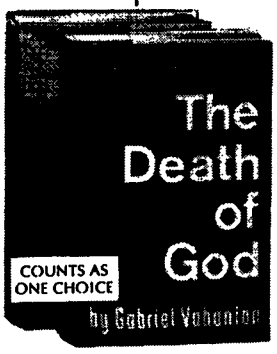

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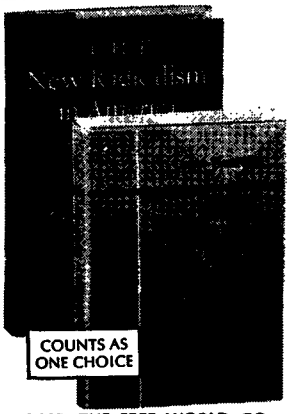

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why of a vote is another way of designating the cause of a vote? Indeed, as I have argued in another place, there is something in the nature of the behavioral scientist's enterprise that requires him to move beyond the discovery of "statistical laws" or the demography of the vote and to attempt to establish scientific laws of voting behavior. Whatever Miss Clark may think about this, leading behavioral scientists agree with me. Witness Samuel Eldersveld (*Political Behavior*, p. 273): "Until researchers in voting behavior escape from paying homage to the marvels of the numerical symbol and concentrate on developing scientific laws with a relatively high degree of probability demonstrating causation, . . . our discipline can make no progress toward achieving scientific understanding." The point at issue is not whether a correlation indicates a cause but whether the authors of the voting studies made causal assertions based on correlations, or whether they regarded it as their purpose to find the causes of votes, or, to use the language of the Michigan Survey Research people, the "motivation of voting behavior."

Miss Clark also denies a distinction between the political, on the one hand, and the sociological and psychological, on the other, and asserts that political behavior is only a subdivision of one or the other or, presumably, both, thereby denying the existence of political science. The tacit assumption behind her position is that there are no forms of individual or group behavior that are qualitatively different from all others and hence require a special discipline for their study. It is not my purpose here to argue that an ideal psychology or an ideal sociology could not comprehend what is specifically political; my only contention is that as these disciplines exist today, they are not able to explain the phenomena of political rationality concerning questions of the common good and justice which Key, proceeding as a political scientist, brings to light. The value of his work is that he preserves our awareness of these facts against the onslaught of certain dogmatisms that deny this capacity without proof.

As for Professor Simpson's objections, I need only add that neither Key nor I argued that "voters are usually rational and are influenced mainly by significant issues. . . ."

For a full statement of my views

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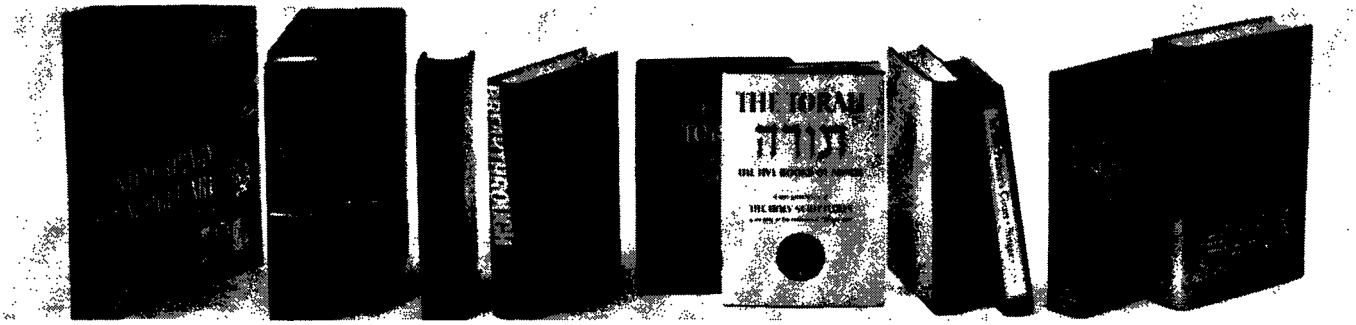

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on the study of voting by behavioral scientists, I refer readers to my long chapter in Herbert J. Storing (ed.), *Essays on the Scientific Study of Politics* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York, 1962).

Copyrights

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In Neil Compton's thoroughgoing examination of . . . pop music ["Pop Music on Camera," July], I find a parenthetical paragraph which suggests a common, important misunderstanding about the restricted use of copyrighted material.

Mr. Compton is comparing the doggerel of Bob Dylan with the fine craftsmanship of lyricists of an earlier period, as follows: "Even Bob Dylan, the Robert Burns of folk-rock, displays a surly indifference to both coherence and communication, using words as though they were brickbats or rotten eggs."

But then, instead of supporting this judgment by appropriate citation, Mr. Compton feels barred from doing so by a misconception of his legal rights: "(At this point I should like to have quoted and analyzed a few lines from a typical Dylan song, but modern 'folk' artists have learned to copyright their least effusions, and Dylan is not just now in a mood to have his work criticized.)"

In other words, the writer plays safe against a possible suit for an infringement of copyright. In fact, he would have had nothing to fear from making the desired quotation, for under what is known as the doctrine of "fair use," a person writing a piece of criticism, as in the present case, has a perfect right to quote copyrighted material, provided only that the quotation be used to illustrate the point he is making in his article and not for any ulterior purpose.

Such has always been the law, both in England and in this country, as the many decisions in our federal courts attest.

MELVILLE CANE
New York City

MR. COMPTON writes:

I plead guilty not to cowardice but to ignorance. The original text of my article included one stanza from a Dylan song and a mildly acid critical analysis of it. Having a vague idea that permission to quote was necessary, I asked the COMMENTARY office to obtain it. The request was rather ungracious-

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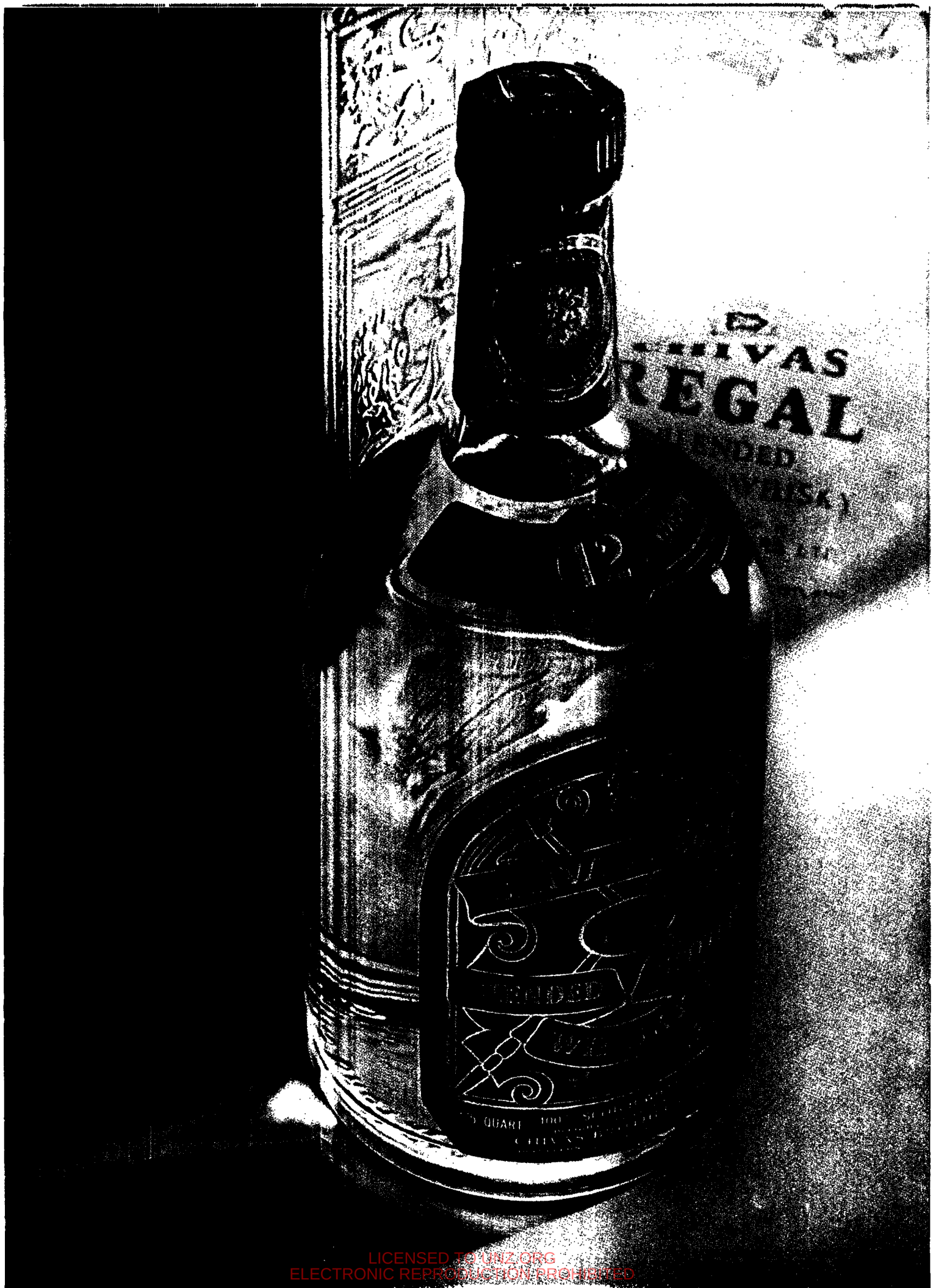

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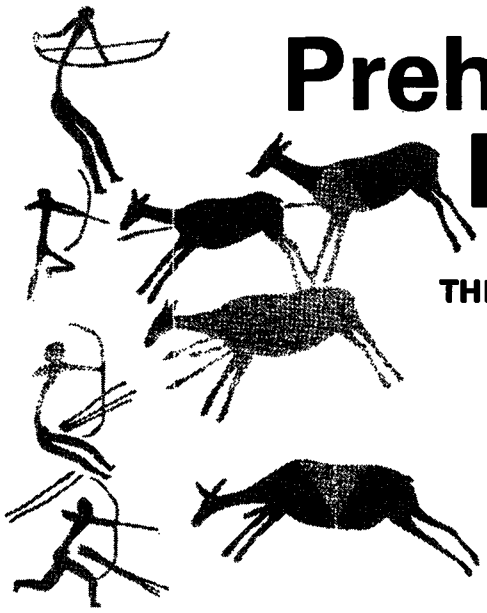

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ly denied by Dylan's office. Naturally, I now regret that we didn't let the original version stand.

Honest Differences

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I know both Bayard Rustin and Kenneth Martyn, and I have the deepest respect and admiration for both. It seems to me that their differences regarding the McCone Commission Report are linguistic rather than basic [Letters from Readers," August]. Each is sincerely concerned with the problems facing our slum areas, with our youth who are living in those areas, and with long-range efforts to find real . . . solutions to these problems.

However, Mr. Rustin seems to assume that the proponents of New York City's More Effective Schools Program are unaware of the limitations of this program. We in the United Federation of Teachers, which first proposed such a program, and in the American Federation of Teachers, which is trying to have similar programs adopted by other urban centers, realize that such programs, even with constant improvements, are but the first necessary *minimal* steps that must be taken to advance the fundamental reconstruction of our schools.

As is stated in the conclusion to the AFT National Design:

"The Effective Schools Program is a specific, school-by-school approach to the problem of providing schools which can really educate children in spite of any environmental handicaps they may bring to school with them.

"We favor district-wide improvements in the quality of education, of course, but these improvements come so gradually that their impact is lost. In addition to these overall improvements, a specific number of schools should be singled out each year for drastic, total improvement.

"The Effective Schools Program is compensatory education, but not all compensatory education should be included under this heading. The Effective Schools Program is not a pilot or an experiment. At present it is limited to elementary schools. The Effective Schools Program should be initiated in the areas of a district which need it most, but we look forward to the time when *all* schools will be truly effective."

SIMON BEAGLE
AFT National Council for Effective Schools
Chicago, Illinois

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SIMCHAS

A VISIT TO AVDAT IN THE NEGEV

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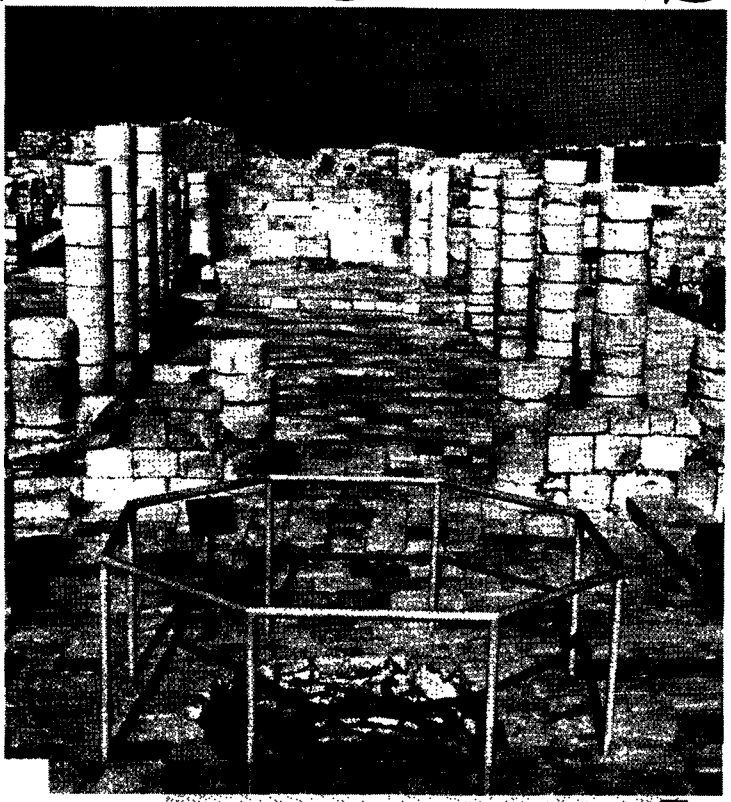

To visitors, it is incredible that Avdat was ever built or that people could ever live there. Yet today, they may see barley and other crops growing, thanks to a revival of the ancient Nabatean water preservation system.

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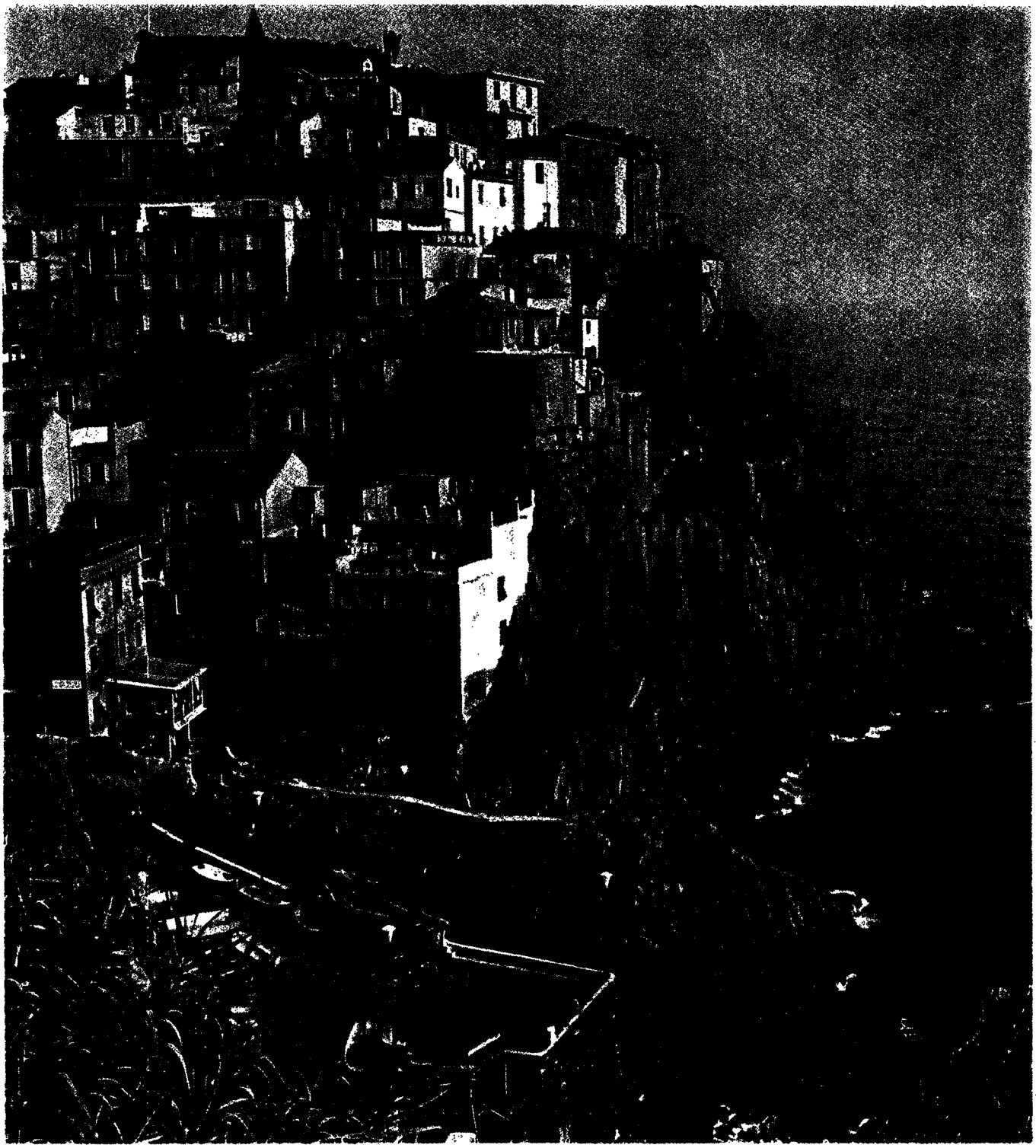

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JEWS AND GERMANS

GERSHOM SCHOLEM

To speak of Jews and Germans and their relations during the last two centuries is, in the year 1966, a melancholy enterprise. So great, even now, is the burden of emotions, that a dispassionate consideration or analysis of the matter seems almost impossible; we have all been molded too strongly by the experience of our generation to permit any such expectations of detachment. Today there are many Jews who regard the German people as a "hopeless case," or at best as a people with whom, after what has happened, they want nothing to do, for good or for ill. I do not count myself among them, for I do not believe that there ought to be such a thing as a permanent state of war among peoples. I also deem it right—what is more, I deem it important—that Jews, precisely *as* Jews, speak to Germans in full consciousness of what has happened and of what separates them. Upon many of us the German language, our mother-tongue, has bestowed the gift of unforgettable experiences; it defined and gave expression to the landscape of our youth. Now there is a kind of appeal from the German side—both from the reaches of history and from a younger generation that is coming to the fore—and precisely because this appeal is so uncertain and irresolute, indeed embarrassed, something inheres in it which many of us do not wish to shun.

To be sure, the difficulties of generalizing, as when we say "the Germans" and "the Jews," intimidate the observer. In times of conflict, however, such all-embracing terms prove easy to manipulate; and the fact that these general categories are vulnerable to questioning has never prevented people from using them vociferously. Nevertheless, many distinctions should be made here. For not all "Germans" are Germans and not all "Jews" are Jews—with, of course, one appalling exception: when power was in the hands of those Germans who really meant *all* Jews when they referred to the Jews, they used that power to the best of their ability to murder all Jews. Since then, those who survived this murder, or were not exposed to it because of the accidents of history, find it somewhat difficult themselves to make the proper distinctions. The dangerous pitfalls that accompany any generalization are well-known: arbitrariness, self-contradiction, and incoherence. The relationships I am discussing are too various and unique to be covered by any blanket assertion that could not be countered by a different and almost equally defensible one. And yet, fully aware as I am of these difficulties, I wish to make clear what it is that moves me about this theme—certainly one of the themes which have most agitated the Jewish world in the past hundred-and-fifty years.

In 1948, Alfred Doeblin, a Jewish writer who had converted to Catholicism in his old age, wrote to another Jew that he should take care, when addressing a German audience, to avoid using the word "Jew," for in Germany it was still a term of abuse; only anti-Semites would be pleased by its use. According to Doeblin, anti-Semitism was deep-seated among the Germans and more malicious—in the year 1948!—than prior to 1933. Indeed, I myself can testify that in 1966 many Germans who would like to dissociate themselves from the Nazis (occasionally rather as an afterthought), to a certain extent still confirm the validity of Doeblin's remarks by their evident aversion to calling any Jew a Jew unless he absolutely insists upon it. After having been murdered as Jews, the Jews have now been nominated to the status of Germans, in a kind of posthumous triumph; to emphasize their Jewishness would therefore be a concession to anti-Semitism. To such a perverse point has the effort to avoid facing the realities of the Jewish-German relationship come—and all in the name of progress. But it is precisely the facing of those realities which I consider to be the task of both Germans and Jews, which means that when we speak of the fate of Jews among Germans, we cannot speak emphatically enough of Jews *qua* Jews. The atmosphere between Jews and Germans can be cleansed only if we seek to get to the bottom of their relationship, and only if we employ the unrestrained criticism that the case demands. And that is hard: for the Germans, because the mass murder of the Jews has become the greatest nightmare of their moral existence as a people; for the Jews, because such clarification demands a critical distance from crucial phenomena of their own history. Love, insofar as it once existed, has been drowned in blood; its place must now be taken by historical knowledge and conceptual clarity—the preconditions for a discussion which might perhaps bear fruit in the future. If it is to be serious and undemagogic, such a discussion must be approached on a level beyond that of the political and economic factors and interests that have been, or are, under negotiation between the State of Israel and

Gershom Scholem, who is generally considered to be the foremost Jewish scholar living today, is the author, among other works, of *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism* and *On the Kabbalah and its Symbolism*. Mr. Scholem, a frequent contributor, is professor of Jewish Mysticism at the Hebrew University. The present essay, translated from the German by Werner J. Dannhauser, was adapted from an address before the plenary session of the World Jewish Congress, held in Brussels this past summer.

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the German Federal Republic. I am lacking in any competence in this area and at no time will I refer to it. I am not even certain that it can help us at all in posing the right questions or in attempting to answer them.

II

UNTIL THE latter half of the 18th century, and to some extent even beyond that time, the Jews in Germany led essentially the same existence as did Jews everywhere. They were clearly recognizable as a nation; they possessed an unmistakable identity, a sharply defined awareness of themselves, and a millennial history of their own. However they themselves or the peoples around them may have assessed that history, the Jews participated in a religious order that forced its way with extreme intensity through their very pores and into their life and culture. To the degree that the influence of the German environment—and such influence was never entirely absent—penetrated into the *Judengasse,* it did so not because the Jews deliberately turned to it and embraced it, but in large part through a barely conscious process of osmosis. To be sure, German cultural values were frequently enough transformed into Jewish values (and, linguistically, into Yiddish). Moreover, two groups at the extreme poles of Jewish society maintained contact (albeit a special and perilous one, at the mercy of the slightest change in political or social conditions) with the Germans: the economically strongest element—as it was represented in the phenomenon of the *Hofjudentum*—Jewish management of court finances—and the group at the bottom of the social ladder which touched on the underworld. Nevertheless, the conscious relations between the two societies as a whole remained so delicate during the two centuries preceding the period of emancipation that nothing would be more foolish than to speak of an intimate attachment between German Jews and Germany in that age. Not a single pre-condition existed for such an attachment, either among the Jews, whose religious culture was for the most part self-contained and alien to the German world, or among the Germans. Both parties knew that the Jews were in exile, and whatever their respective views of the meaning of that exile, there was no doubt as to its enduring significance for the social condition of the Jews.

On the other hand, while the overwhelming majority of Jews lived within the mold of tradition, a mold cast by their material and spiritual history during the long ages of exile, there is no mistaking the fact that in the latter half of the 18th century, a grave weakness at the core of their Jewishness became visible. It was as if they had arrived at the nadir of one phase of their historical existence and were no longer certain where the road would lead. This weakness had already become evident at the time Moses Mendelssohn set out upon his career as a kind of conservative reformer among German Jewry. With him, and above all with the school which he inspired, there began among Jews a conscious process of turning toward the Germans, a process subsequently graced and furthered by mighty historical forces. There began a propaganda campaign for the Jews' resolute absorption by German culture, and shortly thereafter, for their absorption by the German people itself. There also began the struggle of the Jews for civil rights, a struggle which extended over three or four generations, and which was finally won because—let us not deceive ourselves about it—it was conducted on their behalf by a decisive and victorious stratum among the non-Jews.

This struggle for civil rights, which was furthered no less by the French Revolution than by the German Enlightenment, initiated a momentous change in German Jewry. At first the change was hesitant and uncertain, just as the Jews undergoing it often displayed uncertainty and embarrassment. They still had a strong sense of their peoplehood as Jews, though frequently not of the meaning of this peoplehood, which had been or was in the process of becoming lost to them. But, to put the case explicitly, they also began casting those infinitely yearning and furtive glances at the realm of German history—as a possible replacement for the Jewish realm—which became so characteristic of them in their relation to the Germans for the next hundred years and more. Those elements of German Jewry which joined in this process only with the greatest reservations—especially the once preponderant and still very strong circles of the traditionally pious—were marked off from their more enthusiastic fellows by nothing more distinct than an oppressed silence, broken only rarely among them by direct voices of warning; it is as if they were recoiling from their own suffering. In any event, up to about 1820, when the Jews of Germany are mentioned, it is almost exclusively as the members of the Jewish nation in Germany. In the next two generations, however, linguistic usage alters completely; terms such as "Mosaic persuasion," and similar phrases favored by Jews and Germans alike, now begin their career.

The furtive glances cast by the Jews toward the Germans were from the very outset attended by considerable dislocations, which at a later stage of the process were to lead to bitter problems. As the price of Jewish emancipation, the Germans demanded a disavowal of Jewish nationality—a price the leading writers and spokesmen of the Jewish avant-garde were only too happy to pay. For what had begun as furtive glances soon turned into a passionate involvement with the realm of German history; and the objects of enlightened toleration not infrequently became ardent prophets, prepared to speak in the name of the Germans

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themselves. The attentive reader of German reactions to this process and its acrobatics soon perceives a recurrent note of astonishment, and an irony that is partly amiable, partly malicious. With the renunciation of a crucial part of Jewish existence in Germany, the ground was prepared for what appears to many of us to have been a completely false start in the history of modern relations between Jews and Germans—even though, given the conditions of 1800, it possessed a certain immanent logic of its own.

WHEN THE Western nations emancipated the people of Israel, they did not, to quote Martin Buber, "accept it as Israel, but rather as a multitude of individuals." Among non-Jews, the most stalwart fighters for the cause of the Jews were precisely those who most consciously and articulately counted on the disappearance of the Jews *qua* Jews—who, indeed, like Wilhelm von Humboldt, considered the disappearance of the Jews as an ethnic group a condition for taking up their cause. The liberals hoped for a decisively progressive Jewish self-dissolution. The conservatives, however, with their greater sense of history, had reservations about this new phenomenon. They began to chalk up against the Jews an all-too-great facility for renouncing their ethnic consciousness. Thus a sinister and dangerous dialectic arose. The self-surrender of the Jews, although welcomed and indeed demanded, was also often seen as evidence of their lack of moral substance and thereby contributed to the disdain in which they were held by so many Germans. For what could a heritage be worth if the elite of its chosen heirs were in such a rush to disavow it?

As for the socialists, Karl Marx's grotesque and disgusting invective in *On the Jewish Question* may be taken as a sign of their frivolity and ignorance; they were completely at a loss before the issues involved in this new turn of events, and could do no more than press for the dissolution of the Jewish people and its historical consciousness, a dissolution to be completed by the advent and victory of the Revolution. They could see no sense whatsoever in considering the Jews an active participant in any meaningful encounter.

Such, then, was the dangerous dialectic of the whole process. The Jews struggled for emancipation—and this is the tragedy that moves us so much today—not for the sake of their rights as a people, but for the sake of assimilating themselves to the peoples among whom they lived. By their readiness to give up their peoplehood, by their act of disavowal, they did not put an end to their misery; they merely opened up a new source of agony. Assimilation did not dispose of the Jewish question in Germany; rather it shifted the locus of the question and rendered it all the more acute, for as the area of contact between the two groups widened, the possibilities of friction widened as well. The "adventure" of assimilation, into which the Jews threw themselves so passionately (it is easy to see why) necessarily increased the dangers which grew out of heightened tension. Added to this was the fact that there was something "disordered"—and in a double sense—about the Jews who were exposed to this new encounter with the Germans: they were "disordered" by the personal and social consequences of the undignified conditions under which they were forced to live; and they were "disordered" by the deep insecurity that began to hound them the moment they left the ghetto in order, as the formula had it, "to become Germans." This double disorder of the German Jews was one of the factors which retarded, disturbed, and eventually brought to a gruesome end the process—or trial—that now began in such earnest. The refusal of so many German Jews to recognize the operation of such factors and the dialectic to which they bear witness, is among the saddest discoveries made by today's reader of the discussions of those times. The emotional confusion of the German Jews between 1820 and 1920 is of considerable importance if one wishes to understand them as a group, a group characterized by that "German-Jewishness" *(Deutschjudentum)* many of us encountered in our own youth and which stimulated us to resistance.

At the same time, however, and in the very midst of this insecurity, something else unexpectedly happened: the long-buried creativity of the Jews was liberated. It is true that by entering so eagerly into a new world, the Jews relinquished the security their ancient tradition had once bestowed upon them, and would frequently continue to bestow in a frequently impressive way upon those who held fast to it. But a loss of security can result in an outburst of productive energies. And so it was with many Jews who threw themselves into the exciting "adventure" of assimilation: they found that it awakened qualities in them that under the old order had long been dormant or forgotten. Here we have the positive aspects of the process we have been examining—the aspects that were to become so meaningful to the Jews, even those living far beyond the borders of Germany; it is fitting that we examine and clarify them at this point.

THE Jewish passion for things German is connected with the specific historical hour in which it was born. At the moment in time when Jews turned from their medieval state toward the new era of enlightenment and revolution, the overwhelming majority of them—80 per cent—lived in Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Eastern Europe. Due to prevailing geographic, political, and linguistic conditions, therefore, it was German culture that most Jews first encountered on their road to the West. Moreover—and this is decisive—the encounter occurred precisely at the moment when that culture had reached one of its most fruitful turning-points. It was the zenith of Germany's bour-

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geois era, an era which produced an *image* of things German that, up to 1940, and among very broad classes of people, was to remain unshaken, even by many most bitter experiences. Thus a newly-awakened Jewish creativity, which was to assume such impressive forms after 1780, impinged upon a great period of German creativity. One can say that it was a happy hour, and indeed, it has no parallel in the history of Jewish encounters with other European peoples. The net result was the high luster that fell on all things German. Even today, after so much blood and so many tears, we cannot say that it was *only* a deceptive luster. It was also more, both in fact and *in potentia*.

To the Jews, Germany was defined and symbolized by the names of Lessing and Schiller—especially Schiller, whose significance for the forming of Jewish attitudes toward Germany was almost incalculable, and seldom appreciated by the Germans themselves. For to generations of Jews within Germany, and almost to a greater extent to Jews outside Germany, Schiller, spokesman for pure humanity, lofty poet of the highest ideals of mankind, represented everything they thought of, or wished to think of, as being German—even when, in the Germany of the last third of the 19th century, his language had already begun to sound hollow. To Schiller, who never addressed them directly, the Jews did indeed respond, and for many Jews, their encounter with him was more real than their encounter with actual Germans. German romanticism meant something to many Jews, but Schiller meant something to all of them. He was a factor in the Jewish belief in mankind. He provided the most visible, most impressive, and most resounding occasion for the idealistic self-deception engendered by the relations of the Jews to the Germans. For the new Jew who had lost his self-confidence, Schiller's program seemed to promise everything he so fervently sought; the *Jew* heard no false tones in it, for this was music which spoke to his depths. The collapse of this dialogue perhaps contains one of the secrets of the general collapse of relations between Jews and Germans. After all, Schiller, to whom their love clung so passionately, was not just anybody; he was the national poet of Germany, regarded as such by the Germans themselves from 1800 to 1900.

In this case, then, the Jews did not, as has happened often enough, "have the wrong address." In this case a bridge had really been built between them and the Germans, built out of the same boundless passion that induced a number of Russian Jews, who were, by contrast, seeking the road to humanity among the Jewish people itself, literally to adopt the name of Schiller as their own; one of the noblest figures of the Zionist movement, Salomo Schiller, is a notable example of this practice. Unfortunately, however, the task of building bridges was pursued by the Jews alone. To Germans of a later day, Jewish enthusiasm for Schiller seemed merely comic or touching. Only rarely was there a German who was stirred by the idea that here, for once, there could have been much common ground.

III

THE FIRST HALF of the 19th century was a period in which Jews and Germans drew remarkably close. During this time an extraordinary amount of help came from the German side, with many individual Jews receiving cooperation in their stormy struggle for culture. There was centainly no lack of good-will then; reading the biographies of the Jewish elite of the period, one again and again finds evidence of the understanding they encountered, even in decidedly Christian circles like the Moravians. But in keeping with the inner dynamics of the process we have been examining, things did not remain at the level of a mere struggle for culture. The Jews were at a point of radical transition from the traditional way of life, which still held sway among a majority of them, to Germanism. In the effecting of this transition, according to one contemporary source, "the German national education of the Jews and their participation in the general interests of human beings and citizens appears as the most essential task, to which everyone who expects anything of himself must be dedicated." The formulation is by Moritz Lazarus, a most pristine representative of the very tendency he advocated, who himself completed the transition from pure talmudic Judaism to the new German-Jewish way of life in a mere five years! The unending Jewish demand for a home was soon transformed into the ecstatic illusion of being at home. It is well-known, and easy to understand, that the speed of this transformation, which even today amazes the observer, the haste of this breakup of the Jews, was not paralleled by an equally quick reciprocal reaction on the part of the Germans. For the Germans had not known they were dealing with such deep processes of decay in the Jewish tradition and in Jewish self-consciousness, and they recoiled from the whole procedure. While they would have approved of the eventual result of the process—which accorded at least with the prevailing liberal ideology and to a considerable extent with the prevailing conservative one—they were altogether unprepared for this tempo, which struck them as overheated and whose aggressiveness set them on the defensive. Sooner or later this defensiveness was to combine with those currents of opinion which from the very beginning had reacted to the whole process with antipathy and which, since the post-Mendelssohn generation, had never lacked for eloquent spokesmen.

It made good sense to speak of a "host people," whose guests the Jews were. Even in the best of circumstances, it was a matter of a guest being ac-

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cepted into the family, but subject to dismissal if he did not live up to the requirements. This became especially clear where the liberals were concerned. The talk one occasionally hears today of a fusion which would have made excellent progress had not the advent of Nazism come between the great majority of Jews and the "citizens of a different faith" (the phrase was used in print by a Jew in the Germany of 1965!)—such talk is nothing but retroactive wish-fulfillment. Without doubt, the complete submission to the German people of so many individuals who in their autobiographies (which are available in abundance) characterized themselves as being "of Jewish descent"—because they no longer had any other inner ties to the Jewish tradition, let alone to the Jewish people—constitutes one of the most shocking phenomena of this whole process of alienation. Infinitely long is the list of Jewish losses to the Germans, a list of great and frequently astonishing Jewish talents and accomplishments that were offered up to the Germans. Who can read without emotion the history of those who to the point of suicide maintained the claim that they were better Germans than those who were driving them to their deaths? Today, when it is all over, it is no wonder that there are many who wish to recognize this claim as just. These people made their choice and we should not contest the Germans' right to them. And yet it makes us uneasy, for even in their complete alienation from everything "Jewish," something is evident in many of them, from Karl Marx and Lasalle to Karl Kraus, Gustav Mahler, and Georg Simmel, that was felt to be substantially Jewish by Jews as well as by Germans—by everyone, indeed, except themselves.

No one has more profoundly characterized this breaking away of the Jews from themselves than Charles Péguy, who had an insight into the Jewish condition rarely attained, let alone surpassed, by non-Jews. To him we owe the sentence: *"Etre ailleurs, le grand vice de cette race, la grande vertue secrète, la grande vocation de ce peuple."** This "being elsewhere" combined with the desperate wish to "be at home" in a manner at once intense, fruitful, and destructive. It is the clue to the relationship of the Jews to the Germans. It is what makes their symbolic position so alluring and so gripping to today's observer, and it is also what at the time caused them to appear disgusting, to be working under false pretenses, and to be deliberately provocative of opposition. No benefit redounded to the Jews of Germany from what today, under very different circumstances, invests them with positive significance for an important part of the world and brings them special consideration: I am thinking of the widespread current appreciation of Jews as classic representatives of the phenomenon of man's alienation from society. The German Jew was held to blame for his own alienation from the Jewish ground that had nourished him, from his own history and tradition, and was blamed even more for his alienation from the bourgeois society which was then in the process of consolidating itself. The fact that he was not really at home, however much and emphatically he might proclaim himself to be—the "homelessness" which today is sometimes accounted to his glory, in that it is taken as an image of the *condition humaine*—constituted, at a time when alienation was still a term of abuse, a powerful accusation. And it is in keeping with so distorted a state of affairs that the great majority of Jews, and especially those who had the highest degree of awareness, concurred in this judgment of their situation; this is why, in the very teeth of the skepticism which was a part of their German environment, they aspired to or claimed a deep attachment to things German, and a sense of being at home.

THE JEW'S ENTRY into German society, however, was a many-sided process. It is, for instance, an important fact that during the generations of entry, the Jews to a great extent lost their own elite through baptism and mixed marriages. Yet this fact also points to marked variations in the process, because not all Jews were by any means prepared to go so far. It is true that very broad segments of German Jewry were ready to liquidate their peoplehood, but they also wished—in differing degrees, to be sure—to preserve their Jewishness as a kind of heritage, as a creed, as an element unknowable and indefinable, yet clearly present in their consciousness. Although this is now often forgotten, they were not ready for that total assimilation which the majority of their elite was seeking. Their feelings may have been uncertain and confused, but the flight of their own avant-garde was more than they were willing to accept.

These continuous bloodlettings, through which the Jews lost their most advanced elements to the Germans, constitute a crucial—and, from a Jewish perspective, most melancholy—aspect of the so-called German-Jewish symbiosis, which is now being discussed with such pleasure and profuse carelessness. It was the petite bourgeoisie, the most ordinary citizens, who made up the main body of the German-Jewish community during the 19th century and from whom a wholly new class of leaders had to be brought forth in every generation. Rarely does one find any descendants among 20th-century Jews of those families which, after 1800, led the "breakup" in favor of things German. On the other hand, the lower classes were almost entirely retained within the boundaries of Judaism, albeit a Judaism now watered-down—or rather dried-up and emptied: a Judaism composed of a curious admixture of the "religion of reason" with strong, frequently disavowed, strains of feeling. The attitude of these Jews to-

* "Being elsewhere, the great vice of this race, the great secret virtue, the great vocation of this people"—ED.

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ward the deserters fluctuated greatly, as is indicated by their response to the singular phenomenon of Heinrich Heine: it ranged from sensitive rejection to almost equable indifference. Heine, to be sure, was a borderline case. He could say of himself that he had never returned to Judaism because he had never left it.

In all this, we must not fail to consider the inner tensions of Jewish society, which exercised no little influence on the relationship of Jews to the German environment. Germany, after all, was the scene of especially bitter arguments between the pious of the old school—the *Landjuden* and their leaders—on the one hand, and the "neologians" or Reformers on the other, with the latter quickly gaining preponderance, if not numerically, then socially and politically. The term "assimilation" was first used by its defenders in the positive sense of an ideal; later, when the Zionists threw the word back at them in derision and as a form of abuse, they were doubly indignant at being called "assimilationists." The tendency toward assimilation, which manifested itself in many forms, was certainly significant. Yet one cannot unequivocally say just how far the advocates of assimilation were prepared to go at the time, and not all instances of assimilation can be judged alike. In any case, however, there existed on the Jewish side a strongly critical stance toward Jews and traditional Judaism, and it is well-known how often in individual cases this stance was heightened to those extreme forms we have come to recognize as Jewish anti-Semitism. It is, after all, to a German Jew who had left Judaism—though, as he said, he "of course knew that this was impossible"—that we owe what a critic once called "the most naked exposures" of the Berlin Jewish bourgeoisie which exist anywhere and which will endure as a sinister document of the German-Jewish reality; I am referring to the monologues of Herr Wendriner, written by Kurt Tucholsky. The anti-Semites took pains to make the Jews look as bad as possible, but their writings are curiously overstrained and hollow. The hatred is there, but there is no knowledge of the subject and no feeling for atmosphere. Small wonder, then, that it remained for one of the most gifted, most convinced, and most offensive Jewish anti-Semites to accomplish on a definitive level what the anti-Semites themselves were unable to bring about.

We often find representatives of extreme possibilities within the same family—for example, the brothers Jacob and Michael Bernays (whose niece became the wife of Sigmund Freud). Jacob, a classical philologist of the highest rank, remained loyal to the strictest form of Jewish Orthodoxy, even to the point of neurosis; Michael left Judaism to venture on an even more illustrious career as a scholar in the field of Germanic studies and as a foremost critical interpreter of Goethe. After their split, the two brothers never spoke to each other again. A similar divergence occurred between two cousins of the Borchardt family. One of them, the writer Georg Hermann, depicted the 19th-century Berlin Jewish bourgeoisie in a manner never surpassed—critically, ironically, but at the same time lovingly. The other cousin, the exorbitantly gifted Rudolf Borchardt, convinced he had annihilated everything Jewish within himself, became the most eloquent spokesman for a culturally conservative German traditionalism. He himself was the only person to read his work who was not alarmed by the paradox.

THE MAJORITY of German Jews, to repeat, was not prepared to "go all the way," but searched for a middle course. Only rarely, however, did the Jews benefit from their gifted progeny. The exceptions include such significant yet problematic figures as Leopold Zunz, the founder of "the science of Judaism" *(Wissenschaft vom Judentum)*, Ludwig Steinheim and Hermann Cohen, the two most distinguished German-Jewish religious thinkers, and Abraham Geiger and Samson Raphael Hirsch, the great polar opposites of the German rabbinate. Most of the ablest Jewish minds, however, enhanced *German* society with an astonishingly profuse outpouring in the fields of economics, science, literature, and art. In a famous essay, the great American sociologist, Thorstein Veblen, wrote of the intellectual "pre-eminence" of the Jews; it was this pre-eminence that was to spell their doom in Germany. In their economic role, the Jews had served as a progressive force in the development of 19th-century Germany, but long after there had ceased to be a need for that, they continued to exercise—especially in the 20th century—a cultural function which from the very beginning had awakened unrest and resistance, and which never did them any good. That the Germans did in fact need the Jews in their spiritual world is now, when they are no longer present, noticed by many, and there is mourning over the loss. But when the Jews were there, they were a source of irritation (whether they wanted to be or not).

By the middle of the 19th century, the great majority of Germans had at last become reconciled to the *political* emancipation of the Jews, but there was no corresponding readiness to accept the unrestrained movement of the Jews into the ranks of the culturally active. The Jews, of course, with their long intellectual tradition, considered themselves made-to-order for such an active role among the German elite. But this is precisely what stimulated a resistance that was to become increasingly vigorous and virulent, and was finally to prevent the process of their acceptance from having any chance of fulfillment. By and large, then, the love affair of the Jews and the Germans remained one-sided and unreciprocated; at best it awakened something like compassion (as it did with Theodore Fontane, to name only one famous, but hardly unambiguous, example) or grat-

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itude. But if the Jews did on occasion meet with gratitude, they almost never found the love they were seeking.

There were misunderstood geniuses among the Jews, prophets without honor, men of mind who stood up for justice, and who also stood up—to an astonishing degree—for the great spirits among the Germans themselves. (Thus, almost all the most important critical interpretations of Goethe were written by Jews!) But among the Germans, there was never anyone who stood up for the misunderstood geniuses who were Jews. Nothing in German literature corresponds to those unforgettable pages in which Charles Péguy, the French Catholic, portrayed Bernard Lazare as a true prophet of Israel, and this at a time when the French Jews themselves—out of embarrassment or malice, out of rancor or stupidity—knew no better than to treat one of their greatest men with deadly silence. Nothing corresponds to this in the much-discussed German-Jewish dialogue—a dialogue which in fact never took place. At a time when no one cared a whit about them, no German stood forth to recognize the genius of Kafka, Simmel, Freud, or Walter Benjamin—to say nothing of recognizing them as Jews. The present, belated concern with these great figures does nothing to change this fact.

Only very few Germans—some of their noblest spirits, to be sure—possessed that openness of true humanity which allowed them to see and accept the Jew as a Jew. One of them was Johann Peter Hebel, who valued the Jew for what he had to give, rather than for what he had to give up. But it was precisely among liberals that unmistakable reservations about Jews were frequently voiced. When Fritz Reuter, a typical member of the North-German liberal intelligentsia, made a speech in 1870 to celebrate the unification of Germany, he could think of nothing better than to level charges against those "miserable Jewish rascals like Heinrich Heine" who were supposedly lacking in patriotism. The feeling was widespread that the emancipation of the Jews heralded the appearance of radical and subversive tendencies. And indeed, during a century of prominence in journalism, the Jews did play a highly visible role in the criticism of German public affairs—a role deeply grounded in their history as well as in their social position and function. In reaction to this role, the phenomenon of anti-Semitism—to which the Jews responded with peculiar blindness—began to send forth its malignant tendrils. Anti-Semitism was to assume a sterilizing and destructive significance in the years 1880 to 1930, a time of increasingly tense relations between the Jews and the Germans. It is unnecessary to emphasize the specific social and political conditions under which the most radical forms of anti-Semitism eventually came to rule over Germany. But nothing is less tenable than the opinion that National Socialism came, so to speak, from out of the blue, or that it was exclusively a product of the aftermath of World War I. Anti-Semitism could not have become as virulent as it did, or have released all its murderous consequences, without a long pre-history. Not a few of the 19th-century tracts against the Jews read today like wholly undisguised documents of 20th-century Nazism, and perhaps none is more sinister than Bruno Bauer's *Das Judentum in der Fremde* ["Judaism Abroad"] of 1869. Here one comes upon everything that was later preached in the Thousand-Year Reich, and in formulations no less radical. And this document came from the pen of one of the leaders of the former Hegelian Left. There was, moreover, no lack of the more "sublime" varieties of anti-Semitism—the kind which, shortly after World War I, found expression in works like Hans Blüher's *Secessio Judaica*. Such works, fluctuating between admiration and hatred, and embodying a degenerate metaphysics in the form of genteel anti-Semitism, provided a cue for the more murderous metaphysics to come. Perhaps nothing depresses us more today than the uncertain wavering of many Germans, including some of their finest minds, in the face of this dark swell.

Max Brod has spoken of the ideal of "distant love" as that which should have governed relations between Germans and Jews. The concept is a dialectical one: distance is meant to prevent an all-too-coarse intimacy, but at the same time to create a desire to bridge the gap. This could certainly have been a solution for the period under discussion, if only both parties would have agreed to it. Yet Brod himself admits that where there is love the feeling of distance disappears—this was true of the Jews—and where there is distance no love can arise—this was true of the main body of Germans. We may grant that with "distant love" the two partners could have managed more kindness, open-mindedness, and mutual understanding. But historical subjunctives are always illegitimate. If it is true, as we now perceive, that "distant love" was the right Zionist answer to the mounting crisis in the relations between Jews and Germans, it is also true that the Zionist avant-garde hit upon it too late. For during the generations preceding the catastrophe, the German Jews—whose critical sense was as famous among Germans as it was irritating to them—distinguished themselves by an astonishing lack of critical insight into their own situation. An "edifying" and apologetic attitude, a lack of critical candor, taints almost everything they wrote about the position of the Jews in the German world of ideas, literature, politics, and economics.

The readiness of many Jews to invent a theory which would justify the sacrifice of their Jewish existence is a shocking phenomenon, and there are countless variations on it. But nothing, it seems to me, surpasses in sheer self-contradiction and cravenness the formulation produced as late as

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1935 by Margarete Susman, in full awareness of the fact that the time had come of "the most fearful fate ever to strike the Jews." She wrote: "The vocation of Israel as a people is not self-realization," as with all other peoples, "but self-surrender for the sake of a higher, transhistorical goal." In this case, the delusion goes so far that we are asked to believe—in the name of the prophets, who indeed did not wish Israel to be a people like all other peoples—that "the original meaning of the Jewish idea is the absorption of this people by other peoples." What is so terrible about this statement is not that it has been so devastatingly refuted by history, but that it never signified anything except a perversion whereby Christian ideas—rejected by Jews unto their dying breath—now presented themselves as the demand of the greatest Jewish minds. Such solutions have been offered to Jews again and again, and from various sources. They bespeak a great inner demoralization, an enthusiasm for self-sacrifice which has necessarily remained wholly without meaning for the Jewish community itself, and which no one ever took seriously except the anti-Semites, who indeed understood this desire on the part of the Jews to be absorbed by the Germans as a destructive and singularly sinister maneuver aimed at undermining the German people. To quote one of the many metaphysicians of anti-Semitism in the years between 1830 and 1930 who never tired of repeating this theme: "The Jews are the dark power of negation which kills what it touches. Whoever yields to it, falls into the hands of death."

This, in brief, is an analysis of what from the very beginning was a "false start" in the relations between Jews and Germans, one which brought the elements of crisis inherent in the process itself to an ever riper development.

IV

WHERE DO WE stand now, after the unspeakable horror of those twelve years from 1933 to 1945? Jews and Germans took very different roads after the war. The most vital segment of the Jews attempted to build up its own society in its own land. No one can say whether the attempt will succeed, but everyone knows that the cause of Israel is a matter of life and death to the Jews. The dialectic of their undertaking is obvious. They live on a volcano. The great impetus they received from the experience of the holocaust—their experience of the German murder of the Jews, and of the apathy and hard-heartedness of the world—has been followed by a profound exhaustion whose signs are unmistakable. And yet the incentive generated by their original insight into their true situation is still operating effectively.

The Germans have paid for their catastrophe with the division of their country, but on the other hand, they have experienced a material upsurge that has placed the past years in shadow. Between these two mountains, produced by a volcanic eruption, can there now be a bridge, however shaky?

The abyss which events have flung open between us can be neither measured nor fathomed. Unlike many in Israel, I do not believe that the only possible means of overcoming the distance is to admit the abyss into our consciousness in all its dimensions and ramifications. There is little comfort in such a prognosis; it is mere rhetoric. For in truth there is no possibility of comprehending what has happened—incomprehensibility is of its essence; no possibility of understanding it perfectly and thus of incorporating it into our consciousness. This demand by its very nature cannot be fulfilled. Whether or not we can somehow meet in this abyss, I do not know. And whether the abyss, flung open by unspeakable, unthinkable events, can ever be bridged—who would have the presumption to say?

Abysses are flung open by events, bridges are built by good-will and conscious thought. If the bridges are to endure, they must be firmly anchored on both sides. The people of Israel has suffered fearfully at the hands of almost all the peoples of Europe. The bridges on which we meet peoples other than the Germans are shaky enough, even when they are not burdened with the memory of Auschwitz. But—is this memory not an opportunity? Is there not a light that burns in this darkness, the light of repentance? Fruitful relations between Jews and Germans, relations in which a past that is both meaningful and at the same time so horrible as to cripple communication may be preserved and worked through—such relations must be prepared with great care. But it is only through an effort to bring them about that we can guarantee that official contacts between the two peoples will not be poisoned by counterfeit formulas and demands. Already the worm of hypocrisy is gnawing at the delicate roots. Where love is no longer possible, a new understanding requires other ingredients; distance, respect, openness and openmindedness, and above all, goodwill—on both sides.

A young German recently wrote to me expressing the hope that Jews, when thinking of Germany, might keep in mind the words of Isaiah: "Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old." I do not know whether the messianic age will bestow forgetfulness upon the Jews. It is a delicate point of theology. But for us, who must live without illusions in an age without a Messiah, such a hope entails the impossible. However sublime it might be to forget, we cannot. Only by remembering a past that we will never completely master can we generate new hope in the resumption of communication between Germans and Jews, and in the reconciliation of those who have been separated.

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JOHN THOMPSON

THE VACANCIES OF AUGUST

A Letter from the Greek Islands

If you can't make it to Indianapolis this summer, then come on to Athens.

—Picture postcard, 1966

BY NOVEMBER, of course, it will all be as old as a snapshot. Somebody took one the other day on the beach. We'd waded ashore from the boat and there in the noonday sun on the gritty sand we'd huddled, fourteen or fifteen of us; sitting in front, I'd turned Mrs. L. into my arms and across my lap, then looked into the camera so that a few moments later, in the oily and sunstruck colors of the Polaroid film amidst all that near-nakedness and above her shaved armpit I'd had the frozen face of Buster Keaton, and we all laughed. Behind us on one edge of the picture, the sea, on the other a broken wall and a spray of olive leaves. With how supple a manipulation of her torso she had given herself to that mock embrace.... If I weren't writing it down, by November I'd not remember seven of the fourteen or fifteen names. Indeed, I can't say them all now. My wife, my teenage daughter, my two young sons; but then Mary, Leviticus, Mike, Lydia, Dolf, Marilyn.... Vacation friends.

ARRIVING on that Greek island, I know nothing, not even a word of the language. My wife has read all the books, the guides, the histories, the memoirs, but what takes place between her and her books is something she does not really like to talk about. A "literary" person by now would have told me all of it, complete with parodies of the various styles and general observations on travel writing. No book, to us, is quite real until it has been discussed. But to S., books mean something that our interpositions can only falsify. For a long time I didn't understand this difference, I even thought there was a strange stinginess in her reluctance to tell me things she certainly must know, with the book right there in front of her. Now I begin to see what reading truly is. I learn that books are not really meant for literary people, anymore than women are meant for Don Juans. Real lovers would rather die, or kill, than talk about it. For us others, the talking is what counts.

Thus I am not even absolutely certain, as the ship mushes up alongside the concrete pier and I begin again that Sisyphean affair with luggage, that this stop is truly our destination, though I have been told so, I believe, by the old man who appropriated one of our deck chairs and again, with what I hope was only a variant pronunciation, by some sportshirted crew member. All I know is that there is a great barren faded heap rising from the sea. It is a dry and immensely magnified pebble. In a crevice of it, white houses as bright and square as false teeth curve half around a tangle of masts. Sweating with my bags, peeking and stretching for the children's heads in the smash, I see on the quai some shops, some cafés, two hotels that look like those peculiar balconied mustard-colored hells, hot as bakeries, built by Italians beside their railroad tracks.

Utterly unprepared. I never can read up on a place before I get there. I couldn't even read Ernle Bradford on the Aegean, which everybody admires. At least I know that about myself now, and I don't lug the books along, as I once carried Sir George Samson's great history of Japan all around the world with me, in laborious stages, and never read a word of it until we took off over the Pacific from Tokyo. I don't really recommend this. Only, I wish that there weren't photographs and that we didn't already know from *Life* magazine what every place looks like. Now that one has reached the age when people all fall at first sight into one of the small number of human families, when one can be, yes, wrong of course over and over again but never surprised, it becomes important to see sometimes, just once in a while, something one doesn't recognize.

Here I must confess, though, because it rises to the surface of my mind, a fact I had completely forgotten. What I am really looking for is that charmed little island-world made up by James Merrill in his (Diblos) novel.

WE HAVE no bookings; our system is, we land, we smile, and announce here and there that we have arrived. Surely five middle-class Americans will not be denied lodging, even though the travel agent said it was no use trying in this overflow

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season. About this, if about nothing else, we have never been wrong; some close calls, maybe, and we've slept in odd places. The smash and rush of landing is over, the small crowd dispersed, the ship already cast off and away. The white houses, tile-roofed, mount not so very high on the rocks, climbing on one another. Far up, three, four, five, are perched tiny and alone. A man rides past on a donkey, side-saddle, his legs kicking as in the kneecap reflex. On the iron railng up on the hotel balcony, someone in an undershirt leans on elbows, full in the face of the sun of half-past four, sinister and unmoving, one of Dante's bad eggs. Sweat ripples over my sunglasses. There's a shop festooned with copper junk underneath, but no visible entrance to the hotel. Anyway, I shall go mad if I spend a night there. What savage zeal of my wife and my children has brought me here? I curse myself back home with a total concentration which proves again that no amount of mental energy has the slightest influence on a grain of physical dust. Neither faith nor lack of faith is of any interest to mountains. It is time to ask—ask how?—for directions, for help. Here we are. I estimate the temperature must be a hundred and ten over there in the shade.

But it is while I am lugging that suitcase and that book-bag, heavy as in an enchantment or on some other planet, heavy as no normal force of gravity could account for, over the worn humped boulders and fresh donkey turds of the streets—crooked streets three or six or eight feet wide between crooked whitewashed walls—it is then I realize both that there is under all my furnace-fire of hatred something like a cistern of cool water, and why it is there. S. hadn't told me. On all this island, this bare, dry, ancient, tourist-infested, Greek-speaking, blessed! island there is not a single automobile, not a motorbike, not a scooter, not a one.

EVERYWHERE in the world: the brand-new tourist, straight from the funny papers, in vacation hat, sunglasses, loud shirt hanging over his shorts, socks and sandals, camera-draped, luggage-burdened. Abruptly at a corner he balks, glances quickly back as if pursued, peers ahead, gawks blindly to either side and at his wristwatch, puts down his bags which will be snatched right from under his eyes if he's not careful, consults a map, his teeth unknowingly bared in fear; while his wife, a big sack of potatoes in a costume she could never wear at home, natters ceaselessly into the back of his neck like Yeats's—wasn't it Yeats's?—insane sewing-machine.

Or the encumbered German on the bus somewhere, who got off and on three times with all his encumbrances while it was loading, to look again at the Greek sign on the front, to speak German at the driver, to point to something in his phrase-book, talking to himself, and who then, when the door closed finally and the engine roared, panicked up one last time, smacking his head on the baggage rack. The first day you are totally disoriented. Ignorant, distracted, for you the whole place is a handful of other people's snapshots. You get lost going twenty yards. You stare down a street, where did that little dry tree come from, where is the blue balcony that should be there, which way is north? You might as well be blindfolded. If you go to the bank you saw somewhere, its brass plate marked *TRAPEZA* exists vividly and quite without association of any kind in your memory, then will you be able to get back? Everybody in the world except you yourself knows everything. Infantilized, you want to follow, to dress like, to be, the tanned chap in shorts and faded espadrilles who strides by carrying a paperback book and a little bathing sack, knowing exactly where he's headed. For all your vanity, you have to gawk and stub your toe, and everybody is looking at you. In the cafés under the awnings they have seen you go by three times now and they are making up little jokes about you to smile over in their secure boredom. The boatmen, amused, squeak the same phrases at you as you pass, like pimps in the Place Pigalle, as if they think you're only trying to get your courage up to patronize them. Well, at least you're not young anymore, you know something about pains and anxieties. If you are patient and don't mind too much looking foolish, they will pass away and in a couple of days someone else will be the tenderfoot. All these torn images will heal themselves together somehow, streets will lead somewhere, East will be East again, West, West, and maybe even the coins will assume values and stop dropping on the floor when you hold out a random handful of them for the shopkeeper to pick over.

We all underestimate intelligence and forget, to save our opinions of ourselves, how very much of the world is to us just this kind of disorganized nonsense. To some few hardworking minds—minds whom if we think of at all except to reverently name it's only to pick quarrels with—the whole thing must be as clear as the layout of our own home-towns used to be to us. Somebody must know what makes our world tick, as historians easily tell us what made the Middle Ages hang together. It must be clear to somebody. It's also clear, of course, to egomaniacs and to fanatics.

WE COME for the water, we vacationers. In we plunge: oh cold salt solution, shocking and healing. As the heat and the dust had made us unable to forget, a moment ago, our hot sticky hair, our dry mouths, our wet armpits, our heavy bellies and our chafed crotches and grilled feet, so in the sea, no longer piled up on our hind legs around the scaffolding of our bones, we sport as in bed, totally narcissistic. The delicious chill flows along our bodies, how powerfully we foam, we crawl, we roll weightless in the bubbles, we gasp and blow. The Mediterranean in its vast res-

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ervoir of coolness has washed away those few ugly degrees of temperature we were carrying, far less to it than a grain of sand.... We float, puffing, our toes, loins, long arms, amphibious heads all awash. The sea is our green mother. Yet if we swim far out or far down, the sea will kill us. How could we have been born here, why does this element so very like our own blood poison our thirst and kill us in our lungs? A modest blue sign in Greek and English advises us to stay close to shore, danger of sharks, signed, Coast Guard. But the rocks, fist-sized, punch at the staggering, wading instep like a policeman's nightstick. Watermelon rinds, bits of paper, plastic, broken glass; and as we sit, chests heaving, on the scorched straw mats spread over the pebbles, we find thick tarry blobs of oil on our feet, our secondhand gift from the sailors who everywhere today give this gift to the sea. Then with snorkel and mask, under its ceiling, the deep sunstruck water is alive with bright particles and dark particles, yes, between these breadcrumbs or molecules or plankton or whatever they are you can still see clearly the magnified rocks on the seabed, fifteen, twenty feet down; the sea-urchins, treacherous inkblots, and if you're lucky, one of the pretty little dishes that are their skeletons, to be dived for; a quick spray of tiny turquoise fish; a lost sandal; some meandering yards of whiskered cable, a piece of a ladder, a tomato-juice can, broken eggshells, a tuft of grassy undulating seaweed; black and white striped fish, fishbowl size; colorless fish, twelve or fourteen inches long, mustached tramps working the bottom like the shoals of suckers that have replaced trout in the famous American fishing streams. The intact and wide-open page of a Greek newspaper rests down there to be read, only very gently stirring. One bright blue-and-orange pouting fellow swims by beneath me, round and as flat as a dinner plate. Plastic sun-lotion bottles, white, brown, yellow. And how much of what substances are all dissolved here, only faintly clouding the water? My great grandchildren, if they swim, will stroke their way back and forth in tiled pools of distilled water, and they'll eat farmed sea-food. Fish of edible size must be nearly extinct in the Aegean. I'd expected to gorge on it. A mullet costs twice what it does in New York, and they save the big red shells like tureens to stuff in them God knows what if some fool orders lobster. Even octopus seems to be scarce now, a few little ones dry along the quai on awning ropes. The sea-urchins, those concupiscent morsels, *oursins,* are powerful filters of pollution, like American clams, and thus dangerous to devour here although they abound to threaten our feet with their jet needles.

But when we rise, dripping, the sea is good. Dizzy-making for a moment in the shallows, the coursing light on the water, a surfeit of gasped oxygen, and what, the return to vertical gravity, the uncontrovertible solidity of dry land, where one is definitely up or down, so unlike the sea. Quite possibly it was an error for us ever to have emerged.... The water-taxi man, bobbing supine under his awning off the concrete mooring-block, honks a little rubber-bulb horn and cries like a street-vendor the phrases of his trade. A few in the rookery of the beach rise and shake their towels and raffia mats, making long hot shadows. The sea is calm, the sky cloudless, there are absolutely no birds, neither here nor inland.

THE ISLAND has three beaches. The farthest, Mandraki, costs three drachmae (ten cents) to reach in the water-taxi and another three for admission. It's the gravelly shore of a big cove with headlands marked by ruined forts, it's backed by the long low hotel that might be an American motel, it has umbrellas and beach chairs, and a café with the menu written in French more or less. It's quite crowded, but, as we say, nobody goes there. Everybody goes to the Snake Pit. This is a point of rock only a few hundred yards from town, past the so-called Yacht Club café (some go to this place, it's true: a tribe of the *yé-yé* young, who do the new dance with a band that has an organ at lunch time and again late at night; it hangs over the bay on a balustraded shelf beside the road, and they swim below, pulling themselves stylishly back to the perch up a trailed length of hawser).

Atop the Snake Pit, there is the wide curved terrace of the old fort with its ancient crutched pines and its eight cemented cannon, its fanciful decaying gazebo and splintered benches. Here the wiry young Dutch and Scandinavian rucksack wanderers eat their lunches, paring away with daggers at a cucumber, a loaf of bread, a hunk of cheese. Their sleeping-bags are up on the roof of the abandoned café or across the path in the scrawny grove. The boys have abundant hair and sparse beards, the girls have short hair, and both wear chopped-off blue jeans. When they arrive or depart, the boy carries the enormous rucksack, never harnessed on his back but only half-slung, and the girl carries a canvas-cased guitar.

Down below, the sea here enters a grotto the size of a three-car garage, with a big hole in the roof (and the sea flushes deep into the grotto, as neatly as it can, a world of litter). From the peak of the grotto one dives or jumps, or one dives or jumps from a dozen other advantageous rocks. One dives or jumps, at the best hours, into a thick human stew. Across the stewpot, the water-taxis putt, with shouts and gestures and alarms at oblivious snorkelers; and a plastic-green speedboat whizzes through and through again, kicking up a white rooster-tail and bearing for our attention two oily-torsoed Greek youths in yachting caps.

Here, high on the rocks, you can see mountains over the sea on the horizon. From the horizon, slowly, steadily, the two morning boats come and

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then go again to the horizon, a straight far course. On weekends the big white cruise ships moor. At 10:20 every morning and at six every evening the hydrofoil Express saucily dashes in on its little stilts above the foaming water, tooting about itself like a French police van, wah-wah, wah-wah, wah-wah. Far across the harbor on the broad eastern quai (where we landed, how long ago?) the passengers wait, a tight squashed bundle in the naked sunshine on the hot wide rock pavement in the pens of the iron grille barriers. There's no reason for it one can see, but it's part of a journey, if you're going somewhere by bus, train, or boat, you must crush and push and smash yourself in for all you're worth, even if, like these Express passengers, you hold reserved seats.

Two or three times a day some grand rich yacht smoothly arrives or departs, slim as a knifeblade, balancing expensively, delicately, its tall, tall, tall polished masts, as tall almost as this lofty rock up here. Months in these waters, I will never see one of these noble spars allowed to bear its canvas, but that's just unlucky I guess.

Caiques, handsome old tubs, wallow in with melons, bricks, tomatoes, cucumbers, grapes, cattle, potatoes, figs from Rhodes, fresh eggs from Israel, beer, retsina, ouzo, toilet paper, cases and cases of portocalathi and limonatha, sacks of cement, blocks of ice, cases of tomato paste, tables and chairs, wooden boxes of something, canvas bales of something. This stuff goes then in roped stacks onto the saddles of donkeys and mules, or into wheelbarrow carts, to the stores; and thence, the foodstuffs and house goods, into the wool "Greek bag" or string bag of the householder, one meal's worth at a time, all but the ice. This you tie around with a little string and skid home over the stones.

Water is towed over the sea to us in a tremendous black dirigible sausage every few days; the taps may be dry waiting for it. The first time you see it coming, when you don't know what it is, it's scary for some reason.

From the old fort wall and down to the grotto and around over the jumble of rock to the sea there are mazes of steps, platforms, outcroppings and crevices, a Greek amphitheater turned inside-out and upside-down and dumped from a height to break up. At the best hours, every inch is draped with human flesh. Here we see in full force the new democracy of near-nakedness. The earlier democracy of the European sack-suit or in hot countries the slacks and untucked shirt, and the simple universal "dress" for women, these have eradicated all the old costumes of class and country almost the world around. Our island author, Aristodimos N. Sofianos, gives reports of what it was like here in the last century: "A short silken jacket neatly ornamented, and a large petticoat, containing an immense number of folds and breadths generally of green stuff, bordered with a few gaudy stripes . . . the neat slipper which so delicately shows the turn of ankle and heel. . . . The men are invariably athletic and well-formed; their dress combining all the lightness of an oriental costume with the grace of an European one; their short jackets are covered with neat embroidery, and their personal ornament is the handle of their *machaira,* or stout knife, the only weapon carried by an islander. . . . Their pantaloons, which reach merely to the knee, are the most singular part of their dress; being nothing more than a very broad and shallow sack of dyed cotton, with a swing case at the top, and two holes at each corner of the bottom, so that when drawn on, the superfluous folds fall down in the bag behind, whilst ample plaits above add considerably to the grace of the figure." They look graceful enough, posed by the sea or around the empty countryside or, in slightly different costume, by the pastoral Acropolis of tiny Athens in the innumerable, pretty, and totally credible views left by the English watercolorists of the 19th century—among them Edward Lear. Today they wear sleazy gray trousers like everybody else, an undershirt for labor, for dress the untucked sport shirt.

Just as our drab costume has eradicated all others, so the new nakedness has made obsolete another sign of privilege or lack of it, of place, of luck: the human face. A "good-looking" face, a "pretty" face, that decree of popular art that makes us hope all the time for some freak of the genes that can produce short straight noses and round chins; or, on another level, the face as record of character or as potentiality of discovery, as a possibility of conversation, knowledge, close breathing: we thought the face was the person. But here comes a human body stepping down the rocks, swaying, graceful, easy, anonymous, guided surely by the center of its balance, the navel, and not by that mere hair-touseled head. Who can look at the head? Legs, arms, mere appendages; breasts bound with a strap, a diaper tucked under the crotch and tied at the hip sockets, but centrally, *omphalos,* the smooth brown plate of the belly with the dimpled scar that only Adam and Eve never bore, the blocked orifice, the blind eye, the silent mouth, the oracle: the navel.

At Delphi, the navel of all the world, the ancient priestess once spoke for the sacred python, divining for the pilgrims of every land, for the messengers of kings, telling Oedipus the fate of all men. Then Apollo came and slew the python, for the new Olympian gods, and she spoke from the tripod for him. The great stone phallus of her shrine became omphalos, navel: it had the form still of the male organ but represented then, by some deep trick of the imagination, the direct link we all have with the mother, so it was both powers of creation together. And now it is displayed by both sexes, this mark they share, in another great reconciliation we do not yet under-

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stand, something profound, prophetic, cryptic, oracular.

In their "dresses" in the streets of Athens, how sadly plain are all the girls, tourists and natives alike. How beautiful they all are here, how beautiful their bellies. And then, after all, breasts, too. In cities one would only guess, or extrapolate from such experience as one may have been given, how many there may really be of those big floating melon-sized bosoms we idolize so in our girly fantasies. But there must be millions of them. They're all over the place. That small woman in the big floppy black hat can scarcely lie prone, it must be like lying with a bolster under one's chest. Yet, enormous as they are, when she sits up in answer to my telepathic request, here they come, floating like balloons. Surely it's no trick of their little loose scrap of cloth that could boost them like that. Marvelous, look, no effort, no strings, you bear this lovely double gift always before you like a great basket of fruit, no hands, no handles.

But Marilyn is shy of hers. She is very young and very beautiful, daughter of the L. family, the family my own daughter has adopted herself into for this part of the vacation. Perfect in every detail, she has pretty little well-designed toes, slim legs, pretty little fingernails, little white teeth, little neatly-curled ears, nice thick black hair, she is deeply tanned and has those rare startling light-green Jewish cat's eyes which she rims with black, so when those green eyes turn on you it seems that little lights go on behind them. But she's shy of her breasts, which are huge and perfectly, roundly erect, not squashed together to make a crevice, a "cleavage." She keeps glancing down at them to see if they're all right, to make sure they haven't nuzzled their way out of her bikini-top. Whenever she can, she lets the pretty white-nailed fingers of one hand come to rest just above them, at the collar bone, a delicate small shield. She really prefers to wear her old black one-piece thoroughly-covering-up bathing suit, even though something's gone wrong with the weave of it and it has sprouted patches of nap like hairs sticking out. Her father and her brother (Matt, he's just finished his doctorate in Sanskrit at Princeton, it was he who made the pickup of my daughter which didn't pan out but did lead to the "adoption"), they tease her continually about her breasts, her "water-wings" or what not. She is a beautiful girl indeed but after a while something about her beautiful face is puzzling, as though she had had a terrifically expensive and absolutely successful nose job.

Yet small breasts, or as it appears from the flat bandeaus of many of these girls, none at all, are just as good as large, or perhaps count for just as little, as little as faces count. It is the navel, the navel's haunches and belly, the center that is the person. As of antique marbles, too; Aphrodite; often this part of the torso is all that survives.

I have been speaking only of the girls, but of course this polar shift in the body has affected the boys too, with their low-slung pants. How odd our old-fashioned trousers or trunks look with their belts trussed up all around the waist instead of down on the lowest possible declivity of the pelvis. We do look out of balance compared to the young, and it's not only our thickness that does it. Some old heavyweight pirates sport their bare bulging abdomens just as the young sport their flatness, and these oldtimers, hair and all, really look better that way.

There are stations, territories or posts we all establish, on the rocks of the Snake Pit. My sons have one, where every day they forget their shirts, their towels, or their masks and snorkels when they come back for dinner. My daughter has another, around the corner from them in the middle of a narrow walkway. Friends come to your station, or strangers if they like. My daughter's bikini is from St. Tropez so sometimes she is flatteringly approached in French. I am clearly enough American except that sometimes, before I open my mouth, since for so long I have so very badly needed a haircut, I may be taken for British, say in the dutiful little chat that follows the use of my Zippo. The Snake Pit crawls with brown flesh. Down where the rock shelves out below the surface, the water is green, then on and on it is deep smooth dark dark purple, all the way to the circling rim of the world. Homer must have drunk a sweet wine like Manischewitz.

THE NEW nakedness doesn't count for much at the third beach. We call it the Baby Beach, it slopes gently out in gradual shallows. Greek mothers take their infants to dabble there, and the grandmothers lie awash in a foot of water, swathed in long black gowns. There are only a few low rocks for diving. S. is not too keen on sudden depths, it's a good healthy hike from town, and there's a little thatched *taverna,* dizzy with flies, where they serve lukewarm ouzo and portocalathi. We're a bit pale still, anyway, for the Snake Pit. New people tend to come here, and weekenders down from Athens, and snorkelers with spears to poke around the big rocks farther along the coast. There are a few regulars with their stations, like the guitar crowd with the cocky runt of an English youth we call "Barbara" for his long thick wavy pageboy bob. There's plenty of longish hair around, but none so complete as this. We rather admire him for the way he lopes by the cafés in his sloppy sandals, ignoring the wake of turned heads and changed voices he always stirs up. I note which tiny back-alley *taverna* he favors and it proves to be the least bad and the cheapest in town.

Of course, if you are athletic you don't worry about beaches, you swim along the coast until you spot a rock big enough to lie on, or you clamber down over the sheer falls of stone. Every few

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hundred yards, some couple has done this. Perhaps there are *naturistes* somewhere around, I haven't noticed any. This bikini kind of nakedness seems to make the genitals themselves no more interesting than faces, that is, as objects of curiosity at least. It's the same along the Côte d' Azur, where only the French police in their helicopter patrols care about the naked persons who otherwise mingle in the coves with other bathers to no one's concern.

IMPOSSIBLE to read here, at least for those whose business is reading. I'm supposed to be working over that most un-Aegean of poems, the 14th-century one about Sir Gawain's green cold New Year's knight, all his trials and his hard trek, how he almost froze to death in the sleet:

Ner slain with the slete· he sleped in his yrnes [armor]
Mo nightes than innoughe· in naked rokkes
Ther as claterande fro the crest·the colde borne rennes
And henged heghe over his hede· in hard iise-ikkles
Thus in peril and paine· and plites ful harde
Bi contray cares this knight· til Kristmasse even
Alone
The knight well that tide
To Mary made his mone.

He moans all right, but here neither heart nor mind can get into it. Epic perhaps, mythic, sharing with Homer and Sophocles the one story of the earth's year and the human ritual of kingship, of death and renewal, yet it's another earth entirely, of snow and dark forests, long Germanic nights, furs, fires in timbered halls, its very texture a thicket of stiff-bound language and a thatch of inhibition and weird Northern courtliness. There is the same delight as Homer's, true, in well-wrought gear, beautiful chairs and bedsteads, lordly hospitality, queenly charms and manly bloodshed; but it's all closed in, dark, religious, righteous, roughhouse without humor and violent without tragedy. It's another kind of starkness, not really that of nature but the starkness of our own wintry self-denial. It says not that humans are foolish and destructive and rather grand, as Homer does, but that we must each of us destroy as much as possible of that human nature in ourselves. The lady is sweet, charming, finally even alluring, but she is a temptress really to Gawain and all of us, set here like a cocked trap for some obscure and utterly decisive purpose of testing. If you yield to her loveliness once, then the great axe chunks down. We must lock up our loins in iron and leather, we Northerners, and keep a stiff, very stiff, frozen upper lip. Well, this doctrine, as much preached against now as ever it used to be preached for, has given us, comparatively, or it used to give us, airplanes on schedule, fertile fields, cooks who can make coffee, rapid bank-tellers, waiters who scurry, soldiers who march in step. Unfortunately, it didn't do much—did it?—about controlling procreation.

Quoth Gawain, and all of us Northerners still carry traces of his sickness,

The faut and the faintyse· of the fleshe crabbed
How tender hit is to entyse· teches of filthe....

Touches of filth. In the sun, by the sea, even by this harsh sea, we could say ho hum to all that.

I NOTICE, watching the American crowd, that girls who are still going around with boys their own ages already look like the older sisters of their gangling escorts. If they marry these boys, in a few years they will seem to be their mothers, while the husbands retain through middle age the slimness, the bouncing gait on the balls of the feet, the uptilted, quick-turning, quick-grinning expectant chin of American middle-class boyhood. The world always loves them as children are loved, for themselves alone, and so they stay young. But a few years of motherhood teach quickly what the body is for, how unlovely it can be and how painful, and how that kind of love, necessary love, withdraws itself when it has had its fill. And this shows on the body....

But most of the girls are with local beach-boys, these amateur gigolos with big brown hands and big bare feet who have nothing to do all day and all night but smoke cigarettes, try their charming new English, and squint insinuatingly into the sunglasses of plain-faced vacationing secretaries. The few really smashing girls, those with "beautiful faces" as well as the standard breasts, tiny waist, flat brown navel-embossed belly, tight buttocks, long slender dark-brown legs luscious as barbecued chicken, these arrive with their bored pretty faces on yachts owned by men who are fifty-three years old. As for these men, stolid by the rail while the flags snap and their nimble crews warp the boat astern off the anchor to the jetty, and unlimber the gangplank, they, if ever they were disoriented, have quite forgotten what it was like. Nor are they covetous, or young, or handsome, nor happy or unhappy. They live to hold or to extend their power, the power of their money which is the power of their character like the unbreakable steel chains of their anchors on mighty winches, to extend this exactly and always just where and just so far as they intend, and then the winches take hold. One slow look half around the compass tells them all there is to know about the harbor, the town, the island, and then it is one of some precise number in the thousands of harbors about which they know all there is to know, and their chartrooms hold the soundings. They will be expected for dinner with one of the two or three local representatives of

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their nearly worldwide many-nationed clan, Jean-Pierre or Stavros or Carlos or Freddy, someone who has bought or taken for the season a "place" here.

WE HAVE been swimming every day, we're brown, and there's two inches left over now in the waistband of my pants. I awake this morning deeply refreshed, it is early, the sun strikes through the shutters. I am eager to take my books and get down to the café to work. But S. can't seem to open her eyes. Then she tells me I kept her awake almost all night long; I was moaning, groaning foul words, and saying I wished I were dead.

WHEN YOU take the boat to Mandraki, or if you walk around the cape to the north and east, you pass a small stone-block building on the cliff by the edge of the sea. From the road, if it is very early morning, you see over the wall a flock of sheep huddled with their black noses pressed as tight together in the center as they can get them. Their curly wool bulks over the little black stems of their shanks and delicate hooves. Then, snorting, horn-tossing, two young bulls and a steer are driven into the yard, hobbled, but the bulls are plunging in a random way. We saw them disembarked at the quai as we began our walk, the bulls had to be chased, they trotted along, half-sideways, stopping, turning, disoriented. Ropes were caught around their horns, there was a lot of tugging and shouting mixed with a certain amount of caution. Thin smoke is rising from a chimney of this building.

If you pass a little later along the other side, by boat, that other side of the building is open and a man in a long black apron and boots, torso bare like a headsman's, stands jerking a pail on a rope in and out of the sea and sluicing the floor. Behind him on hooks hang the long red and purple and white beef carcasses, legs stiff out. The little sheep hang there too.

In the late morning market, next to the quarters and sides of the heavy-boned massive-fleshed young bulls, the sheep and lambs hang by their chins. Curly wool and hide gone, heavy ruminating bellies emptied and skinny now—think how recently we used to do this publicly to one another in all the countries of Europe—their legs are outstretched in an attitude of leaping, their necks long and thin, the blind heads are like a dog's; they might be some fleet questing animal like a greyhound, not sheep at all.

Still later, long after dark, I see their little sides lying on a plate in the display counter of the *taverna,* in the row with the three small yellow fish, the pan of moussaka, the green beans, the macaroni, the stuffed tomatoes, the chunks of stewed beef awash in olive oil. I order them grilled, and when they come, strewn with a little bouquet of rosemary, I chew the flesh and gristle off down to the white tiny curved rib that once protected the lungs and the heart, and I chew the marrow out of the piece of cleaved spine at one end of each rib, where all the soft intricate machinery of the animal, bathed in warm blood, used to send and receive signals from what consciousness behind those sheep's eyes, eyes we Westerners don't consider suitable for eating.

LOVE TO be here, hate to think of going, and not least because the mere first thought of visiting the ticket-office puts me out of order for the rest of the day. Being places is great but getting there and back means plans, dates, documents, schedules, arguments, new schedules, telephone calls, and hours and hours of standing in front of a counter while someone on the other side talks into a telephone or makes columns of ballpoint calculations that always come out twice what you expected.

WHILE THE sky is still black and the stars bright over the mountains, cocks crow. Their fierce trumpets echo one another far and near, a fantastic projection of sound from the little valves of those necks so easily wrung or lopped with the slight chop of a hatchet on a block. We have seen them strutting between the broken walls with their harems and their dusty chicks, gaudy-tailed, pompously crowned and wattled, arrogant as bullfighters. Each one is a Chanticleer, high-stepping along just like Chaucer's Chanticleer, as though he scorned to touch the earth with his pointy toes, searching, and when his quick disdainful peck suggests something interesting in the dirt, his wives and his hatchlings come scurrying to him. Such a good *pater familias,* so proud of breeding these generations and generations of embryos and fowls to be devoured. I think his trumpet call says this. At the end, after his piercing fanfare, there is always one long desperate note, trying to be louder than it can possibly be, trying to prolong itself but it cannot, and at last it is always a falling cry, a tenor failure, the dandy's last assertion of self-pity for all his grandeur when it seems that nothing else will work but self-pity. And it does work. In a few minutes, his gorgeous feathers, his springy drumsticks, are all vibrant again, absolutely crackling with their own glory, and they produce another ringing cock-crow.

With faint first light, the donkeys bray. They have no such illusions as the cocks. Theirs is a deep ugly galley-slave honk straight from the bowels of hell. They extend their poor little bodies, bare the teeth in their minstrel-show faces, and the huge sound comes through from asshole to throat, hooooo, ages and ages of pure misery, and then at the end, with five short blasts not of self-pity but of their only possible approach to a kind of defiance, they proclaim their own everlasting ugliness and the contempt they must have for themselves because they do not know how to

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make themselves die. Even the cruelest master cannot silence this uproar, and it carries for miles.

The goats have a goat noise. It says that they are skinny, dirty, not much good to eat though they will be eaten, and that all they know how to do is stand around with their foolish horns and chin whiskers, their hard drooping ratty faces that are hit with sticks. Slung between their crooked hind legs are their huge furry reproductive apparatuses, so shockingly large and so disturbingly familiar, which guarantee that goats will always make, upon goats, more goats to stand around like this, chewing, waiting, on skinny legs.

When it's full light, at half-past five or six, children start bawling and the women begin their chorus of shrieks, the ancient stichomythia of the dramatists, one screamed phrase, a screamed phrase in answer, then another and another. Just so, the men shout at one another all the time, not it seems in any exuberance, but only to shout, at close range. As Bradford says (I can read his good book now we're established here), any Greek conversation sounds like an argument. Even for ships' officers there's none of that quiet clipped Habit of Command nonsense. What appear by their results to be rather minor and routine commands, to secure some line or some bulkhead, these are issued to the seaman with a full display of arm gesture, vocal aria, and facial isometrics, and then more arm gestures in comment to the witnesses.

But I will not describe a passage on a Greek steamer. It would be cruel and you would not believe it anyway. Besides, there are some very good Greek passenger lines. This has been a poor, poor country for so long, so long, how seldom could they call their souls their own. The yacht of Aristotle Onassis transports, so one reads, in addition to its collection of famous paintings from various centuries, a dance-floor which extends itself mechanically over the swimming pool when he so commands.

But we are all exploiters, we tourists. We come because we're told it is cheap, and this means precisely that the people are poor, that those who have work do this work for almost nothing, and that the money we have however indirectly earned by funneling into our powerful land from the lands of the weak all the desirable substances of their earth itself, its growths, its denizens, and all the endless work of those poor—this money that we have taken from them we come again to spend in our play as they work, meanwhile complaining that they now expect for serving us a few pennies more than they did two years ago, before they were spoiled.

SO DIFFERENT here. Scoured by the sea, purified by the sun, we hike all over the place, we swim strongly, we don't stuff ourselves with food. We wear only little scraps of clothing, and we quarrel less. Here nailbiters forget their gnawing, smokers abandon cigarettes and have no withdrawal symptoms. It seems natural to drink a lot, though, and we like the wine, the turpentine tang of retsina or the grapey red, they cost less than beer. We like ouzo, its chewing-gum taste like pernod or absinthe. It clouds white when you drip water into it, and in the more out-of-the-way places they still give you *mezé* with it, the offering of a bit of cheese, a cucumber slice, a dried sardine. This costs two-and-a-half or three drachmae. Scotch in the islands is half the New York or London price but it tastes wrong here, and I keep instead a bottle of ouzo in the room. Often we take two bottles of wine with dinner.

AFTER breakfast, a little donkey not much bigger than a collie dog will carry you on a wooden saddle up to the mountain top. As you climb—as the donkey climbs—you turn through the narrow steep streets, past the shuttered windows and the latched doors to the little courtyards. In each courtyard, something green growing, much or little. And inside, tiny rooms, tinier than those of the smallest railroad flat, and containing, for an instance, one double and one single iron bed, a big varnished table with a printed runner bearing a glass vase, a tin teapot, a box of soap powder, a framed portrait, a ruffled lamp with a bulb the size of those for Christmas trees. A huge cracked yellow armoire on one side. Two jig-sawed brackets holding glass vases, a china Mickey Mouse, a string of plastic tasseled worry-beads, a glass deer, religious amulets. Two wooden chairs with doilies on the arms. On the floor, linoleum, on one wall a wainscot of checkered and flowered oilcloth, on another a framed colored picture of the Madonna and one of a saint, and more portrait photographs: a bride and groom, a young man in uniform, a priest, an old man with proud mustaches, and a calendar with a photograph of the Parthenon.

You pass the cobbler's shop, the carpenter shop, the bakeries, the cooperage where every week they produce by hand eight barrels and two hogsheads, they are lined up in the street, bright and precise; the vegetable store; a small *taverna* where already men are playing backgammon. You pass the fallen houses, broken stones, and the new houses of the summer people, bright shutters red or blue. Every door has the knocker which is a lady's hand, ring on the middle finger, clasping a small ball.

The street is a steep road now, the houses few, some goats and chickens. A ruined windmill, no trees, only rock and dust. Then the road is a path, climbing, turning sharply back, climbing, turning, the mountainside is sheer. Land and sea open beneath you, and the perfect harbor; deep-water quai-side anchorage lies in its arms for all but the largest ships. Here the sea-captains built their fleets a hundred and fifty years ago. Barks, barkentines, schooners, some of four-hundred

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tons; in the engravings that line the hallways and chambers of tourist hotels, white sails piled high over their lean black hulls with white gun ports, they look as gallant as Old Ironsides. Converted merchantmen only, built to run the blockades of the Napoleonic wars which they did so well that the island captains amassed fortunes from them, they then won the War of Independence for Greece. Mounting any kind of cannon of any size they could get, they went against the Turkish fleet of three-decker eighty-gun cruisers, and then against the combined fleets of Egypt and Turkey, "immeasurably superior," Aristodimos N. Sofianos says, "in strength, fire power, size and numbers. Nonetheless, the expertise, courage and cunning of the Greek seamen proved, in the long run, more effective." There was no one decisive Salamis for them, as there had been for Pericles in the first struggle against the despots of Asia Minor. They fought from 1821 to 1827, while all Europe diddled in excitement over Liberty. Victor Hugo, Shelley, and Byron wrote poems and Byron came to die at Missolonghi, for a few days Commander-in-Chief of Greek forces. They destroyed with their ingenious fire-ships many Turkish landing operations, though they could not prevent others. As they refitted in 1825, Pasha Ibrahim "was devastating the Peloponnese, burning the agricultural and arable land, killing the male Greek population, and recruiting Greek girls for his harem." When the Turks recaptured the island of Chios, they enslaved half its hundred thousand "souls" and slaughtered half the rest. Delacroix "immortalized" the masssacre.

Of our islanders, almost the entire male population were seamen. From the age of seven, they served under the great captains, some of these still in their teens, Antonios Economou, Iacoros Tombazis, Dimitrios Rafalias, Pippinos, Theoharis, Politis, Canaris, Miaoulis. In 1827, for reasons of their own, England and Russia came in at last and it was over.

But men have always come to these islands to kill other men. Unknown wanderers of the stone age, then Minoans, Acheans, Myceneans, Dorians, and in the great age the Persians, while the five city-states, Athens, Sparta, Thebes, Argos, and Corinth, fought over their alliances. Thucydides dates the decline of golden Athens from the day they proved to the islanders of Melos, with their mathematic Athenian syllogisms, that they had a right to kill the Melians and then did so.

Then the Macedonians came, and the Romans, Goths, Slavs, Bulgars, the Normans, Venetians, Crusaders (the Knights of Rhodes held that island for two-hundred years), freebooters and pirates, Catalans, Moors, Turks again, for centuries. Great Britain came, and the Balkan wars, and the British Expeditionary Force, and General Metaxis, Italian Fascists, the Wehrmacht and the Gestapo, British, Australians, New Zealanders, Greek Royalists, Greek Communists. In Cyprus, Greek and Turk from hiding spots still shoot one another's women in the back. "The process of world history," says the Cambridge volume, "exhibited in microcosm, gives a peculiar value to Greek history."

Now on either side of the harbor you can see among the small white houses the larger tan stone-block mansions of the great captains, the few of them still standing. Over there, half up the hill, that pillared terrace with its bougainvillea and its hibiscus and the three storeys of pink shutters belongs to our Social Queen, late blossom on a sea-captain's family tree. At her cocktail parties, if you're not admiring the evening lights over her balustrade with something you hardly know how to hold anymore, an icy dry martini, you can admire the original engravings, French, British, German, of those fighting-ships, or rigged models of them, or the carved half-models of the hulls that served the shipwrights as blueprints. It is a museum, old brass, copper, charts, sealed and ribboned commissions, chests, swords, pikes, gem-mounted flintlock pistols, ivory, carved wood. A long black ship's tiller in the form of a snake swallowing a sea monster is the handrail of her high staircase. There is a Turkish corner, rugs, pillows, pipes, braziers, there is china and silver, chandeliers, a street-vendor's painted tin music-box big as a piano from old Istanbul that still twangs when you crank it. A more-than-life-size portrait of her leans on a brightly-lighted easel. Blonde she was, a proud-nosed, blue-eyed theatrical beauty. On another easel, a full-length sketch in pastel, slim, high-busted, in a long straight beaded gown of the 30's. Now, she is as you would expect. Fat, corseted, coiffed, painted, very much bejeweled, with a kind of sloppy liveliness about her, the dregs of a great beauty's recklessness.

"So you tell to your lover, you tell to him, tomorrow I learn Italian. What! Why you learn Italian? You have Italian lover? Not true, of course, you never learn Italian, but it's no matter not true. You tell him anyway. So he loves you more, loves you all the time. Or you say, tomorrow I must go to see this person to start a business. What business? He is crazy to know. Never mind, can't tell you now, I tell you later about it. He say, what! Of course you never start business, he don't know. So he loves you long long time. You hear me, you keep your lovers long long time."

She writes down the addresses of Paris restaurants. We talk about islands. This is her island. In her caique-yacht she is hauled up and down past the beaches and she waves at those who wave at her. Conversations in Greek, French, off in a corner, Italian. In English, Mike L. and an Australian chap, an American, a Greek lady from Alexandria, still talk about islands, traveler's or yachtsman's islands, Cozumel, Nassau, Zanzibar,

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Sardinia. The Social Queen spends maybe a month here every summer. She grins, the old she-wolf, showing off her sapphire necklace and shoveling in the canapes, specialties of her house, and from time to time, in passing, rubs my wife's bottom, expertly, affectionately.

From down in the town you couldn't see how all these slopes, high over the mountain, were terraced once. Small rims of fitted stone, tucked into one another and climbing, climbing, they're empty and rubbed-down now. Ruined houses blend back into the rock. Low rock walls traverse alone for miles up and across the barren dust, enclosing nothing. How many generations dug and hauled to make these shelves for the vines and the olives and the lemons and figs? Once, there were pine forests above them. The island had twenty-thousand people in its trading, fighting, ship-building days, now it has about three-thousand, not counting tourists.

The donkey trudges delicately through a little shade of scrub pine. Up here at some season the clouds must still drift in, sometimes. Then cactus, dust, rock, more eroded terraces, blasted houses. By the monastery, a few olives, silver-gray, gray-green, their ancient trunks hollow like stoved-in kegs, but holding.

Now LET ME tell you what isn't true. Let us imagine that up here is the Acropolis of the ancient town of our island. Apparently there wasn't one, or it hasn't been found, but there were so many hundreds of them, on almost every island and every vantage point, it seems. We might as well suppose one here, like Delos, Kamiros, Lindos, even like the Acropolis of Athens—why not? They were all built to one vision, one sense of space and one set of ritually-required structures, varied of course and somewhat grander or more modest according to the lay of the land and the local wealth, and to the tastes and attributes of the god in whose special care the place lay. We don't know which divinity heard our island's voices.

But they were all children of Athena, even when they fought her city. It was Athena who taught the people to vote, when she herself cast the ballot that freed Orestes and broke, for one little time among these small towns, the ancient linked inheritance of murder and revenge and murder and revenge, so that the blood-mad Furies became the blessed Eumenides, dwelling in their powerful fertility in the cave under the hill. And law and reason were invented, for the first time something beyond the despotic passions of murderous fathers and murderous sons, and along with these, all our ideas of justice, of truth. If it hadn't happened here, would it ever have happened at all? We might have had forever only one kind of despotism or another, of blood or of love, and beyond this only our goofy dreams of despotic or lovesick gods. We might never have had, out beyond us, the structure of reason that will always be there now, the same for one man as for another. They are only ideas, but we can always hope, we can try to hope, that one day again we may learn how to use them for our lives as well as for the engines and lights and tall autonomous glass and steel they have given us. "Grecian is Mathematic Form," Blake said. "Mathematic Form is eternal in the reasoning memory."

Drums of the great fluted columns lie in the dust, their square plugs for the bronze links full of dirt. Huge delicately-squared blocks of hewn stone are aslant on the ground, or, here and there, still a few of them fitted in order, with the chiseled inscription across them or the fine carved borders, loops or egg-and-dart. Over there, some low excavated walls of houses or geometrical streets, where the pillared atrium shaded the small rooms of mosaic and fresco; and not so far on the other side, foundations of shops and storehouses. I don't know where the slaves kept. We don't forget them when we talk about the Fifth Century but we don't know what to say about them. They were believed necessary because there seemed no other way to do it, they died in the silver mines like flies or like, as Kitto says, those we sacrifice in predictable hecatombs for the automobile god. They had huts here someplace.

A row of columns has been set up again, with some long blocks of the pediment. These columns, tapering, honey-colored, forever distinguished, allow us to make out the plan of the temple, the walled central sikos, the hall where the statue of the god or goddess stood, there on that base; behind, the opisthodomos for the treasure and the votive offerings. The columns enclose all this, a stand of noble trees, no more, not very big. Outside, the altar. Over there, other altars, shrines, fountains; and everywhere, pedestals and corners and stairs and vaulted recesses and boulevards for the statues, representations of the human form of gods and goddesses and heroes. For centuries they were carved and dedicated here, from the first stiff Egyptian-shouldered kouri, those archaic smiling young men, to whole histories in groups or in friezes, men, demi-gods, gods, and their noble lions, their brave horses, their lovely, half-draped, turning, kneeling, standing, reclining maidens. There must have been literally millions of them, as many statues for each Greek as there are now watches for each Swiss. Bronze, gold, silver, porphyry, vermilion, ivory, marble.

THEY'D have come up from the Agora in a walking procession, not too orderly I imagine, with some kind of music, dark brown like sun bathers, a single light flowing greenish cloth over the shoulder, through the hot sunlight and the breezy shade of the long colonnaded stoa, into the propylea and to the priest and altar and sacrifice, always among the many-sized family of statues that copied and magnified their own bodies

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and realized in painted stone the possibilities of the human mind. Now a few rescued torsos and rumps are set up here and there, noseless faces, split heads, the stump of a phallus, a horse's nostril, a broad rounded chest with the neck cracked off. Such as they are, they're laid out now between the rough rows of uncovered and numbered blocks of stone. Some of the walls are being set up again. But there's not all that much left to put back. When the treasuries were sacked, temples and towns knocked down by raiders, the groves and vineyards uprooted or dessicated, when the Romans hauled away shipload after shipload of marbles, when earthquake, gunpowder, or time did the rest—there were about five hundred families here once, it is supposed, and now not a single soul but those in the curator's cottage—then after that, even before Lord Elgin, the islanders came quarrying the ruins. Column and capital and blocks and smashed statues are piled up and stuccoed over in those dumpy sheltering whitewashed huddler houses we find so picturesque down below. Today the law forbids us to remove "even the most insignificant object" at any archaeological site. But resting halfway up in the remains of the amphitheater, fingering the gravel and the chips and the weeds, I pick up a little chunk of marble roughly broken on one side, only a stone, but on the other there is a slender bit of fluting, curved and swelling and curving back again, some fold of a gown or of the flesh, a little piece of work done once by someone. Another barbarian despoiler, I slip it into my pocket.

It's windy up here on this little Acropolis, a continual strong wind blows over the top of it, the wind of the earth turning its thousands miles an hour. If you stand on some block at the edge and look out over the humped gray dry land down the sheer cliffs, and over the wide Aegean, purple with great random swaths of blue in it, where a tiny boat tows the exact acute angle of its thread-like wake toward that other island in the distance, the wind leans on you as it passes, a heavy flow, a river of wind. The wind presses into your eyes, dries your sweat. It's hard to know which to think about, what built all this or what destroyed it. The donkeys are waiting at the foot of the high, worn, thistle-cracked stairs to take us down. We'll go swimming.

After our big last farewell blow-out at Chez Lulu, a noisy eighteen or twenty of us, Mike L. comes darkly some time before dawn rapping at my daughter's window, he wants to come in to help her pack.... And then, really at dawn, dapper and fresh in his stiff pointed whiskers and sailor cap, a beached but quite unrepentant sea-captain, undreamed-of by Conrad, he appears on the quai to carry bags, fetch coffee, shake hands all round, and wave goodbye. "We'll meet one day in New York or Paris," he calls, lisping slightly, as we cast off.

AUGUST, *les vacances,* the vacation, is over now, so much of it already forgotten, people and places I've not even mentioned. At last I can see and quickly tell what it means. It is the time between. It is the vacancy we fill nowadays by being tourists, by living somewhere else ourselves and seeing how others live and have lived their lives, well-managed or ill, lucky or unlucky. We don't have to build small, calculated, difficult, beautiful cities anymore to live in. We can go anywhere in this vacant space we have, the emptiness that lies here for each of us for not so many days. It is only what's between the nothing we had before we were born and that other nothing we shall all have soon enough.

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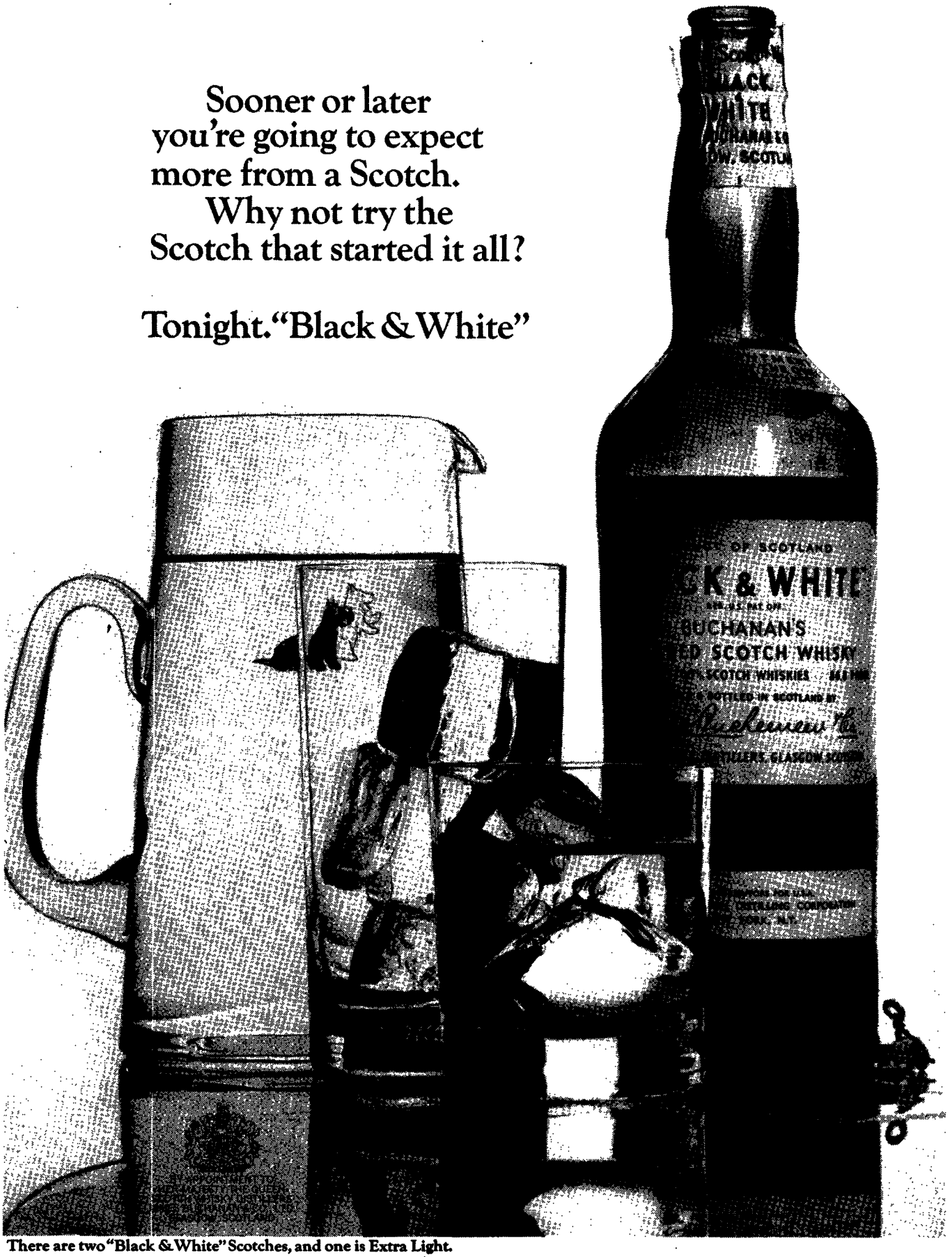

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PAUL GOODMAN

THE EMPTY SOCIETY

DURING EISENHOWER'S second administration, I wrote a book describing how hard it was for young people to grow up in the corporate institutions of American society. The statistics at that time indicated that most were content to be secure as personnel of big corporations; a few deviated in impractical, and certainly unpolitical, ways, like being Beat or delinquent. The system itself, like its President, operated with a cheerful and righteous self-satisfaction. There were no signs of its being vulnerable, though a loud chorus of intellectual critics, like myself, were sounding off against it. We were spoilsports.

Less than ten years later, the feeling is different; it turns out that the critics were not altogether unrealistic. The dominant system of institutions is even grander and more computerized, but it seems to have lost its morale. The baronial corporations are making immense amounts of money and are more openly and heavily subsidized by the monarch in Washington. The processing of the young is being extended for longer years and its tempo speeded up. More capital and management are being exported, interlocking with international capital, and more of the world is being brought under American control. When necessary, remarkable military technology is brought to bear to regularize the recalcitrant. At home, there is no political check, for no matter what the currents of opinion, by and large the dominant system wreaks its will, managing the parliamentary machinery to look like consensus.

Nevertheless, the feeling of justification is gone. Sometimes we seem to be bulling it through only in order to save face. Often enterprises seem to be expanding simply because the managers cannot think of any other use of energy and resources. The economy is turning into a war economy. There are warnings of ecological disaster: pollution, congestion, poisoning, mental disease, anomie. We have discovered that there is hard-core poverty at home that is not easy to liquidate. And in contrast to the situation in Europe in the 40's, which we were able to deal with successfully through the Marshall Plan, it increasingly appears that poverty and unrest in Asia, Africa, and South America are not helped by our methods of assistance, but are perhaps made worse. There are flashes of suspicion, like flashes of lightning, that the entire system may be unviable. Influential senators refer to our foreign policy as "arrogant" and "lawless," but in my opinion, our foreign and domestic system is all of a piece and is more innocent and deadly than that; it is mindless and morally insensitive. Its pretended purposes are window-dressing for purposeless expansion and a panicky need to keep things under control.

And now very many young people no longer want to cooperate with such a system. Indeed, a large and rapidly growing number—already more than five per cent of college students—use language that is openly revolutionary or apocalyptic, as if in their generation they were going to make a French Revolution. More and more often, civil disobedience seems to make obvious sense.

WE ARE exerting more power and feeling less right—what does that mean for the future? I have heard serious people argue for three plausible yet drastically incompatible predictions about America during the next generation, none of them happy:

(1) Some feel, with a kind of Virgilian despair, that the American empire will succeed and will impose for a long time, at home and abroad, its meaningless management and showy style of life. For instance, we will "win" in Vietnam, though such a victory of brute military technology will be a moral disaster. Clubbing together with the other nuclear powers, we will stave off the nuclear war and stop history with a new Congress of Vienna. American democracy will vanish into an establishment of promoters, mandarins, and technicians, though for a while maintaining an image of democracy as in the days of Augustus and Tiberius. And all this is probably the best possible outcome, given the complexities of high technology, urbanization, mass education, and overpopulation.

(2) Others believe, with dismay and horror, that our country is overreaching and is bound for doom; but nothing can be done because policy cannot be influenced. Controlling communica-

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tions, creating incidents that it then mistakes for history, deceived by its own intelligence agents, our system is mesmerized. Like the Mikado, Washington is captive to its military-industrial complex. The way we manage the economy and technology must increase anomie and crime. Since the war economy eats up brains and capital, we will soon be a fifth-rate economic power. With a few setbacks abroad—for instance, when we force a major South American country to become Communist—and with the increasing disorder on the streets that is inevitable because our cities are unworkable, there will be a police state. The atom bombs may then go off. Such being the forecast, the part of wisdom is escape, and those who cultivate LSD are on the right track.

(3) Still others hold that the Americans are too decent to succumb to Fascism, and too spirited to remain impotent clients of a managerial elite. Rather, the tide of protest will continue to rise. The excluded poor are already refusing to remain excluded and they cannot be included without salutary changes. With the worst will in the world, we cannot police the world. But the reality is that we are confused. We do not know how to cope with the new technology, the economy of surplus, the fact of One World that makes national boundaries obsolete, the unworkability of traditional democracy. We must invent new forms. Unfortunately, the present climate of emergency is bad for the social invention and experiment that are indispensable, and there is no doubt that our overcentralized and Establishment methods of organization make everybody stupid from top to bottom. But there is hope precisely in the young. They understand the problem in their bones. Of course, they don't know much and their disaffection both from tradition and from the adult world makes it hard for them to learn anything. Nevertheless, we will learn in the inevitable conflict, which will hopefully be mainly non-violent.

I myself hold this third view: American society is on a bad course, but there is hope for reconstruction through conflict. It is a wish. The evidence, so far, is stronger for either our empty success or for crack-up. But my feeling is the same as about the atom bombs. Rationally, I must judge that they are almost certain to go off in this generation; yet I cannot believe that they will go off, for I do not lead my life with that expectation.

(Since I have mentioned the bombs, I must stop a moment and make another comparison. Thirty years ago the Jews in Germany believed that Hitler did not mean to exterminate them; "nobody," they said, "can be that stupid." So they drifted to the gas chambers, and went finally even without resistance. Now the nuclear powers continue stockpiling bombs and pouring new billions into missiles, anti-missile missiles, and armed platforms in orbit. Afterward, survivors, if there are any, will ask, "How did we let it happen?")

II

To ILLUSTRATE the current style of American enterprise, let me analyze a small actual incident. It is perfectly typical, banal; no one would raise his eyebrows at it.

Washington has allotted several billions of dollars to the schools. The schools are not teaching very well, but there is no chance that anybody will upset the applecart and ask if so much doing of lessons is the right way to educate the young altogether. Rather, there is a demand for new "methods" and mechanical equipment, which will disturb nobody, and electronics is the latest thing that every forward-looking local school-board must be proud to buy. So to cut in on this melon, electronics corporations, IBM, Xerox, etc. have hastened to combine with, or take over, textbook houses. My own publisher, Random House, has been bought up by the Radio Corporation of America.

Just recently, General Electric and Time, Inc., which owns a textbook house, have put nearly forty million dollars into a joint subsidiary called General Learning. And an editor of *Life* has been relieved of his duties for five weeks, in order to prepare a prospectus on the broad educational needs of America and the world, to come up with exciting proposals, so that General Learning might move with purpose into this unaccustomed field. Boning up on the latest High Thought on education, the editor in due course invites me—as a severe critic of the school establishment—to lunch, to pick my brains for something new and radical. "The sky," he assures me, "is the limit." "Perhaps," he tells me at lunch, "there *is* no unique place for General Learning. They'll probably end up as prosaic makers of school hardware. But we ought to give it a try."

Consider the premises of this odd situation, where first they have the organization and the technology, and then they try to dream up a use for it. In the 18th century, Adam Smith thought that one started with the need and only then collected capital to satisfy it. In the 19th century, there was already a lot of capital to invest, but by and large the market served as a check, to guarantee utility, competence, and relevance. Now, however, the subsidy removes the check of the market and a promotion can expand like weeds in a well-manured field. The competence required is to have a big organization and sales force, and to be *in*, to have the prestige and connections plausibly to get the subsidy. Usually it is good to have some nominal relation to the ostensible function, e.g., a textbook subsidiary related to schooling or *Time-Life* related to, let us say, learning. But indeed, when an expanding corporation becomes *very* grand, it generates an expertise of its own called Systems Development, applicable to anything. For example, as an expert in Systems Development, North American Aviation is hired

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to reform the penal system of California; there is no longer the need to demonstrate acquaintance with any particular human function.

Naturally, along with the divorce of enterprise from utility and particular competence, there goes a heavy emphasis on rhetoric and public-relations to prove utility and competence. So an editor must be reassigned for five weeks to write a rationale. It is his task to add ideas or talking-points to the enterprise, like a wrapper. The personnel of expanding corporations, of course, are busy people and have not had time to think of many concrete ideas; they can, however, phone writers and concerned professionals. Way-out radicals, especially, do a lot of thinking, since they have little practical employment. And since the enterprise is free-floating anyway, it is dandy to include, in the prospectus, something daring, or even meaningful.

In an affluent society that can afford it, there is something jolly about such an adventure of the electronics giant, the mighty publisher, the National Science Foundation that has made curriculum studies, and local school-boards that want to be in the swim. Somewhere down the line, however, this cabal of decision-makers is going to coerce the time of life of real children and control the activity of classroom teachers. These latter, who are directly engaged in the human function of learning and teaching, have no say in what goes on. This introduces a more sober note. Some of the product of the burst of corporate activity and technological virtuosity will be useful, some not—the pedagogical evidence is mixed and not extensive—but the brute fact is that the children are quite incidental to the massive intervention of the giant combinations.

I have chosen a wry example. But I could have chosen the leader of the American economy, the complex of cars, oil, and roads. This outgrew its proper size perhaps thirty years ago; now it is destroying both the cities and the countryside, and has been shown to be careless of even elementary safety.

Rather, let me turn abruptly to the Vietnam war. We notice the same family traits. Whatever made us embark on this adventure, by now we can define the Vietnam war as a commitment looking for a reason, or at least a rationalization. There has been no lack of policy-statements, rhetorical gestures, manufactured (it seems) incicents, and (certainly) plain lies; but as the war has dragged on and grown, all these have proved to be mere talking-points. Ringing true, however, has been the fanfare about the superb military technology that we have deployed. The theme is used as a chief morale-builder for the troops. In the absence of adequate political reasons, some have even said that the war is largely an occasion for testing new hardware and techniques. It is eerie to hear, on the TV, a pilot enthusiastically praise the split-second scheduling of his missions to devastate rice-fields. Such appreciation of know-how is part of the cheerful American disposition, but it does not do much credit to him as a grown man.

Yet what emerges most strikingly from our thinking about and prosecution of the Vietnam war is, again, the input-output accounting, the systems development, and the purely incidental significance of the human beings involved. The communiqués are concerned mainly with the body-count of V.C. in ratio to our own losses, since there is a theory that in wars of this kind one must attain a ratio of 5 to 1 or 10 to 1. According to various estimates, it costs $40,000 to $250,000 to kill 1 Vietnamese, hopefully an enemy. Similarly, the bombing of civilians and the destruction of their livelihood occur as if no human beings were involved; they are officially spoken of as unfortunate but incidental. (Indemnity for a dead civilian averages $34.) We claim that we have no imperialist aims in Vietnam—though we are building air-bases of some very heavy concrete and steel—but evidently old-fashioned imperialism was preferable, since it tried to keep the subjugated population in existence, for taxes and labor.

AT HOME, correspondingly, college students are deferred from the draft because they will be necessary to man the professions and scientific technology, while farm boys, Negroes, and Spanish-Americans are drafted because they are otherwise good for nothing. That is to say, war is not regarded as a dread emergency, in which each one does his bit, but as part of the ongoing business of society, in which fighting and dying are usual categories of the division of labor. But this is bound to be the case when 20 per cent of the Gross National Product is spent on war (using a multiplier of 2); when more than half of the gross new investment since 1945 has been in war industry; and when much of higher education and science is devoted to war technology.

The Americans are not a warlike or bloodthirsty people, though violent. The dehumanizing of war is part of a general style of enterprise and control in which human utility and even the existence of particular human beings are simply not paramount considerations. Great armaments manufacturers have said that they are willing and ready to convert their capital and skill to peaceful production when given the signal; this seems to mean that it is *indifferent* to them what they produce. Studies of American workmen have shown that they take their moral and aesthetic standards not from family, church, friends, or personal interests, but from the organization and style of work at the plant; and I think that this explains the present peculiar situation that other nations of the world regard our behavior in the Vietnam war with a kind of horror, whereas Americans sincerely talk as if it were a messy job to be done as efficiently as possible.

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This brings us to a broader question. What do we mean by technical efficiency in our system ?

III

CORPORATE AND bureaucratic societies, whether ruled by priests, mandarins, generals, or business managers, have always tended to diminish the importance of personal needs and human feeling, in the interest of abstractions and systemic necessities. And where there has been no check by strong community ties, effective democracy, or a free market, it has not been rare for the business of society to be largely without utility or common sense. Nevertheless, modern corporate societies that can wield a high technology are liable to a unique temptation: since they do not exploit common labor, they may tend to exclude the majority of human beings altogether, as useless for the needs of the system and therefore as not quite persons.

This has been the steady tendency in America. The aged are ruled out at an earlier age than before, the young until a later age. We have liquidated most small farmers. There is no place for the poor, e.g., more than twenty million Negroes and Latin Americans. A rapidly increasing number are certified as insane or otherwise incompetent. These groups already comprise more than a majority of the population. Some authorities say (though others deny) that with full automation most of the rest will also be useless.

There is nothing malevolent or heartless in the exclusion. The tone is not like that of the old exploitative society which threw people out of work during the lows of the business cycle. For humane and political reasons, efforts, even extraordinary ones, are made to shape the excluded into the dominant style, so that they can belong. Even though the system is going to need only a few per cent with elaborate academic training, all the young are subjected to twelve years of schooling and 40 per cent go to college. There is every kind of training and social service to upgrade the poor and to make the handicapped productive members of society. At a high cost in effort and suffering, mentally retarded children must be taught to read, if only "cat" and "rat."

But a frank look shows, I think, that, for most, the long schooling is a way of keeping the young on ice; the job training is busy-work; and the social services turn people into "community dependents" for generations. Much of the anxiety about the "handicapped" and the "underprivileged" is suburban squeamishness that cannot tolerate difference. What is *never* done, however, is to change the rules of the system, to redefine usefulness in terms of how people are, and to shape the dominant style to them. This cannot be done because it would be inefficient and, indeed, degrading, for there is only one right way to exist. Do it our way or else you are not quite a person.

Inevitably, such self-righteous inflexibility is self-mesmerizing and self-proving, for other methods and values are not allowed to breathe and prove themselves. Often it would be cheaper to help people to be, in their own way, or at least to let them be; but anything in a different or outmoded style has "deviant" or "underprivileged" written on it, and no expense is spared to root it out, in the name of efficiency. Thus, it would have been cheaper to pay the small farmers to stay put if they wished; and anyway it can even be shown that in many situations small farming and local distribution are not less efficient than the plantations and national chain-grocers that have supplanted them with the connivance of government policy. It would be far cheaper to give money directly to the urban poor to design their own lives, rather than to try to make them shape up; it has been estimated that, in one area of poverty in New York City, the cost per family in special services is more than ten thousand dollars a year; and anyway, to a candid observer, the culture of poverty is not inferior to that of the middle class, if it were allowed to be decent. Very many of the young would get a better education and grow up usefully to themselves and society if we spent the school money on useful enterprises where they could learn something, or indeed if they were given the school money to follow their own interests, ambitions, and even fancies, rather than penning them for lengthening years in increasingly regimented institutions; and anyway, many young people could enter many professions without most of the schooling if we changed the rules for licensing and hiring. But none of these simpler and cheaper ways would be "efficient"; the clinching proof is that they would be hard to administer.

Are the people really useless? The concept of efficiency is largely, maybe mainly, systemic. It depends on the goals of the *system*, which may be too narrowly and inflexibly conceived; it depends on the ease of administration, which is considered as more important than economic or social costs; but it depends also on the method of calculating costs, which may create a false image of efficiency by ruling out "intangibles" that do not suit the method. This source of error becomes very important in advanced urban economies, where the provision of personal and social services grows rapidly in proportion to hardware and food production and distribution. In providing services—whether giving information, selling, teaching children, admitting to college, assigning jobs, serving food, or advising on welfare—standardization and punchcards may seem to fulfill the functions, but they may do so at the expense of frayed nerves, waiting in line, bad mistakes, misfitting, and cold soup. In modern conditions, the tailormade improvisations of fallible but responsive human beings may be increasingly indispensable rather than useless. In the jargon of Frank Riessman, there is a need for "sub-professionals." Yet the mass-production and

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business-machine style, well-adapted to manufacturing hardware and calculating logistics, will decide that people are useless anyway, since they can mathematically be dispensed with. It is a curious experience to hear a gentleman from the Bureau of the Budget explain the budget of the War on Poverty according to cost-benefit computation. He can demonstrate that the participation of the poor in administering a program is disadvantageous; he can show you the flow chart; he cannot understand why poor people make a fuss on this point. It is impossible to explain to him that they do not trust the program (nor the director) but would like to get the money for their own purposes.

Abroad, the Americans still engage in plenty of old-fashioned exploitation of human labor, as in Latin America; yet the tendency is again to regard the underdeveloped peoples as not quite persons, and to try to shape them up by (sometimes) generous assistance in our own style. For example, one of the radical ideas of General Learning, the subsidiary of General Electric and Time, Inc., is to concentrate on electronic devices to teach literacy to the masses of children in poor countries; we must export our Great Society. Our enterprisers are eager to build highways and pipelines through the jungle, to multiply bases for our airplanes, and to provide other items of the American standard of living, for which the Western-trained native political leaders have "rising aspirations." Unfortunately, this largesse must often result in disrupting age-old cultures, fomenting tribal wars, inflating prices and wages, and reducing decent poverty to starvation, causing the abandonment of farms and disastrous instant urbanization, making dictatorships inevitable, and drawing simple peoples into Great Power conflicts. And woe if they do not then shape up, if they want to develop according to their local prejudices—for instance for land reform. They become an uncontrollable nuisance, surely therefore allied with our enemies, and better dead than Red. In his great speech in Montreal, Secretary McNamara informed us that since 1958, 87 per cent of the very poor nations and 69 per cent of the poor nations, but only 48 per cent of the middle income nations, have had serious violent disturbances. The cure for it, he said, was development, according to the criteria of our cash economy, and protection from subversion by our bombers. How to explain to this arithmetically astute man that he is not taking these people seriously as existing?

A startlingly literal corollary of the principle that our system excludes human beings rather than exploiting them is the agreement of all liberals and conservatives that there must be a check on population growth, more especially among backward peoples and the poor at home. We are definitely beyond the need for the labor of the "proletariat" (="producers of offspring") and the Iron Law of Wages to keep that labor cheap. Yet I am bemused by this unanimous recourse to a biological and mathematical etiology for our troubles. Probably there *is* a danger of world-overpopulation in the foreseeable future. Certainly with the likelihood of nuclear war there is a danger of world-underpopulation. However, until we institute more human ecological, economic, and political arrangements, I doubt that population control is the first order of business; nor would I trust the Americans to set the rules.

IV

I HAVE singled-out two trends of the dominant organization of American society, its increasing tendency to expand, meaninglessly, for its own sake; and its tendency to exclude human beings as useless. It is the Empty Society, the obverse face of the Affluent Society. When Adam Smith spoke of the Wealth of Nations, he did not mean anything like this.

The meaningless expansion and the excluding are different things, but in our society they are essentially related. Lack of meaning begins to occur when the immensely productive economy overmatures and lives by creating demand instead of meeting it; when the check of the free market gives way to monopolies, subsidies, and captive consumers; when the sense of community vanishes and public goods are neglected and resources despoiled; when there is made-work (or war) to reduce unemployment; and when the measure of economic health is not increasing well-being but abstractions like the Gross National Product and the rate of growth.

Human beings tend to be excluded when a logistic style becomes universally pervasive, so that values and data that cannot be standardized and programmed are disregarded; when function is adjusted to the technology rather than technology to function; when technology is treated as a good in itself, like science, rather than being regulated by political and moral prudence; when there develops an establishment of managers and experts who alone license and allot resources, and which deludes itself that it knows the only right method and is omnicompetent. Then common folk become docile clients, maintained by sufferance, or they are treated as deviant.

It is evident that, for us, these properties of the Empty Society are essentially related. If we did not exclude so many as not really persons, we would have to spend more of our substance on worthwhile goods, including subsistence goods, both at home and abroad; we would have to provide a more human environment for the children to grow up in; there would be more paths for growth and more ways of being a person. On the other hand, if we seriously and efficiently tackled the problems of anomie, alienation, riot, pollution, congestion, urban blight, degenerative and mental

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disease, etc., we would find ourselves paying more particular attention to persons and neighborhoods, rather than treating them as standard items; we would have a quite different engineering and social science; and we would need all the human resources available.

Certainly we would stop talking presumptuously about The Great Society and find ourselves struggling, in the confusing conditions of modern times, for a decent society.

The chief danger to American society at present, and to the world from American society, is our mindlessness, induced by empty institutions. It is a kind of mesmerism, a self-delusion of formal rightness, that affects both leaders and people. We have all the talking-points but less and less content. The Americans are decent folk, generous and fairly compassionate. They are not demented and fanatical, like some other imperial powers of the past and present, but on the contrary rather skeptical and with a sense of humor. They are not properly called arrogant, though perhaps presumptuous. But we have lost our horse sense, for which we were once noted. This kind of intelligence was grounded not in history or learning, nor in finesse of sensibility and analysis, but in the habit of making independent judgments and in democratically rubbing shoulders with all kinds and conditions. We have lost it by becoming personnel of a mechanical system and exclusive suburbanites, by getting out of contact with real jobs and real people. We suddenly have developed an Establishment, but our leaders do not have the tradition and self-restraint to come on like an establishment. Thus, we are likely to wreak havoc not because of greed, ideology, or arrogance, but because of a bright strategy of the theory of games and an impatient conviction that other people aren't quite human.

V

OPPOSING THIS strange doom-laden and (I fear) doom-bound social machine, there is only the tradition of America, populist, pluralist, and libertarian. To conclude this essay, let me make some remarks about the last of these, our peculiar libertarianism which is, I guess—along with our energy and enterprise—what most has impressed foreign peoples about us.

As a theme of history, the American kind of freedom has been traced to many things: the Americans were Englishmen, they were yeomen, they were Protestant refugees, they were other refugees, they had an open frontier—all these are relevant. But I am struck also by a constitutional aspect which I like, perhaps, to exaggerate.

Of all politically advanced peoples, the Americans are the only ones who started in a historical golden age of Anarchy. Having gotten rid of the king—and he was always far away, as well as being only an English king—they were in no hurry to reconstruct another sovereign, or even a concept of sovereignty. For more than thirty years after the outbreak of the Revolution, almost nobody bothered to vote in formal elections (often less than 2 per cent), and the national Constitution was the concern of only a few merchants and lawyers. Yet the Americans were not a primitive or unpolitical people; on the contrary, they had many kinds of civilized democratic and hierarchical structures; town meetings, congregational parishes, masters with apprentices and indentured servants, gentry with slaves, professionals and clients, provincial assemblies. The pluralism goes way back. But where was the sovereignty?

Theoretically, the sovereignty resided in the People. But except for sporadic waves of protest, like the riots, Tea Parties, and the Revolutionary War itself—the populism also goes way back—who were the People? One does not at all have the impression, in this congeries of families, face-to-face communities, and pluralist social relations, that there was anything like a General Will, except maybe to be let alone.

Nevertheless, there *is*—it is clear from American behavior—a characteristic type of sovereignty. It is what is made up by political people as they go along, a continuous series of existential constitutional acts, just as they invented the Declaration, the Articles, and the Constitution, and obviously expected to keep rewriting the Constitution. The founding fathers were saddled with a Roman language, so they spoke of "unalienable rights"; but the American theory is idiomatically expressed by pragmatists like William James: I have certain rights and will act accordingly, including finally punching you in the nose if you don't concede them.

A few weeks ago, I was vividly reminded of the American idea of sovereignty when there were some sit-ins at the City Hall in Detroit and the Governor of Michigan said, in a voice that could only be called plaintive, "There is no Black Power, there is no White Power, there is no Mixed Power; the only power belongs to the government"—I presume that his textbook had said, "The only power belongs to the State." But there was no mystique in the Governor's textbook proposition; I doubt if anybody, but anybody, took it seriously as an assertion of moral authority, or as anything but a threat to call the cops. On the question of sovereignty, the unmistakable undertone in these incidents is, "Well, that remains to be seen."

VI

IN THE context of this pragmatic American attitude toward sovereignty, what is the meaning of the present wave of civil disobedience? Against direct actions like the civil-rights sit-ins, the student occupation of Sproul Hall at Berkeley, the draft-

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card burnings, it is always said that they foment disrespect for law and order and lead to a general breakdown of civil society. Although judicious people are willing to grant that due process and ordinary administration are not working well, because of prejudice, unconcern, doubletalk, arrogance, or perhaps just the cumbersomeness of overcentralized bureaucracy, nevertheless, they say, the recourse to civil disobedience entails even worse evils.

This is an apparently powerful argument. Even those who engage in civil disobedience tend to concede it, but, they say, in a crisis they cannot act otherwise; they are swept by indignation, or they are morally compelled to resist evil. Or they have an apocalyptic theory in which they are acting for a "higher" justice, and the present order is no longer legitimate.

In my opinion, all these views are exaggerations because they assign a status and finality to the sovereign which in America it does not have. If the State is not quite so determinate, then the insult to it does not necessarily have such global consequences. Certainly the American genius, whether we cite Jefferson, or James and Dewey more than a century later, is that the State is in process, in a kind of regulated permanent revolution.

Empirically, is it the case that direct actions which are aimed at specific abuses lead to general lawlessness? Where is the evidence to prove the connection—e.g., statistics of correlative disorder in the community, or an increase of unspecific lawless acts among the direct activists? The flimsy evidence that we actually have tends to weigh in the opposite direction. Crime and delinquency seem to diminish where there has been political direct action by Negroes. The community and academic spirit at Berkeley has been better this year than it used to be. In 1944, the warden of Danbury prison assured me that the war-objectors penned up there were, in general, the finest type of citizens!

On sociological grounds, indeed, the probability is that a specific direct action, which cuts through frustrating due process, and especially if it is successful or partially successful, will tend to increase civil order rather than to destroy it, for it revives the belief that the community is one's own, that one has influence; whereas the inhibition of direct action against an intolerable abuse inevitably increases anomie and therefore *general* lawlessness. The enforcement of law and order at all costs aggravates the tensions that lead to explosions. But if place is allowed for "creative disorder," as Arthur Waskow calls it, there is less tension, less resignation, and more likelihood of finding social, economic, and political expedients to continue with.

Of course, this raises a nice legal question: how to distinguish between a rioting mob and citizens engaging in creative disorder? Theoretically, it is a rioting mob, according to the wisdom of LeBon and Freud, if it is in the grip of unconscious ideas of Father or the need to destroy Father, if it is after senseless power or to destroy senseless power. But it is a group of confused Americans if it is demanding to be paid attention to, and included. Perhaps it is petitioning for a redress of grievances, even if it has no writ of grievances to present, and even if there is no sovereign to petition. In actuality, in anomic conditions, the distinction is not easy to make. But in either case, the part of wisdom is to take people seriously and come up with a new idea that might make a difference to their problems. If the governors won't, or can't, do this, then we must do it. I am often asked by radical students what I am trying to do with all my utopian thinking and inventing of alternatives; perhaps the use of intellect is to help turn riot into creative disorder.

In brief, contrary to the conventional argument, anarchic incidents like civil disobedience are often essential parts of the democratic process as Americans understand it. So it was understood by Jefferson when, after Shays's rebellion was disarmed, he urged that nobody be punished, for that might discourage mutiny in the future, and then what check would there be on government? So, in milder terms, it has been recently understood by the pragmatic Supreme Court, where many cases of apparently obvious trespass and violation have turned out to be legal after all, and only subsequently made legal by statute. This is not, I believe, because the Court has been terrorized or has blinked in order to avoid worse evils, but because in rapidly changing circumstances, there is often no other way to know what the Constitution is.

VII

FINALLY, I need hardly point out that in American rhetoric, American freedom—in an anarchic sense—has been held to be the philosopher's stone of our famous energy and enterprise. Mossback conservatives have always spoken for *laissez-faire* as the right climate for economic progress (though, to be sure, they then connive for tariffs and subsidies, hire strikebreakers, and form monopolies in restraint of trade). Radical liberals have cleaved to the Bill of Rights, for to be cowed by authority makes it impossible to think and experiment. Immigrants used to flock to the United States to avoid conscription, just as now some of our best young go to Canada and are welcomed. They came because there were no class barriers, and because there was open opportunity to make good in one's own way. By age nine, kids have learned to say, "It's a free country—you can't make me."

By and large, let me say, this rhetoric has been true. Anarchism is grounded in a rather definite social-psychological hypothesis: that forceful,

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graceful, and intelligent behavior occurs only when there is an uncoerced and direct response to the physical and social environment; that in most human affairs, more harm than good results from compulsion, top-down direction, bureaucratic planning, preordained curricula, jails, conscription, States. Sometimes it is necessary to limit freedom, as we keep a child from running across the highway, but this is usually done at the expense of force, grace, and learning; and in the long run it is usually wiser to remove the danger and simplify the rules than to hamper the activity. I think, I say, that this hypothesis is true, but whether or not it is, it would certainly be un-American to deny it. Everybody knows that America is great because America is free; and by freedom is not finally meant the juridical freedom of the European tradition, freedom under law, having the legal rights and duties of citizens; what is meant is the spontaneous freedom of anarchy, opportunity to do what you can, although hampered by necessary conventions, as few as possible.

Then, how profoundly alien is our present establishment, which has in one generation crept up on us and occupied all the positions of power. It has been largely the product of war, of the dislocations after World War I, the crash programs of World War II, and the chronic low-grade emergency of the cold war which is fanning again into war. The cold war has lasted for twenty years. This is the period in which more than half of gross new investment has been in armaments. It has had consequences.

The term "establishment" itself is borrowed from the British—for snobbish and literary reasons, and usually with an edge of satire. But we have had no sovereign to establish such a thing, and there is no public psychology to accept it as legitimate. It operates like an establishment: it is the consensus of politics, the universities and science, big business, organized labor, public schooling, the media of communications; it sets the official language; it determines the right style and accredits its own members; it hires and excludes, subsidizes and neglects. But it has no warrant of legitimacy, it has no tradition, it cannot talk straight English, it neither has produced nor could produce any art, it does not lead by moral means but by a kind of social engineering, and it is held in contempt and detestation by the young. The American tradition—I think the *abiding* American tradition—is pluralist, populist, and libertarian, while the establishment is monolithic, mandarin, and managed. And the evidence is that its own claim—that it is efficient—is false. It is fantastically wasteful of brains, money, the environment, and people. It is channeling our energy and enterprise to its own aggrandizement and power, and it will exhaust us.

I would almost say that my country is like a conquered province with foreign rulers, except that they are not foreigners and we are responsible for what they do.

VIII

THE SYSTEM at present dominant in America, then, will not do, it is too empty. On the other hand, it is possible that classical American democracy is necessarily a thing of the past; it may be too wild, too woolly, too mixed up—too anarchic, too populist, too pluralist—for the conditions of big population and high technology in a world that has become small. I hope this is not the case, for I love the American experiment; but I don't know. The American faces that used to be so beautiful, so resolute and yet poignantly open and innocent, are looking ugly these days, hard, thin-lipped, and like innocence spoiled without having become experienced.

We Americans have not suffered as most other peoples have, at least not since the Civil War a century ago. We have not been bombed, we have not been occupied. We have not been colonialized for two hundred years. We have not cringed under a real tyranny. Perhaps we would not ride so high today if we knew what it felt like to be badly hurt.

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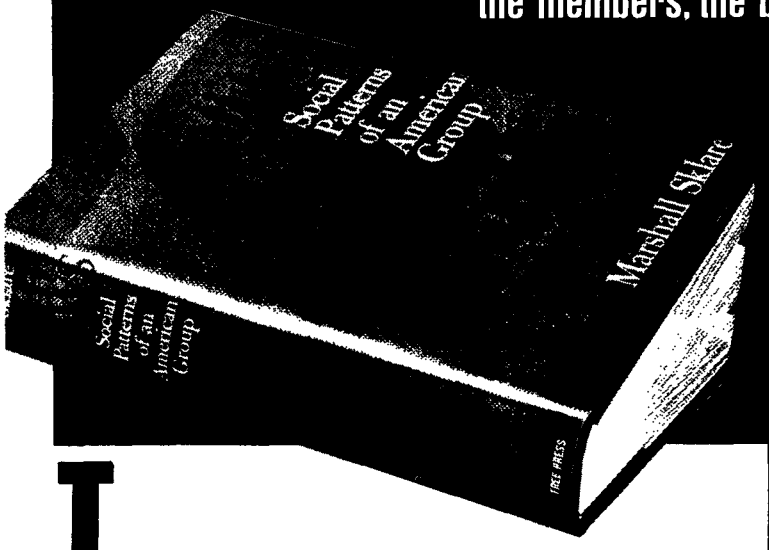

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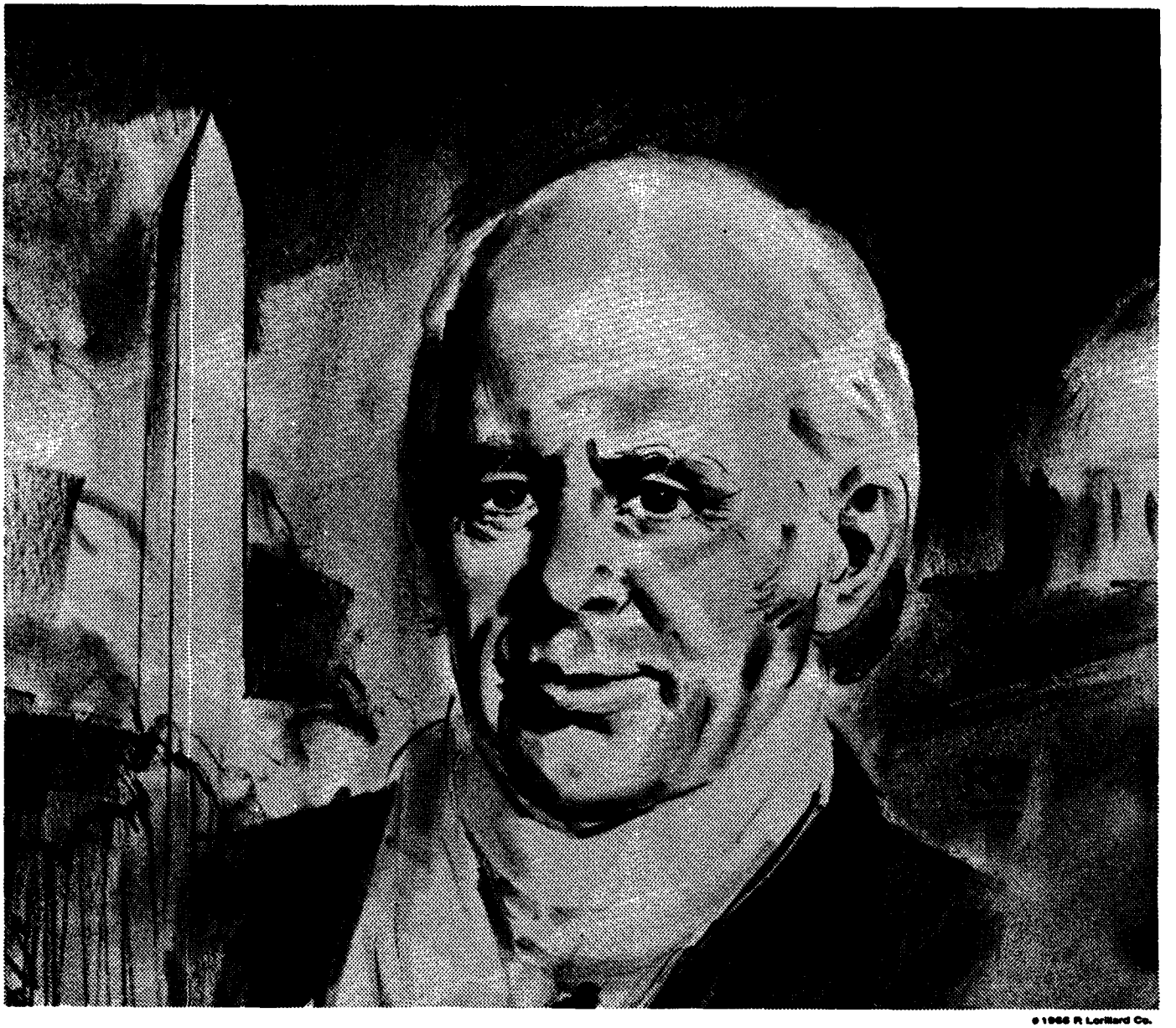

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Naphtali Phillips, reporter for the "American Advertiser," saw an advanced copy of Washington's Farewell Address and sensed that it would be of great importance someday. He stood near the press as the "Advertiser" was printed and kept the first copy for himself.

When, 50 years later, New York City proposed a memorial to our first president, Phillips offered his prized memento and it was placed in the cornerstone. This memorial was never completed, however, but when the present 555-foot obelisk in Washington was eventually built, New York State presented its cornerstone and the Phillips offering is part of that great memorial to this day.

During most of his 98 years of life, Naphtali Phillips had much to do both with presidents and newspapers. After moving from his home town of Philadelphia, he became owner and editor of the "National Advocate," a leading newspaper in New York City. As such, he took a vigorous interest in political affairs both local and national. He also has the unique distinction of having voted for every president from Washington, our first, to Ulysses S. Grant, our 18th.

Naphtali Phillips was also a deeply religious man, proud of his ancestry. He was clerk and trustee of the Congregation and was elected to religious office 14 times. Another distinction is a special honor associated with his burial. During a period of three centuries, he remains the only layman whose funeral was held in the vestibule of Shearith Israel.

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Tensions and Conservatism in American Politics

OSCAR GASS

"All great peoples are conservative; slow to believe in novelties; patient of much error in actualities. . . ."

—Thomas Carlyle, 1843

"There is always a certain meanness in the argument of conservatism, joined with a certain superiority in its fact."

—Ralph W. Emerson, 1841

"But man's capacities have never been measured; nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried."

—Henry David Thoreau, 1854

DURING THIS third year of Lyndon Johnson's Presidency, the United States has continued to grow richer in goods and stronger in arms. This year, however, unlike 1963-65, dissatisfaction with the course of public life has heightened. Convictions of public injustice —and of relative neglect and deprivation—have gained strength. The image of the Great Society is distinctly tarnished.

Nevertheless, in my judgment, these present discontents are more evidences of the transient distempers of the times than advance signals of profound changes. Among the issues overtly posed by public controversy in 1966, only two touch the fundamentals of American life: the role of the United States in Southeast Asia; the status of the Negro. In no other matter is there even the color of basic challenge, together with sponsorship of a magnitude to have general political import.

In Washington, both the White House and the Congress have treated 1966 as a year for consolidation, not major innovation. On September 1, not a single piece of legislation had been enacted which would deserve to be remembered five years later (though consideration was far advanced on increased minimum wages and new auto safety requirements). In 1966, as usually, American politics seeks peace through avoidance of the bone of social conflict. Congressmen and publicists, feeling their way toward an undangerous liberalism, concentrate on the aesthetic critique of *the affluent society* and strive to make an ideology of "pollution"—or anti-pollution. Even the highbrow fringe of political discourse steers away from economic and social deprivation, to find suitable objects for distaste in such safe themes as "the shame of the cities." By these evidences, American society remains profoundly conservative, though not so totally immobile as it was in 1953-62.

Only at a few moments has the Johnson image of a Great Society touched the heart of America. One of these may have occurred on July 1, 1966, when Medicare went into operation. To the best of my awareness, there has been no second such moment this year.

II

IN THE perspective of decades, the most important development of 1965-66 may well be the new dimension of American commitment in Asia. Already sixteen years ago, in response to Communist unwillingness to accept a partitioned Korea, the United States made itself the foremost logistically-provided, deployed, and committed military power in Northeast Asia and off the coast of China. Now, in 1965-66, as the result of Communist unwillingness to rest content with a partitioned Vietnam, the United States has made itself the foremost logistically-provided, deployed, and committed power in Southeast Asia. These are events of great further consequence.

Whoever would counsel policy in these matters must make up his mind alike on some particulars of Vietnam, on the related movement of world affairs, and on the continuing role of the United States among the nations. And even an affirmatively resolved mind may not find it easy to bear the incidents of this war in which soldiers fight among civilians. Resolution does not exclude pain, nor suppress the wish for a better alternative.

Dividing and distressing as this issue is, I do not believe that current American tensions regarding public affairs are due primarily to the war in Vietnam. (Even in 1966, Americans are killing about ten times as many of their own people on U.S. highways as are being killed fighting in Asia.) The war *does* make a crisis of life or conscience for some of our best—particularly among the young. Their profound (and, as I think, mistaken) estrangement from the United States' policy in Southeast Asia, and their passionate rejection of the public men who direct this policy, are important facets of American life.

Still—and bitter as the observation may be to

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one who weighs all that war destroys—Vietnam continues to play only a minor role in American politics and economics. No figure has emerged, either in the Congress or among publicists, to put the case for withdrawal at its maximum strength. Electorally, the war has not been made a serious issue. The Republican party has backed away from sponsoring either withdrawal or decisive escalation; Republican candidates hope to garner votes among the war-weary, while contending only that their party would do better what Lyndon Johnson is doing already. The "anti-Vietnam" nominees do poorly. The great public accepts neither involvement in Southeast Asia nor unqualified withdrawal: its program is to hit the enemy hard, to win quickly, and to come home.

In economic measure, the war is small. Its cost for 1966 may run about $12 billion. But U.S. personal consumption spending will be in the range of $465 billion and private investment (domestic and foreign) in the range of $125 billion. The American economy is not a war economy in 1966; it is a lavish consumers' and investors' economy, where the President even chose to spend nearly $6 billion, in the single fiscal year just closed, for the bauble of space exploration. Only a convergence of imbecilities brings the light-minded Left to concur with the hard-faced Right in asserting that the Vietnam war imposes neglect of the poor.

III

FUNDAMENTAL political controversies within organized societies, may be categorized—though with some simplification—as relating to one or more of four groups of issues: the derivation or structuring of government; the distribution or use of income and wealth; the status or consideration to be accorded various orders of persons; the support to be given to alternative styles of life, as expressed in faith, morals, or personality. A profoundly revolutionary politics, like that of contemporary China, endeavors to effect permanent and far-reaching transformations in all four of these spheres. A conservative consensus makes only accommodating adaptations in any of them.

We may dismiss out of hand the idea that any considerable force in the United States now proposes to use political instruments to make some great change in the faiths, morals, or personalities of Americans. And also with respect to the derivation and structuring of government, we should, I believe, see the United States of the 1960's as involved only in limited melioristic changes. If there does, one day, emerge a great pressure for some radical transformation of American government, that pressure will find expression in new political ideas, in a new programmatic character of parties, and probably in a new level of participation by the electorate. (Only 62 per cent voted for President in 1964.) All such new things are now absent.

Matters of the derivation of government—parcularly voting rights and the apportionment of representation—have, of course, been in controversy in the 1960's. It is evidence of the mobility of the Great Society in 1964-65 that the federal government enacted two important pieces of voting legislation. These (sections of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965) also reflect the overcoming of old resistances: their adoption involved the two times, in all American history, that cloture of debate has been successfully invoked in the U.S. Senate on a civil-rights issue. Additionally, thirty-one states have redistricted their congressional representation since 1964, to follow more closely the present distribution of population. Moreover, the United States has now gone far—through forty-six state reapportionments—toward effectuating the principle that, in state government too, ". . . as nearly as practicable, one man's vote . . . is to be worth as much as another's." Still, it must be emphasized that, even with the accomplishment of these things, only a small minority of elected officers was made to feel the earth shift beneath them. Urbs and suburbs now have more weight. The gains are decided.* Nevertheless, both the improvement of apportionment and the enlargement of voting make only for a slow cumulation of change.

IN ECONOMIC matters, distempers are highly visible. Though the United States still has the most stable price level of any advanced country, its prices have not been so stable in 1965-66 as they were in 1961-64; the cry of "inflation" is consequently renewed. The Democratic party, which is suspected of being more indulgent of "inflation," fears electoral consequences. Also, organized property (which has recently done very well) complains of the excessive demands of organized labor (which has done less well). Neither, however, challenges the fundamental position of the other.

During the first eight months of 1966, American unemployment has hovered above three million, and involuntary short-time work has averaged over two million—without any trend—while the top managers of the economy, public and private, have become steadily more jittery and disoriented. (In Washington, in early September, for the first time, alert and independent people were beginning to say that, particularly in its handling of economic questions, the Johnson administration was beginning to resemble the Eisenhower administration.) Few sober voices were heard to emphasize the real growth of the economy and its further large possibilities of growth—now and in

* The contrary view was better argued in former times than by the American law professors and journalists who were attracted to this cause recently. A good example is W. E. H. Lecky, *Democracy and Liberty*, Longmans, 1896, Volume I, Chapter 1.

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the next years. On the contrary, what passes for respectable opinion largely concurred that the "overheated" economy needed to be "cooled off," by reducing demand—and consequently employment. (As always, the poor—whose role it was to be the ultimate coolants—found little voice.) On September 8, President Johnson joined the consensus of coolers, though only hesitatingly and in limited degree. Perhaps it was his intention to enter the November election period as much an anti-inflation hero as possible, without directly reducing consumers' incomes and without immediately slowing the rate of real economic growth.

"Inflation," "overheating," and "cooling" are active subjects of American economic debate in 1966. But the *distribution,* among individuals, of by far the greater part of the national income is not today an overt issue in American public life, even on the Left. (In dozens of conversations with young adherents of the "New Left," nothing has been evidenced more consistently than their total lack of interest in income distribution, unless it be their uninterestedness in all structural economic issues.) Only the *use,* in public expenditure, of a small fraction of the national income is in fact a live public issue in the United States. And here perspective turns on a grasp of the economic magnitudes; otherwise we are in danger of being bemused by the mere multiplicity of pieces of legislation. President Johnson said proudly in his message to the Congress on September 8: "If we [the federal government] had spent the same percentage [of the national product] as in 1955, our administrative budget would have been $15 billion higher last year." The current "anti-poverty program" requests a 1967 budget under one-quarter of one per cent of the national product. Apart from social insurance, President Johnson's three year (1964-67) *increase* in the whole federal welfare program—including education, health, labor, housing, community development, and all aid to the poor—comes to $6.2 billion, or less than one per cent of the national product. For comparison, the fiscal year 1966 value of the *reductions* in taxes accomplished in 1962-65 was officially estimated at $20 billion.

THE STRUGGLE over the status of the Negro is no transient squabble over "inflation." Its issues have such reach that, in speaking to their substance, a man may characterize his whole mind and personality. Who finds love or brotherhood the remedy generally for the problems of states and societies, he will find the remedy apt for the Negro's status too. Who puts first the recognition of equal standings for all men in law and social practice, will put first that recognition for the Negro also. Who generally prescribes socialism, will again here prescribe it.

The self-centeredness of the American Negro today is not unique, nor are his intellectuals unique when they find the Negro the key to utopia. Some Jewish spokesmen also once said, "Whoever solves my problem will have incidentally solved the problem of all mankind." And in the Jewish case, similarly, the statement was both tautologically true and operationally useless. If the Gentiles had known how to create the land of heart's desire, they would not have required any incidental benefit to the Jew as an inducement. And if Americans are capable of making a Great Society, they will make it—without requiring the additional inducement that the Negro will be more comfortable there. The world was not made for Israel, and America will not be remade for the Negro.

In 1966, the Negro in America is still a severely repressed minority, now eleven per cent of the U.S. population, but with a double share among the poor. Though he is eleven per cent in numbers, he is far less than eleven per cent in political weight. (Measured by the standard of the Jewish organized strength which in 1946-50 supported the establishment of Israel, the American Negro has no continuing organization at all.) By various measures of health, education, income, and economic insecurity, the representative Negro individual now stands where the whole United States stood less than three decades ago.* But these gross measures of time lags do not begin to do justice to the Negro's sustained feeling of relative deprivation, or to the tiny place of Negroes—then and now—in U.S. leadership roles and especially among those who wield the authority of American government. There are only 6 Negroes among the 535 members of the present U.S. Congress; there are 17 Jews.

In areas of the old South and in some Northern cities, the Negro is still subjected to the traditional indignities and brutalities, designed to assure his subservience. Where these gross things are most done, they are done with the collaboration of sheriffs, police chiefs, states' attorneys, and judges.† In contrast, over large parts of the nation, white people long ago discovered that Negro civil rights—and even legal desegregation—do not hurt. In these last years, "civil rights" and "desegregation" are even becoming conservative causes, in good standing. The acceptance of these limited things is the easy part of a wider process. A decade of opinion surveys demonstrates (as Paul B. Sheatsley has shown) a sustained trend of increasing favor among white Americans, North and South, not only for civil rights and legal desegregation but even for some

*Thirty authors have participated in a large volume of fact and analysis entitled, *The Negro American,* ed. by T. Parsons and K. B. Clark, Houghton Mifflin, 1966. The chapters by Tobin, Moynihan, Handlin, Fein, and Sheatsley are perhaps especially repaying.

† A disciplined documentation of these uncivilized American practices, and of the shortcomings of federal standards of executive responsibility which prevailed in these years, is contained in *Enforcement: A Report On Equal Protection in the South,* by the United States Commission on Civil Rights, Washington, D.C., November 4, 1965.

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degree of actual integration. There is a descending scale of consent: the right to vote, eligibility for jobs, access to public accommodations, sharing schools, neighborhood, personal society, and intermarriage. But for each position on the scale of intimacy, acceptance of the idea of Negro equality—at the antiseptic distance of an opinion survey—has increased steadily during the past decade.

Where then is the Negro going, in these next years? *Toward civil rights?* Yes. And new federal legislation, while desirable, is not of the essence. But further gains will be slow if dependent exclusively on sustained, local Negro pressures. A quick advance is possible only if the federal government can be brought to adopt new standards of exacting compliance with existing laws. *Toward legal desgregation?* Yes. At much the same rate and on the same conditions as civil rights. *Toward actual integration?* No, or little of it. Washington stands here as the gray image of the future—legally entirely desegregated, actually integrated only in spots. White America is not integrated; it is divided by barriers of origin, religion, status, and income. The barrier before the Negro is higher. *Toward economic equality?* I would dearly love to see it. But who can believe it? Who can believe that the size distribution of Negro incomes will shortly coincide with the white? American society is not economically equalitarian. It is certainly possible that, in these next years, the United States will come to show more consideration generally for its poor, but hardly for the Negro alone or preferentially. *Toward racial assimilation?* I welcome it—for those who individually wish it. But it is not a near-term solution. And it is never the kind of thing in which one may require of individuals that they make themselves instruments of a general policy. *Toward negritude?* Yes. Or rather toward several negritudes, though never embracing all Negroes or perhaps even most of them. It seems to me a blind spot in Nathan Glazer's learned, generous, and sensitive study of the Negro that he writes:*

> . . . it is not possible for Negroes to view themselves as other ethnic groups viewed themselves because—and this is the key to much in the Negro world—the Negro is only an American, and nothing else. He has no values and culture to guard and protect.

Alas, one must not be severe in determining what are "values and culture." A kind of social intercourse; a distinctive humor; a music; a rhythm of movement; an attitude toward bodily strength; a style of religion; the sharing in a common rejection; battles won and lost together; a political program: these are enough to make values and a culture. If some Negroes do increasingly find that these or other things do make a negritude—and I think they will—other Negroes or white people will hardly be in a position to say them no.

* Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan, *Beyond The Melting Pot*, M.I.T. Press, 1963. Quotation from page 53.

By creating great tensions in American society, by shaking the American conservative consensus hard, and by continuing to shake, something may be accomplished, in these years, which it will not be entirely myopic to call "a Negro revolution"—a great change in the status or consideration accorded to Negroes in the United States. But I see no reason to believe that this change, if accomplished, will otherwise transform American society. Though the biblical image still makes captive our imaginations, none of us, not even the Negro—latecomer aspirant to the role—can be the suffering servant through whom all humanity is redeemed.

IV

Every alert and honest observer of a political scene must reflect each day on how much is in the eye of the beholder. Where one observer sees a violent struggle of interests, principles, and personalities, another sees only a shared inertia. In the end, after seeking clarity of inquiry, and utilizing such controls as may be contrived, one can only bear witness.

As far as my acquaintance with the U.S. government in Washington extends, in 1966 new ideas are very scarce in the executive branch. Washington's high-level bureaucrats—those characteristic figures of a "new class" imaginatively constructed and lavishly admired by some of my contemporaries—have no idea where to go; they are waiting for their bosses to tell them. On Capitol Hill, in the Congress, there is more political mind. One studies it best where work is done, at the meetings of committees and still better of subcommittees. And, as one listens to speech, observes demeanor, and judges sentiment, the thought arises, "How little divides these people! How like they are to one another, in mind and purpose!" Here a little more pollution, there more anti-pollution. Here more shame of the cities, there less. Here more favor for school lunches, there disfavor. Of such things are current American political blocs made.

I do not deny that there is a more resistant (or, as some would say, though inaccurately, "reactionary") minority. That can be identified, in rough justice, with the affiliations of the forty-two senators (twenty-one Democrats and twenty-one Republicans) who blocked cloture on the Civil Rights Act of 1966. But it would be a great error to believe that, even on this issue—perhaps the sharpest "confrontation" of the congressional session of 1966—a moral gulf opened between the Senators who declared themselves on one side and the other. Nothing of the sort! Even Senator Mansfield, the Democratic majority leader who invoked cloture, was not regarded as an enthusiastic supporter of the bill. Senator Long, the Democratic majority whip, voted against cloture with Senator Dirksen. (Long has consistently voted against civil rights, medicare, and foreign aid. Yet

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he was elected majority whip with the support of Senator Paul H. Douglas, perhaps as good an example as one can find of the liberal conscience in today's Senate.) The Democratic party's Senate Steering Committee—though it includes such men as Douglas, Clark, Mansfield, and McCarthy—is probably the most conservative authority of the kind in the legislature of any Western nation; of its fifteen members who were present, eight voted with Dirksen against cloture on Civil Rights.

It will not be useful to drown these particular facts in some general cynicism over the universal proclivities of democratic legislatures. (Robert de Jouvenel accomplished all that a half-century ago.*) And I am not referring to any supposed permanent characteristic of American politics. To some unhelpful guides, American history is one long consensus. They would have us forget even that Americans fought a Civil War, and inflicted on one another six-hundred thousand deaths. And they would have us make little of the differences among all Presidents and Congresses. That is not my perspective. What I see involved here is the particular fact of 1966 consensus—the particular breadth of agreement in this Congress, in 1966, regarding what the U.S. government should do and not do, just now. This consensus is, of course, in part, a phenomenon of "tired blood," and that will not last. The important question is: will this passive consensus turn out to have more durable characteristics, or will it give way, after 1966, to new and important Great Society initiatives?

Quite understandably, the congressional sessions of 1964 and 1965 have been compared with those of 1933 and 1934.† President Johnson even proclaimed, in pardonable hyperbole, during a "Salute to Congress" (Oct. 7, 1965): "From your committees and both your houses has come the greatest outpouring of creative legislation in the history of this nation." Also for 1964 and 1965, however, one must shield oneself from being blinded by the deluge of trivial bills. Even a Congress which does little of substance still enacts each year about 350 public laws and 200 private laws.

In 1964 and 1965, the Congress actually did five important groups of things, relating to domestic affairs. *First*: it brought tax reductions to a cumulative total of about $20 billion a year (including earlier investment incentives and accelerated depreciation). As these reductions made the greater percentage additions to the retained incomes of prosperous people, many solid citizens found confirmation for the judgment that the Great Society was no bad thing. *Second*: the Congress enacted the most important civil-rights legislation since Reconstruction. Negroes particularly, who were estimated (by Gallup) to have voted about 94 per cent for Lyndon Johnson in November 1964, might also be confirmed in the belief that they had voted wisely. *Third*: the Congress increased social security and related benefits by amounts which, from July 1, 1966, are in the range of $6½ billion annually. Part of this (about $2¼ billion) consisted of an immediate 7 per cent increase in old-age payments, in favor of some twenty million beneficiaries. But the larger part was the new system of medical benefits, for aged persons and some others. And in an important fiscal departure, these medical benefits were to be financed, to the extent of about $1.4 billion annually, out of general tax revenues. *Fourth*: the Congress enlarged federal support for education and, to a much lesser extent, for housing and community development. Federal budget expenditure for education rose by $1½ billion in the two fiscal years 1964-66, while net spending for housing and community development rose by $358 million. *Fifth*: the Congress combined old and new measures to constitute an "anti-poverty" program, which spent just over $1 billion in the year ending June 30, 1966.

In contrast, the Congress of 1966 will have little of permanent character to its credit. In civil rights, formally a total defeat. In labor legislation, substantive failure, because of the gutting of the one important measure—enlarged and reconstructed unemployment compensation. In federal support for education and welfare services, some small positive things. In federal support of community development—demonstration cities, water pollution control, etc.—also some small positive things. Yet, no doubt, when even this pallid session closes, the trumpeters will not hold back from trumpeting.

There is a view, which gains plausibility the further one is removed from Washington, that major domestic programs were held back in 1966 because of fear of inflation. The White House made a large contribution to public miseducation on this matter. From week to week, in one press conference after another, the President paraded his indecision on whether the economy was not just crossing some imaginary hair-breadth line where tax increases become indispensable. The President also repeatedly blew up, out of all proportion to any rational significance, the issue of whether—in a $750 billion economy, and where the President had just underestimated budget revenues by $4.6 billion—the Congress might increase, by $3 billion or $4 billion, the year's appropriations for what the executive branch *might* spend. And indeed, quite apart from the President's, voices never lacked to cry, "Beware, inflation!"**

* *La République des Camarades*, Paris, Grasset, 1914. The classic formulation: "There is less difference between two deputies one of whom is a revolutionary, than between two revolutionaries one of whom is a deputy."

† The most informative reviews of the Congresses of 1964 and 1965 are the compendious ones in the two volumes of the *CQ Almanac* for those years, published by *Congressional Quarterly*, Washington, D.C., 1965 and 1966.

** On September 20, 1966, the Bureau of Labor Statistics index of spot commodities—a traditional economic "leading" indicator—had retreated to a value less than 1 per cent above its year earlier level.

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Yet, again to bear witness, I am not acquainted with the name of a single senator or congressman who, in 1966, advocated reducing federal expenditure, on any program which he greatly valued, on the ground that total spending had to be specially restrained. The threatening excessive volume of total expenditure was used only as an argument against programs which one did not favor to begin with.

It would be an error to conclude that the congressional session of 1966 "just turned out thin." No, it was largely planned that way. Or, more accurately, the known and even self-conscious exhaustion of Great Society impulses, ideas, and initiatives, from the beginning, condemned this session to mediocrity. The keynote of this exhaustion was struck by Senator Mansfield as early as September 28, 1965. The Senate majority leader then said, very deliberately:

> The President has stated that "we look forward to the Congress being able to get out of here early next year." . . . I welcome . . . the President's view that he does not expect anything like the volume of substantive legislation next year. . . . The scope of achievements in the last eight or nine months makes any repetition of the volume of significant legislation which has been cleared in the present session not only unlikely but, in my judgment, undesirable. . . . [Therefore] the main concern of the Senate in the second session will be the perfection, the elaboration, and the refinement of the basic legislation which underpins major federal programs. . . . Indeed, that is likely to be the main concern not only for the next session but for some time to come.

In this view—and one cannot deny it considerable authority—at the end of September 1965, the Great Society was substantially a completed thing. Then, in 1966, there was necessarily nothing very important to do.

V

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has stated several times, in his press conferences, that he consults frequently with "the best minds" of the country. And he has indicated that he finds these best minds partly among government officers, partly among people prominent in business (and perhaps labor), partly in the liberal professions and universities. The company is wide. But, if one is to judge from what the President has been willing to make his own in 1966, these consultations are sterile in ideas of any range. One is inevitably and painfully reminded of the vacuous New Frontier which John F. Kennedy managed to extract from the company of intellectuals which he assembled.

In Washington today, polite people do not dwell upon how little has been indicated of any further content of the Great Society program, after three years of Johnson's Presidency. What is stressed rather is how poor the President's speeches have become. And indeed, while 1965 produced at least four memorable addresses, in 1966 there has not been one. But surely it is wrong to think of this record as indicative of the drooping talents of the President's speechwriters. On that evening of March 15, 1965, when the President spoke of Negro rights and wrongs to a Joint Session of the Congress (and in his repeat performance at Howard University on June 4, 1965), he did not lack for eloquence. But then he had something to say. And, having that, he gave an address of such courage, and of such forthrightness in handling an emotion-ridden public issue, as has hardly been equaled by any President of the United States in this century. Great thought will find words. When the President has something important to say, he will not fail for lack of speechwriters.

A Great Society program, to be sponsored by Lyndon Johnson, would have to be contained within the limits of American economic conservatism. Necessarily, therefore, it would not look to another distribution or use of the present national product. It would build exclusively on the resources made available by growth. Counting with unemployment no higher than the present 4 per cent, and on the assumption of continuance of present tax rates, I estimate that federal revenues in 1970 (administrative and trust together) will be something like $60 billion higher than in 1966. A Great Society program might make no general reductions, in these four years, in the tax rates of the richer three-fifths of the population, and desist from further increases in payroll taxes. Then it could gradually carry out a program like the following:

First: establish a national system of unemployment compensation, covering all who have substantial work experience, on the basis of 60 per cent of earnings when working, up to 60 per cent of average earnings from labor in the state where employed. Annual cost: in range of $4 billion, in addition to present $2.7 billion. *Second*: raise foreign aid to 1 per cent of Gross National Product. Annual cost: in range of $2½ billion immediately and up to $4½ billion by 1970, in addition to present $5 billion (food, arms, grants, and net loans). *Third*: increase benefit rates, each year, on all government old-age, disability, and survivors' insurance, in accordance with the rise of national productivity, say 3½ per cent annually. Annual cost: (cumulatively, by 1970) perhaps $4 billion. *Fourth*: enact a national system of medical insurance, for all ages, limited to minimum needs (but perhaps with a supplementary, voluntary component). Annual cost: in range of $10 billion, in addition to present provision for those over age sixty-five. *Fifth*: eliminate by 1970 all federal income taxes on families of four persons having incomes below $6,000 and on single indi-

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viduals up to $2,000. Annual cost: under $10 billion. *Sixth*: increase to about $25 billion yearly federal administrative budget spending in the category President Johnson called "Health, labor, education, housing and community development, economic opportunity program, and aid to the needy." Annual cost: about $12 billion, above the $12.9 billion provided in the President's budget for the present fiscal year.

These measures, so crudely sketched, might fairly be regarded—perhaps more so than those accomplished in 1964 and 1965—as constitutive of a conservative Great Society. They would affect the distribution or use of perhaps $45 billion a year. (This would, in my estimate, be roughly one-fifth of the growth in the dollar amount of the Gross National Product in the next four years. But I do not stick on this estimate; little would be changed, in essence, if such a program were to be carried out, step by step, during five years rather than four—and then perhaps with a few more bonuses to the prosperous.) The carrying-out of such a program would not alter the life of American business enterprise. Where corporate profits (after taxes) have risen by $17½ billion from 1962 to 1966, they would probably (with new tax reductions) rise only modestly less from 1966 to 1970. The propertied would remain undisturbed in their property.

The carrying out of a Great Society program of this kind need also, I believe, make for no radical change in American politics. At maximum success, the sponsorship of such a program might even lead to the further strengthening, in 1968 and 1972, of the victory achieved by the Johnson *Grossblock* in the election of 1964. The novelty in that election was Lyndon Johnson's success in adding the support of the established leaders of the American business community to what were otherwise the modernized constituents of a New Deal coalition. There was nothing radically new in the facts that (as measured by Gallup) in 1964 Johnson won the support of 57 per cent of all people in white-collar employments, 71 per cent of all manual workers, and 94 per cent of all Negroes. The new thing was that Johnson got the votes of 54 per cent of all business and professional people—and perhaps of a clear majority at the very top of the economic ladder. With skill, that new support might be retained.

It should not be beyond the capacity of political leadership to convince the bulk of the American business and professional classes that a conservative Great Society is a better reliance for them also than is the mindless Republican passivity of Gerald R. Ford and Everett McKinley Dirksen. Indeed, there is continuing evidence that much of the conservative community prefers to go with Johnson, when he inspires personal confidence—not parading indecision but deciding, not appealing for a bland consensus but indicating a way and working for its political base in public support. And even should some elements fall away, there is still power enough for political victory in a coalition which lacks the acquiescence of a few of those whom Franklin Roosevelt used to call "economic royalists." What may have less basis for victory is the drifting, boring Democratic party of 1966.

There has been only one instance in the past century when the party which elected the President also increased its membership in the House of Representatives two years later. That was the case of the Democratic party in 1934. Then the Democrats won 319 seats instead of 310, though voting dropped about 18 per cent. In September 1965, it would have been possible to believe that the Democrats *might* similarly enlarge their present 295 seats in the House. In September 1966, such an electoral victory is wildly improbable. In this year of prosperity and war, neither the President nor the majority in Congress has—in that rare degree—won the support of the electorate.

If one is to believe the opinion polls, a reversal has taken place also in the relative esteem for the President and the Democratic nominees for Congress. The "normal" national partisan split between Democrats and Republicans is about 56 per cent to 44 per cent. In 1964, the President won 61.4 per cent and the Democratic candidates for the House 57.5 per cent. Today, while the Democratic candidates for Congress seem to have a cumulative national preference rating modestly below their party norm, the President's rating is distinctly lower. There is a difference in the nature of the ratings: the congressional candidates are actually running in November; since the President is *not* running, the reaction to him can be more undirected and emotional. Moreover, the forecasting value of *both* sets of ratings is diminished by the fact that this election is regarded with considerable indifference; many of those polled will not vote. And, in such a mood, it is the floating independent who abstains from voting, while the convinced partisans do cast their ballots. On these grounds, I expect the Democratic candidates for Congress to do better, this time, in a light vote, than the polls suggest.*

Democrats now hold 67 of 100 seats in the Senate and 294 of 435 in the House (where there are now two vacancies). I have no basis for an independent estimate of the outcome of the election. However, such informed opinion as is available to me suggests that the Democrats are likely to lose (net) only two or fewer seats in the Senate; the character of the Senate will not change. On the other hand, Democrats are reportedly likely

* Related analysis will be found in the thoughtful, informative volume on *Elections and the Political Order*, by Campbell, Converse, Miller, and Stokes Wiley, 1966, especially pp. 28 ff. and Chapter 11. This book may be said to embody what is now the conventional view of the American electoral process, greatly emphasizing passivity.

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to lose perhaps two-thirds of their 1964 net gain of 38 House seats; the House will almost certainly become more conservative. Under these circumstances, White House leadership will be even more important in 1967-68 than it has been in 1964-66. Is such leadership likely to be forthcoming?

In September 1965, one might have answered with an unhesitating "Yes." By so much had the Lyndon Johnson of 1963-65 surpassed his public role of 1937-62, that it was possible to hope that he might—just might—preside over a national administration which, while fundamentally conservative, would be as constructive in institutions and more consistently successful in performance than any the United States has had in this century. Today, after a year in which the role of the White House has been dominantly one of temporizing and conventionality, one's mind does not move naturally toward measuring the Johnson administration by so high a standard.

By 1938, the constructive period of the New Deal was closed; Franklin D. Roosevelt floundered without any idea of direction. Does 1966 mark a similar position in the Great Society? An outsider cannot know. One can only hope that impulse, idea, and initiative are not exhausted.

VI

SOME MIGHT advocate a program of the Great Society, like the one sketched above, on the ground that it would diminish social and political tensions. I make no such claim. On the contrary, I see no ground for believing that this program would abate tensions.

The unemployed man, who is paid 60 per cent of his working wage, will not long be satisfied. If unemployment is not his fault, why should he not get 100 per cent? He will not be silenced by the argument that society requires him to have a goad —an "incentive"—to seek re-employment.

Leadership circles of less developed countries will not necessarily be gratified to learn that the United States has determined to devote $7½ billion (or later $9½ billion) to foreign aid. Do the Americans think they can put us in chains with their money? And how vulgarly they throw us a 1 per cent crust! Why not 2 per cent or 3 per cent?

It is, no doubt, a fine thing to have one's old-age insurance or disability pension increased, each year, in accordance with some clever fellow's calculation of the trend of increase in national productivity. But why not a full adjustment also for the rise in the cost of living? And who said that the original base amount of the payment was enough?

In the age of the great French Revolution, Shelley wrote: "The world is weary of the past, / Oh, might it die or rest at last!" Miserable poetry. Soggy thought. We, for our part, do not wish either the world or the past to die or rest. And, since we do not look forward to a day when conflict will end, we separate ourselves alike from Shelley and Marx.

WE ARE sometimes favored with perspectives of the rise in national income to the day when tensions are relaxed, passions spent, because all are sated with goods. But those families which have double or quadruple our average $7500 family income are not, in these present years, noticeably less concentrated on acquisition than others. Why then should we believe that acquisitive tensions will diminish, in later years, merely because we gradually all become more prosperous? Where is this tendency to relaxation in our experience of the past century?

Arbitrary inequalities—exacted by power, not grounded in social benefit, or the fruits of birth and chance—burden our consciences. How arbitrarily means, opportunity, and power are distributed among us! Is not equality the great appeaser? Surely so, where equality is regarded as just. But any system of social inequalities is also compatible with social peace, if the participants think it right. And equality, too, can be the cause of emigration or civil war, where it is believed to be unjust, or where equality is judged, by some (as in several Israeli collective settlements of my acquaintance), to be so much a source of stagnation as to make the whole society poorer—and consequently more limited in opportunity—than this society would be with less equality.

A distinguished British scholar has given us, this year, one of the most thoughtful studies of social inequality in all our literature.* One need not accept his entire system. (I do not.) But it is impossible to follow his argument closely without sharing some conclusions, and particularly one: there is little, if any, gain in social contentment—in the relaxation of socio-political tensions—to be anticipated in any society from making its members more equal in income, if the decrease of inequality causes people to raise their heads correspondingly, and then to compare themselves more generally with other members of the society.

A rational policy of raising the poor, or of diminishing inequality, must be grounded in a conception of what is just. It may then reasonably propose to raise the moral level of the social and political alternatives among which public controversy proceeds. But if such a policy counts on diminishing social and political conflict, in the long run, it builds on illusion.

* W. G. Runciman, *Relative Deprivation and Social Justice*, London, Routledge, 1966.

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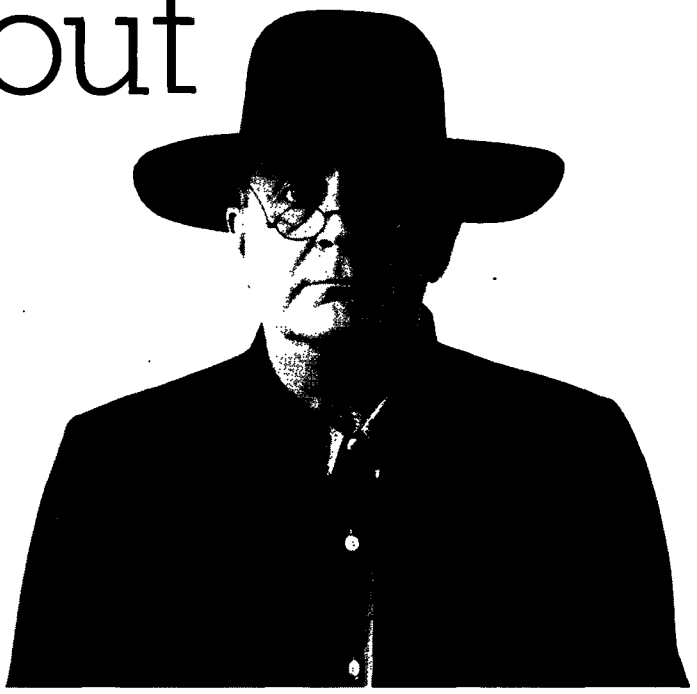

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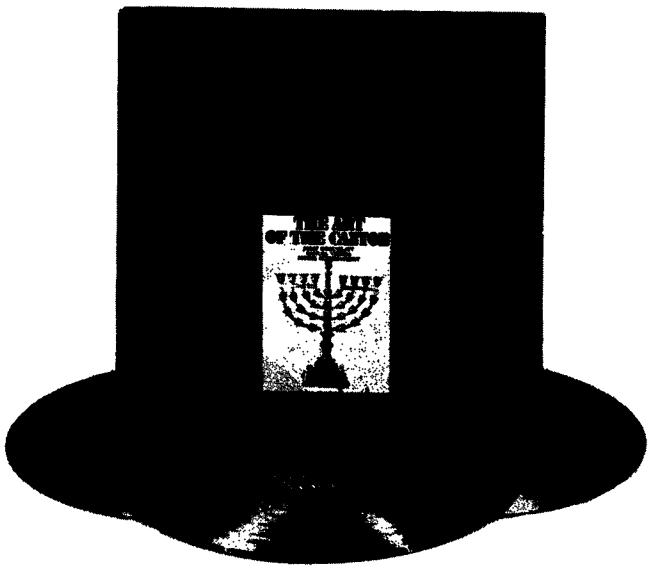

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DOES THE JEW EXIST?

Albert Memmi

TOWARD THE END of my adolescence I had had enough of being a Jew; or so I dared tell myself. It was, at first, not so much anger as it was impatience and irony. The details of my life in the ghetto which had so preoccupied me suddenly seemed laughable: "Lilliputian problems," I noted in my diary at the time. "To be Jewish: above all, a narrow and constricted fate." Why, when my life was just beginning, should I accept this limitation? Why should I forsake so many splendid adventures to remain vanquished among the vanquished? I wanted to taste every food, enjoy every pleasure; I would be proud of my body and sure of my mind; I would practice every sport and understand every philosophy.

Moreover, the entire world seemed to be inviting me to a marvelous wedding celebration. It was 1936. The Popular Front was in power in France: once again the French were giving all peoples an example of social justice. In Tunisia, where I lived, young left-wing Jews were rubbing elbows in joyous open-air meetings, miraculously tolerated by the police, with Arab peddlers, Sicilian bricklayers, and French railroad workers, one and all dazzled by these new feelings of brotherhood. In Spain, however, the war was beginning, never to end. Yet, in the evening, before disbanding, we cried out joyously: *"No pasaran!* The Fascists shall not pass!" Our worthy Spanish brothers could not lose our common battle for prosperity and liberty.

Even the general unleashing of the catastrophe a little later did not greatly upset me. On the contrary, I am ashamed to write, I recall its beginnings with a kind of happiness. During the first air raids we almost enjoyed jumping into the hastily-dug trenches. The world was animated by extraordinary historical stirrings: so these men with mythical names really existed—Indians, Japanese, Australians. . . . It was all proof that the world was infinitely rich, diverse, full of surprises and boundless promise. What importance could Jewishness—so fragile, so special, and so superficial—play amid the turmoil of my blood and of the universe?

Here it is important that I recapture the proper tone of this period. Today it is almost in bad taste to hide one's Jewishness. I have been told that in the United States being Jewish has ceased to be inconvenient. Jews proud-of-being-Jews are found even in Paris drawing rooms, which pleases me greatly and irritates me a little. Thus, a socially well-connected writer who, during a long career, never depicted a single Jewish character in any of his books, spoke calmly the other day to an interviewer about his Jewish origins. The publisher of a large French newspaper of moderate views dared reveal to his astonished readers that he was a Jew by birth. These are signs of peaceful times and I hope with all my heart that they last. For the moment, at any rate, there is no immediate danger in proclaiming oneself a Jew.

SUCH has not always been the case. On the contrary, since the time of the French Revolution the most common reaction of Western middle-class Jews has always been to cover up, camouflage their Jewishness. Even after the publication of my last book, *Portrait of a Jew*, many well-meaning friends told me of their misgivings: I should not have labeled myself a Jewish writer! And, I might add, they were not completely wrong. What Jew, at some point in his life, has not been moved to regret or revolt at not being like others?

I am not trying to justify myself; I do not need to defend a period of my life which was but fleeting and from which I have completely recovered. Today I am perfectly opposed to self-rejection, to all disguises, to all these attitudes of self-torture. I can scarcely hide my irritation at the piteous and useless efforts of those dissimulating Jews. I simply wished to note that my rejection was not solely marked by flight and recantation. The Jew who denies his Jewishness is not always a cowardly and tricky chameleon deserving of nothing but derision and anger. In my opinion, this judgment is too sweeping and too easy. Among those who reject their Jewishness are to be found the worst and the best. The careful and the vanquished, yes, those who have chosen to play a lifelong game of hide-and-seek with their contemporaries in order to preserve their possessions and their well-being. But there were also authentic rebels who dared question their fate. There were at the same time the grotesquely bourgeois and men of sublime stature. Self-rejection can be a shabby trick, a final surrender, a plea for acceptance completely lacking in nobility. But it can also be a first step toward revolt, the first awakening gesture of the oppressed, the furious rejection of that which he has become in his servitude.

In short, at the time, I sought not so much to reject myself as to conquer the world. I rejected myself as a Jew because I was rejecting the place assigned to me, and in which my people were content to remain. I felt my Jewishness to be a collection of odious harassments and ridiculous rites. I sorted out my ideas into two main categories: on the Jewish side, a skein of outdated customs, with neither truthfulness nor effectiveness; on the other, a system of accusations and injustices. I thought I had to extricate myself from these absurd nets; and, of course, I felt capable of demolishing everything with a few heaves of my adolescent shoulders. When we graduated from the lycée at Tunis, many of us decided to cut ourselves off from the past, the ghetto and our native land, to breathe fresh air and set off on the

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most beautiful of adventures. I no longer wanted to be that invalid called a Jew, mostly because I wanted to be a man; and because I wanted to join with all men to reconquer the humanity which was denied me.

Why, then, did I not continue along this path? Why, at a certain point, did I once and for all abandon this attempt? Of course, the world, temporarily filled with a spirit of fraternity, had slipped away again, and it was preparing to show us its most atrocious side. But that was not the only reason; I am quite sure that the awful catastrophe which followed those years was not the determining factor. The Jewish destiny is such that one massacre more or less, as monstrous as it might be, only vindicates a history already full of gloom. Nor was it because of weariness or for moral reasons. It was because I slowly became convinced that this way out was a deception, a door painted on a brick wall. I had to admit that a simple negation of self did not exist; that I had to go much further or I would resolve nothing. The solution I had hit upon was abstract, illusory, and, in the final analysis, untenable.

FROM time to time during my boyhood in Tunis some fine gentleman from France or Italy would come into my father's shop. Usually, it was only a matter of a small service: a stitch on his wife's pocketbook, a briefcase handle to replace, an extra hole for his belt. Then, as we were friendly and curious, he would sometimes talk with us. After a moment, having sized him up, my father would ask the fatal question, but backward, as a precaution in the improbable event of an embarrassing mistake:

"You are Christian, aren't you?"

This, if the signal was understood, translated into:

"You're a Jew, of course. . . ."

Invariably, the gentleman answered with one of those expressions which so delighted our artisans' milieu:

"I am of Jewish *origin*"; or, "My parents were Jews"; or, "I am a free thinker. . . ."

This we ourselves translated without the slightest hesitation. We called these delicately modest Jewish visitors the "of origins," and after a while, like my father, I learned to ferret them out and, I admit, to feel contempt for them.

Later on, in Europe, when I had met dozens of these "of origins" I was already well prepared. I discovered that in Europe they bore another name: they called themselves, among themselves, Israelites. They were even successful in having themselves called Israelites by others, especially when the latter had reasons for wanting to please them. Their highest ambition was that no one might find anything to say about them at all; nor, moreover, about any Jew in the world. The Jews? What Jews? What are you talking about? They didn't see a thing. They spent their whole lives laboriously trying to make everyone believe in their non-existence. And, for a time, unfortunately all too fleeting for their own hopes, they could almost believe in their own success: they, at any rate, had nothing of what was generally understood as Jewish. They were respectable Israelites, not dirty Jews.

I am being sarcastic but I am sincerely more indulgent today. It was, after all, too difficult to be a Jew and everyone tried to remedy the fact as best he could. The only trouble was that these contortions were perfectly useless. The "of origins" played at being invisible, but everyone saw them except themselves: and yet, were even they really fooled?

THE UNFORTUNATE truth is that it has never been enough to affirm "I am not oppressed" in order to cease being oppressed. Neither in one's behavior or mental habits, nor in one's concrete existence. The story of the Jewish tailor is well-known: on arriving at the Paris station, a refugee from Poland, he declares to his wife:

"And now, wife! No more gefilte fish, no more goulash! We are going to assimilate. . . ."

Whereupon he proceeds directly to the Jewish section of Paris. The anecdote might have added that since most Parisian tailors were Jewish, and since these Jewish tailors were clustered together in a few streets, he could hardly do anything but join them. And that, worse still, his bad French was pronounced with a strong Yiddish accent, and that he needed the help of the Jewish community, etc. . . . In short, the Jewish fate cannot be reduced to words. So the Jewish fate is too difficult to live? Well, I make it vanish, I deny it: see, no more Jewish fate! But no one is deceived by the trick, and Jewish fate continues to stare the spectators in the face. In the final analysis they refused to give a name to their misfortune in the magical hope of seeing it thereby disappear.

Above all, what the tailor did not realize was that his game required two players: the Jew and the non-Jew. For its ultimate success the two partners had to accept the rules. Obstinacy on the one side was of no use so long as the other disdainfully refused to cooperate. I have been told that far from being humiliated or disheartened by this solitary comedy, the old French-Jewish families persevered to the death. In the concentration camps, in front of the crematory furnaces, the Franco-Israelites repeated, like Saint Paul: "I am French. I am a French citizen!" With this firm constancy they would finally win. They would baffle their executioners, and finally gain the esteem of their fellow citizens. What a triumph to earn at last a diploma such as this!

OF COURSE, I too have saddled a great many wrong horses, taken their lovely shadows for substance. Encamped on the pink clouds of the Universal, for a long while I passionately asserted that man, in his heart, was one, that all men were brothers, generous and equal. Down on earth, however, a real and difficult battle was in progress, whose blows I was hardly able to avoid and hardly ever able to return. These incidents are but transitory, I assured myself: the mistakes of a humanity which still had rough edges. All I had to do was to despise those savages: weren't they killing each other too?

I had convictions: one day the swords would be turned into plowshares, and this miraculous morality would be adopted by all, conquerors and conquered, oppressors and oppressed, and all human nature would shine forth as evidence

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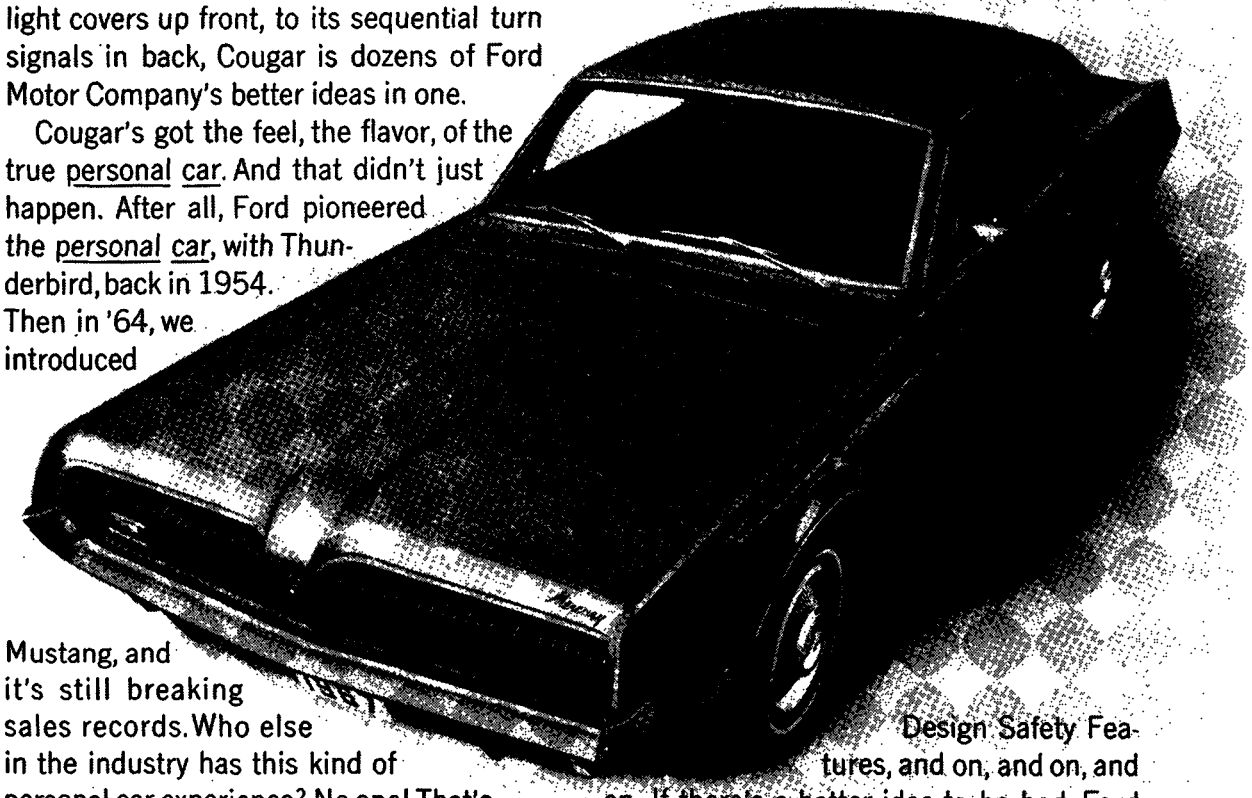

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of Justice and Love. But meanwhile? Meanwhile, it was only right that we take the first step, that we preach the example. We proudly proclaimed that we did not exist.

As Jews of the Left, we had at our disposal a method of reasoning which we used against any too-tenacious adversaries. It was a peeling-off tactic comparable to eating an artichoke. We started out with Stalin's definition of a nation: then we considered each trait mentioned in this definition. We asked ourselves: Do the Jews have a common language? Obviously not. Do they share a common territory? Not that either. Do they even have a religion? No! No! Most Jews can't even remember the names of the important prophets! The only trouble was that when the peeling was done, the Jew, unlike the artichoke, always found himself intact. It reminded me of the traditional discussion of the existence of the outside world, which so astonished and irritated me when I was a philosophy student—our professors, analyzing one by one the characteristics of what we saw and touched, and then concluding that the visible and tangible universe did not exist.

"OH, LET ME HEAR NO more of Jews and Judaism and of myself as a Jew! Let me put an end to this inexhaustible torment!" says the hero of my novel, *The Pillar of Salt*, who certainly represents me to a great extent. And he goes to Argentina in the hope of starting a new life, this time anonymous. My Argentina was Europe, Paris to be exact, where it was only a matter of months before I discovered that one does not easily cease to be Jewish, and that self-rejection never solves anything. No mask, no compensatory tic could save me. The net result was, on the contrary, constant self-contraction, a veritable and painful distortion of the whole being which isolated me, signaled me out more surely than the accusation of others. In short, self-rejection, far from being the best response to the oppression, rapidly appeared to me one of the most characteristic traits of the oppressed. Far from being a free and courageous act, it was the expression of his non-liberty, of his barely-disguised submission to the accusation and the aggression. Complicity with the oppressor was not far off. Self-rejection was then perfectly useless as soon as the threat became clear.

Was it then necessary to accept oneself as a Jew? That attitude was attractive to me because it offered the possibility of pride, an impression of facing-up. I decided that henceforth I would tell others and myself: yes, I am Jewish—what of it? Yes, to some extent and on several points I am *different* from my fellow citizens, from other men. In the future, far from trying to pass over these differences, I would immediately recognize them—without provocation of course, but spontaneously. And I would even demand that others recognize them and take them into consideration, that they allow me to live as I please and as my nostalgia, my childhood memories, and my sympathies dictate.

But my real problem was that I had to cut myself off once and for all from the image of myself which had been imposed on me from birth by others and by my own people, and which had become second nature, without at the same time rejecting myself or my people, or scorning their universe, which was so largely my own. For if it is pernicious and stupid for a people, as it is for an individual, to extend its values to an absolute, to hang on desperately to its mythified past, it is just as destructive, and perhaps unworthy, to exhaust one's energies in a battle against oneself, to be ashamed of one's people, to despise their tradition, their culture, and their institutions. Thus, although I did want to abolish the condition imposed on me as a Jew, I did not wish to deny automatically every opportunity to the Jew which was in me. Or, to reverse the proposition: I wanted to accept myself as a Jew while rejecting conditions made by the others and imposed on my existence. Rather than assume the existence of a universal make-believe community of the human spirit, I decided to take for my starting-point this fact: my separate existence as a Jew. I might become impatient with this existence; I had the right to rebel, to question it. I knew that I might in turn be embarrassed: What is this existence? What is Jewishness? I willingly admitted that numerous problems were still extant; I saw perfectly well that the majority of Jews were ignorant of Judaism or barely conscious of their Jewishness; that one's Jewishness was certainly not convenient, badly adapted as it was to the world in which we live, its arteries hardened by its values and its institutions. But the fact of Jewishness remained, and the only thing for me to do was to recognize it as such and to try to understand it.

ALBERT MEMMI *is the well-known French writer. The present article, translated from the French by Judith Hyun, will appear in somewhat different form in Mr. Memmi's forthcoming book,* The Liberation of the Jew, *to be published in December by Orion Press/Grossman Publishers.*

* * *

AN END TO PORNOGRAPHY?

Dan Jacobson

THE IMAGE of humankind which pornography presents to its readers is that of a sad, ape-like creature trapped forever behind the bars of its own being, fenced in immutably by its own body. Reading such works it is as if one again and again sees the ape stretching out toward the infinity of sensation and power which it believes must lie just beyond its reach. But it can never grasp what it seeks, it is held back and frustrated at every attempt. For there is an economy to the structure of the body which even in fantasy the ape cannot overcome: the body has only so many limbs, members, orifices, only one sex, one skin, there are only so many positions it is able to adopt. So, desperately, still reaching out, the ape imagines more bodies, and yet more, a whole crowd of them, a school, a brothel, an inferno; it imagines everyone in the inferno to be tireless and immortal, able to survive the most extravagant floggings and agile enough to take part in the most complicated debaucheries, always ready to thrust or be rent again, always ready—one can say—to come

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again. But all of them together can do no more to each other than what the first imagined solitary figure (himself), or couple, or trio had been able to do; and so the same limbs, members, orifices, and postures recur inevitably, displaying in permutation their aboriginal poverty and paucity.

"This is the monstruosity in love, Lady," says Shakespeare's Troilus to his Cressida, "that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit." Like all lovers, Troilus is exaggerating a little. The desire *desires* to be boundless, altogether unfettered; but can never manage it. However, the real "monstruosity" of which Troilus speaks is the fact that the sad, ugly, brutish, enraged creature which I have tried to describe is not the body, but the mind, the will, the imagination, the consciousness, the soul, the "higher self." It is enchained, imprisoned, prevented everywhere by the dumb, immovable body.

Which is exactly what centuries upon centuries of Christianity and Platonism have taught us to believe is the truth about the relationship between the soul and the body. But that lesson has not been taught to us so that we might admire the body and pity its simplicity and innocence. On the contrary. Nor are we ever supposed to find ape-like and ugly the yearning consciousness of man, his soulful out-reachings. On the contrary, again: they are supposed to be his noblest feature, his redeeming power. Yet, in spite of the vastly different attitudes they appear to adopt toward the picture each is putting forward, the identity between the view of man propagated by the traditional morality and that presented by the underworld of pornography remains unmistakable. This seems bewildering and incomprehensible, until we realize that what the two views have in common, what really unites them, is a hatred of the body.

The traditional morality, of course, has never made a secret of its hatred of that "body of corruption" from which St. Paul begged to be delivered. But pornographers? Haven't they always claimed to be devil-may-care subverters of morality, connoisseurs of the pleasures of the flesh, relishers of the body's splendid, intricate gifts? Yes, these have always been their claims. But they are liars. Admittedly, they are liars who sometimes take themselves in; but that hardly makes them liars any the less—like sentimentalists who weep over their own spurious emotions, or politicians who believe for the moment the speeches they make. From pornographers the body can look for no tenderness, no appreciation, no respect, no real acknowledgement of its power, no ready submission to the fact that it is in our bodies we live and by them that we die. It is precisely the body's tenderness, changeability, and mortality that they hate, its power that they fear, precisely the fact that we can never step beyond it that makes them want to destroy it.

Of this the literature itself offers the most ample and decisive proof. Doubtless there are many reasons why a literature which is supposed to cater, first and last, to the body's

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pleasures is so largely given over to accounts of the infliction on it of every conceivable kind of pain and physical humiliation. But I am convinced that one of the most important of these reasons is an unconscious hatred of the body, a mental lust for revenge against it. Hence all those whippings, brandings, tearings, and disembowelments which figure so frequently among the descriptions of the varieties of intercourse, and which are often quite indistinguishable from it.

THE SENTIMENTALITIES of our period being what they are, it is just because pornography has until very recently been a persecuted genre, because its publication and distribution have been criminal activities, that people are inclined to imagine that it must contain essential information about our society which we are in dire need of, liberating insights which cannot be obtained elsewhere. In his new book, *The Other Victorians*,* Professor Steven Marcus analyzes this view and exposes its error pretty decisively. Pornography has its functions, but the bringing of information has never been among them, nor the liberation of the self from unreality and unawareness. With regard to the claim that pornography must somehow express aspects of social history which would otherwise go unrecorded, Mr. Marcus points out that "observation is incidental rather than organic to pornography—its governing tendency is in fact toward the elimination of external or social reality." As for the internal reality (so to speak) of pornographic fantasy:

> Pornography is, after all, nothing more than the representation of the fantasies of infantile sexual life, as these fantasies are edited and organized in the masturbatory daydreams of adolescence.

Or again, in another context:

> Inside of every pornographer there is an infant screaming for the breast from which he has been torn. Pornography represents an endless and infinitely repeated effort to recapture that breast, and the bliss it offered, as it often represents as well a revenge against the world—and the woman in it—in which such a cosmic injustice could occur.

The Other Victorians is subtitled "A Study of Sexuality and Pornography in Mid-Nineteenth-Century England"; it is in fact by far the best book on the subject of pornography as a whole that I have come across. As a piece of scholarship, Mr. Marcus's study is perhaps shorter on facts and longer on interpretations than it should be, its language is often unnecessarily clotted, and the author is inclined to regard some of his own formulations—"the ideas constitutive of the modern self," for example—with a solemnity that one can find a little dismaying. But these are minor faults when put in balance against the book's humanity and intelligence, its originality of approach, and the scope of its achievement in making a complex critical and historical order out of material which might seem to lie utterly beyond the reach of the critic and the historian.

What Mr. Marcus has done is to analyze the nature of the ruling obsessions of a group of Victorian individuals whose work can be said to have transected the fantasy-world of pornography, rather than to have fallen totally within it; only toward the end of the book, in two fairly brief chapters, does he analyze directly a group of works which are purely pornographic in character. The longest and most strenuously argued section of the book is devoted to an analytic account of the eleven volumes of *My Secret Life*, by an unknown Victorian gentleman of enormous sexual appetite, who, at the end of his career, like some demented Certified Public Accountant striking a final balance, was able to say of himself that he had "probably fucked now . . . something like twelve hundred women," among whom were "women of twenty-seven Empires, Kingdoms or Countries, and eighty or more different nationalities, including every one in Europe, except a Lapplander."

Mr. Marcus treats this extraordinary document as being of value in two ways: firstly, he believes a great deal of it to be an absolutely authentic account of experience (and many of the quotations he gives do have the ring of truth; they sound true, one can say, even when they are describing the author's delusions); and secondly, and perhaps even more significantly, the book presents to us the attempt, by a man of great means, prodigious stamina, and demonic compulsions, actually to "live out" in the external world the essential pornographic fantasy, in all its insatiability and reiteration. "The monotony of the course I have pursued towards women," says the writer of *My Secret Life*, in a confession of devastating frankness, sadness, and circularity, "has been as similar and repetitive as fucking itself."

As a convinced Freudian, Mr. Marcus considers the widespread dissemination of pornographic literature which took place throughout the Victorian era to have been the direct result of the isolation and denial of sexual experience which the official, respectable culture insisted upon. Pornography he sees as a symptom of a pathological withdrawal from reality, an immersion in a fantasy "whose special preconditioning requirement is that it deny, delay, and stave off for as long as possible the recognition that it is a fantasy." But his major, antithetical point is that the respectable culture of Victoria's England was also living in terms of a fantasy, which it too refused to recognize and wished to prolong indefinitely. The larger culture had its exact, inverted complement and counterpart in the subculture of the underworld writings about sex.

Toward the end of the 19th century, the argument continues, the contradictions between reality and official doctrine in sexual matters became intolerable, and at that point a "breakthrough" took place, most notably in the work of the avant-garde writers, and in psychology, as well as in social attitudes and practices. Unlike the pornographers, whose fantasies represent a form of profound, unwitting connivance with the official morality, the great creative artists of the modern movement were true revolutionaries; it could be said that they took into their fantasies

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as much of the reality of the external world as they were able to, the better to overcome it. Psychology, or psychoanalysis rather, Mr. Marcus describes as "the one mortal enemy of pornography." Sexuality having become an admitted part of human nature, and a set of concepts being available in which to discuss it and through which to try to understand it, pornography is deprived of the darkness it flourished in, the fears, repressions, and denials it depended on for its function, its very meaning. It follows therefore that he is able to see as "inevitable" and "benign" the legal publication of pornography which has been taking place within the last few years. "It does not," he writes, "indicate to me moral laxness, or fatigue, or deterioration on the part of society. It suggests rather that pornography has lost its old danger, its old power."

By and large Mr. Marcus seems to me to make his case with great persuasiveness; and by the end of it we are in a better position to understand the scale of the social and psychological changes that are involved in, and symbolized by, the open sale today of pornographic works. In a way, one of the most striking things about this book is that it does in effect confirm what all the "reactionaries," the moral policemen and Mother Grundys, said about the psychoanalytic movement, and about the books of writers as different from one another as Flaubert and Lawrence: "If you let in that kind of filth in the name of 'science' and 'literature,' then you'll never be able to draw the line, there'll be no end to it, you'll have to let in the sweepings of the gutter, too." They were right; but in Mr. Marcus's view this does not make a mockery of the campaigns fought by Freud and the others. On the contrary: though they did not know it, policemen and pornographers alike had nothing to lose but the chains that bound them together, and that weighed with equal heaviness on them both.

SO HERE we are, up-to-date—more or less, for in these matters developments are always unequal within society. One can't really hold it against *The Other Victorians* that events which have had so decisive an effect on our sexual attitudes as the feminist movement and the spread of contraception go unmentioned in it. The book deals with a particular cultural and literary problem; and for the most part does so within the context of a specific period in history. However, I do have reservations of two kinds about Mr. Marcus's account of his subject: the first being about the nature of the pornographic impulse itself, and the second about developments in our culture at large.

With regard to the first, I agree that the pornographic impulse or taint is of a special, distinctive sort, recognizable by its intensity, its narrowness, its repetitiveness, the constancy of its withdrawal from reality, and its hyperbolic movement toward a final, never-to-be-attained, all-in bang, the uttermost spasm of de-creation. Such a compulsion, such an ambition, can only be described in pathological terms. But when all has been said about the pathology which the compulsion is or expresses, I still cannot believe that the pornographic impulse (and hence our response to it) can have a *"mortal* enemy," to quote again Mr. Marcus's phrase about psychology. For that implies that the impulse can be not merely alleviated by social change and intellectual advance, but can be abolished entirely. The fact that every one of us is a pornographer behind his own forehead is not what makes this seem so implausible, or is no more than a part of it. The major problem is that for the pornographic impulse to disappear, men will have to cease resenting the immense disparity between what they are capable of willing and desiring and what they are capable of doing. But how can they, under any conceivable dispensation, in any society?

In my first paragraph I said that pornography presents man to us in the image of a creature in a cage.*

* It is curiously appropriate that the archetypical pornographer, the Marquis de Sade, should have written his works while actually incarcerated in a prison.

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The reader will, I hope, have seen how that image of imprisonment, and my comments on it, can be translated into the terms of Mr. Marcus's approach and reconciled with some of his insights. But I do feel impelled to insist at this stage that the prisoner's rage and despair at the immutability of his own condition are in some measure justified. It isn't only our culture that afflicts us. Even the most effective psychology imaginable could never entirely rid us of the grievances we are bound to have against our own nature. Pornographic writings show us what those grievances can make of us, can turn us into. Literature shows us what we can make of our grievances.

As for the developments in the culture in general, it may well be true that in today's changed circumstances, pornography is losing or has lost much of its *old* danger. But I can't help wondering if it hasn't attached itself to dangers of quite a new kind, which Mr. Marcus does not mention. I am not thinking here merely of the fact that pornography which is legally published is bound to reach many more people than illegal pornography, and will have some kind of an effect on them: an effect which is as unlikely to be "benign," after all, as that of all the other vulgar, sentimental, and brutal trash which is constantly being flung at us from so many sources and through so many media. The real trouble, as I see it, is that most of the other trash I have just mentioned is itself sodden with a false, lying, completely obsessive sexuality. So far from our society stumbling at last into an open recognition of its sexual needs, and hence into a condition of relative health or maturity, it could be argued from the evidence of our public communications that we seem to be living in a kind of babbling, neurotic, sexual trance, a state of unreality quite as profound as that out of which the pornographers spoke or in which the Victorian guardians of the morals went about their duties. But the present state is perhaps all the more menacing because it has the full sanction of the official culture—*is* in a sense the official culture—and apparently

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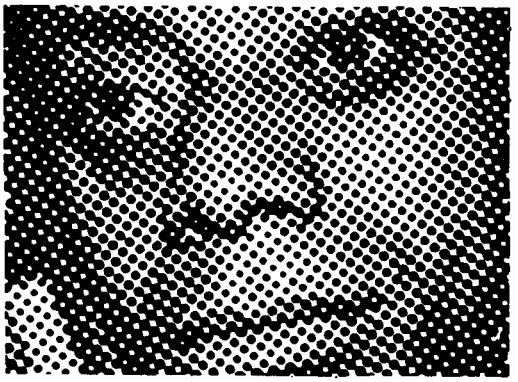

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now has the power to make use of practically anything: not just the ordinary delusions and fantasies we recognize it by, but those of pornography also, as well as the work of a host of writers with literary pretensions who have a reputation for sexual explicitness, the achievements of Freud, and the literature of the great masters of the modern movement. And, if it comes to that, a book like *The Other Victorians*, too.

Let me give a single, small example of what I mean. At the time of the trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in London a few years ago, I saw one day a report in the *Evening Standard* of the latest proceedings in court. The report filled the top half of the page, with solemn arguments by counsel and distinguished literary witnesses as to what constituted obscenity, etc. etc. The bottom half of the page was taken up by an advertisement for a "naval comedy" of some kind. Apart from the names of the movie and the actors in it, the advertisement consisted of little more than a drawing of three diminutive sailors carrying, just below the level of the waist, one end of an enormous torpedo. On the other end of the torpedo there sat a girl in a bikini, her legs astride the rounded tip of the object, and an ecstatic grin on her face. (For the people who designed that advertisement were Freudians of a kind, too.)

Well, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was acquitted, as we all know, of the charge of being lewd and corrupting; a charge never brought against the designers of that advertisement. Penguin Books, the defendants in the case, sold something like three million copies of their edition in Britain and the Commonwealth, I believe. But can one really hope that the truth and the tenderness which the book does contain, for all its faults and self-contradictions, have prevailed against the culture represented by that advertisement? Is it unreasonably pessimistic to suspect that the book merely swelled the volume of the babble, added its share to the hysteria on the subject of sex which is being so sedulously fostered on every side: in the book trade, the movies, on television, in advertising, in the theaters and the pop-music business, in the mass magazines, and most of the minority ones as well?

OBVIOUSLY, one must have faith not only in the survival of superior work, but in its ability to exert its own kind of power, to get through all the distorting barrages which are thrown in its way. But in view of what is constantly going on all around us, it hardly seems alarmist to suggest that sexuality, or the exploitation of sexuality, has become something more than an industry: it could be called an omnipresent soporific and distraction, a new opium for the people. If that is so, one can suspect that the new degree of candor which has suddenly been permitted in public may have no more effect than simply to make yet more potent the tranquilizing drug we all love to take.

To say this is not to suggest that somewhere on Madison Avenue or Wall Street there is a group of sinister, ascetic manipulators who are able to assess exactly how profits will be increased, or revolutionary discontents diminished, by the spectacle of yet more girls in even tinier bikinis; and who take their decisions accordingly. But it is very much to the point that some of the most telling passages in Mr. Marcus's book are about the immense complexity of the hidden, mutually-reinforcing connections in Victorian society between the operations of the economic system, the nature of the English social structure, and the prevailing sexual doctrines and practices. I should add that at one point in the book Mr. Marcus does very briefly indicate misgivings, related perhaps to those I have in mind, about aspects of the freedom we enjoy; he remarks on the way in which the sexual revolution we are living through appears to have been sundered from the "socially radical" impulses that might have been expected to accompany it. But he warns us that it would be far too simple to suggest that one revolution has taken place because another has not.

Anyway, the job of looking the gift-horse of our new liberty in the mouth seems to me an essential one. Perhaps speculations of the kind I have just indulged in are not the way to do it; at least, such speculations are likely to be more useful if they arise out of particular judgments, honestly made, on the various kinds of article we are now allowed to buy and recommend to others. In his classic essay, "Pornography and Obscenity," D. H. Lawrence drew the distinction between what he called the "mob self" and the "individual self" which lives within each of us; when we are confronted by any new work, he suggested, we should ask ourselves from which of the two selves we are responding. Almost forty years have passed since Lawrence wrote his essay, and though social and literary conditions have changed greatly since then, the task he set us has become no easier; the pressure of the mobs, and of the mob-selves within us, are certainly no less powerful than they were. Lawrence directed his remarks against the kind of mob he was most threatened by; today, though the mob of pure souls he was attacking still exists, still has great power, and still is as rabid as ever in defending itself, we must acknowledge that there is also an advanced mob, a modish mob, a huge, amorphous mob of free spirits, whose bay or bray can be heard all too clearly through the pages of our intellectual and literary journals as well as in a host of other places. It is just as necessary to resist that mob as any other. The gaps between our lives and our opinions will seem as grotesquely improbable to our successors as those of the Victorians seem to us.

DAN JACOBSON *is the well-known novelist and critic. His most recent novel is* The Beginners, *published this year by Macmillan.*

* * *

FROM A COMPOSER'S JOURNAL

Ned Rorem

THE HARDEST of all the arts to speak of is music, because music has no meaning to speak of.

. . .

Art for art's sake is hardly fashionable, though is there a better sake? But even should such a moti-

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vation exist (it probably doesn't), it would apply more to meaning than to purpose. Actually, composers compose for someone, but they're not always sure for whom. Alexie Haieff says we write for the friends we love. Or is it an imaginary listener we search for?—a person from the past, or ourselves in the future? In any case not for ourselves in the present. Just as diaries are always made to be seen by other eyes, so all composers write for an audience, if not necessarily what the audience wants to hear—or thinks it wants to hear. They also write for commissioners: assured performances plus palpable pay counteract their dreamy apathy. (Good dreamers make bad artists.) In fact, all my musician friends agree that money is their chief stimulation.

. . .

Self-expression, as people call it, is not a purge. Artists obviously express what's in them, but the fact of having clarified it on paper doesn't mean it's no longer in them. Besides, any living thing can "express" itself: an athlete in action doesn't *think* of his muscles; a robin fashions, without knowing, the tone and life in her sky-blue egg. Murder may be provisional medicine to a maniac, but a few months (or days) later he'll not seek new releases, he'll commit another murder. A woman having borne a healthy child won't necessarily say she'll never have another (mothers don't join book-clubs until their children leave for college). Similarly, an artist, having said something, has really only found a *form* in which to say it. Many great ones spend their lives repeating themselves in different colors.

I'm not convinced that artists ever advance, much less grow. What they know they know from the start; each work is a new way of saying the same thing. Their obsessions don't change, only their modes of emission. Nor do they always know what they've said. Corot once answered a lady who was searching for hidden meaning in his work: *"Non, madame, la peinture est plus bête que cela."**

* "No, madam, painting is stupider than that"—Ed.

Good music? . . . It depends on where you stand (one man's meat etc.). The point used to arise through confusing art with entertainment. They've now been fused by intellectual and commoner alike. The only bad rock-n-roll is that which doesn't distract delinquents from switch blades. Nobody cares about posterity anymore.

Nevertheless, art (as it used to be called) is an aristocratic affair. One cannot demonstrate that the average man experiences—or can be trained to experience—those reactions which make up a work of art, or an appreciation of that work. For the first time ever he can have it all free, and rejects it. The world feels an innate suspicion and jealousy of the artist, for the artist has ripped open a protective curtain to display what outsiders most resent: himself.

. . .

Am I, then, my work? No, I was it. Not even while in the act? While in the act some poison part drains off forever while I now remain paradoxically weaker and stronger. So yes, while working, I'm it, or at least it's *in* me, but while inside it's unhealthy. Once notated, interest lags (and this very phrase could never attract me again—I'm cold to compliments on bygone tunes). But spirit lags too. Empty now, but not enough: dregs stay. My life was and will be spent in scraping clean such stinking residue to create a vacuum. Yet to create a vacuum is, in a sense, to fill it. An artist is slave to irony.

An artist is no more self-involved than other people, he just shows it more.

Where is music going? . . . Nowhere at present. Eventually, though, it will follow, as it has in the past, wherever a great monster leads it. His way will not be one of invention but of synthesis, a gathering of trends into a communicable whole. He will write not from vogue but from necessity, and he will *get the necessity over.* His voice will sing out, avoiding theories. For art's not abstraction of ideas but incarnation of ideas. We talk all around it, but only the thing itself explains the thing itself. What music "should" do is nothing next to what it does.

That monster is not yet around. Meanwhile music's definition—the first time ever—requires expanding. Among the young it has come to fill logical, not emotional, needs. I cannot object: one may resent evolutions but not deny them. My own language, however, remains one of "expression," a damning word today.

There's no real audience (emotionally pleased) for contemporary music now. Concerts serve a new purpose for their little public: what's played's not important, what *happens* is. Boredom too's become an art. The reaction music is supposed to produce is the reaction it does produce, so any reaction is the right reaction.

II

MUSICAL TEMPO depends on the tempo of living, as the tempo of living indicates that of language. No one is sure of speech's speed in Chaucer's day; philologists surmise it to have been radically slower

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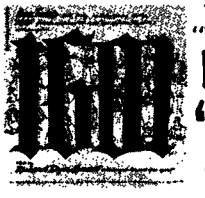

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than ours. In a hundred years we will speak more rapidly. We perform music of the last century faster (and stricter) than it was probably played then. Similarly, a performer's instinctive choice of style is dictated more by the sonorous shape of his spoken native tongue than by a conscious attempt to penetrate the composer's mind.

Nor are performers necessarily qualified interpreters of their national music. Subjectivity is detrimental to execution. The German Gieseking played Debussy more "comprehensibly" than any Frenchman I ever heard.

The speech of a nation originates from its music, not the other way around.

Consider how the generous Italian ripple is so like the Italians, and the guttural Arabic sensuality like Arabs themselves; how the suave, smooth, logical, arhythmic French tongue is like the French, German like Germans, or the somber Flamenco spurt resembles Spanish. And how Americans have altered English to fit their irritable jazzy innocence. The musical public of a nation resembles its performers, as the performers resemble the composer. An Italian barber knows his country's music better than our typical opera queen. Everyone sings in Italy: audiences identify to such an extent with the stage expression that they must be suppressed from audible demonstration, whereupon they rise to dance on their seats. Dance in Spain is the germ of Flamenco song: the grave harsh howl results from a bodily spasm. The Spanish sing with their feet as Italians dance with their throats. Cocteau: "The Flamenco singer spits out flowers of fire, then extinguishes them beneath his heel."

The French are more visual than aural, and have an unequaled sense of painting, flower arrangement, and food preparation. They *see* their music. They too are verbal during a concert, but in discreet Gallic commentary *on* the music rather than loud Latin association *with* the music. Germans, contrariwise, have little innate visual sense (their architecture, their grocery displays, are unappetizing) but, in their strange way, have the highest auditory appreciation in the West. At concerts they are mute as marble; nothing stands between them and the composer (if he's German) except the performer whom they psychoanalyze on the spot for a deeper understanding of the sound's secret sense.

Americans, like their music, combine Italian extraversion, Spanish kinetics, French discretion, and Teutonic neurasthenia.

. . .

The art of translation lies less in knowing the other language than in knowing your own.

. . .

When Fauré was asked the ideal tempo for a song, he answered: "If the singer is bad—very fast." Composers do not necessarily have preconceived ideas of interpretation. (A composer has the first word, never the last.) When a singer is good and has worked, that singer's concept is usually "right" on some terms, so the composer has little to suggest; if the singer is bad, nothing the composer might say will help much. A song, more than any musical form, is subject to varieties of legitimate interpretation by virtue of the performer's sex and vocal timbre. I'll accept—and be pleased by—radical variants from a singer which I'll refuse from a violinist or conductor.

. . .

I feel guilty about what I do best—setting words to music. Because it comes easily (meaning naturally) I feel I'm cheating. Still, it isn't *my* hand that has wings but another Ned Rorem's; I sit back impotent, watching his hand err and triumph.

The hand works to fill a void. Whether the work is good doesn't matter.

I know music—I don't know *about* music. Yes, I write songs. This does not mean I *know how* to write songs. I can show you how to make a perfect one, but not a good one. (Oh, I *do* "know how" to compose, but that's all. If I've anything to "impart," I'm unaware of it.)

Yet I was once arbitrarily named the best song writer in the world. For me to agree would be to take the way of movie stars who believe their own publicity; that ends in suicide. Not to agree would be the way of humility; humility isn't for artists: it leads to complacent mediocrity, another route to suicide. The right road, then? No one is ever "the best," they are all absolutes. One is only better. But by whose definition?

. . .

Composers may be profligate but never stars. Singers may be stars but never profligate.

. . .

Speech is man's most confused and egocentric expression; his most orderly and magnanimous utterance is song. This quasi-paradox is demonstrable by cocktail-party (or even organized simultaneous) talk versus vocal "pitched" fugatos. Consider how our ear at a noisy gathering can select, can distinguish and *focus* more nimbly than our eye; how we hardly wait for *him* to finish so *we* can start; how non-pitched voices become a babble of words which at best are weak symbols for ideas; how

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"ideas" in music are more than words can say; how boring singers speaking are; and how cohesion lacks in any coinciding speech, even when purposefully planned. Then consider how any group singing, by virtue of precalculated tones, immediately makes sense; how a singer loses his identity inside a greater identity; how the thread of a frugal notion weaves itself into a vaster fugal frame which in turn turns and shifts so that idea as Idea grows negligible within the Fact.

. . .

Speech, the human voice, is a gramaphone record. Some records are longer than others but our mechanisms ultimately set back the needle. Sooner or later you've heard all your best friends have to say. Then comes the tolerance of real love.

Love is a mystery which, when solved, evaporates. The same holds for music.

. . .

Once I said that the Sonata was a legitimate form, but that Song was a bastard progeny of two mediums. Amendment: song is a mule, the sterile product of the union of two species. No song can reduplicate itself, for each one has its own rules.

. . .

The French popular song has triple meter with narrational subject matter in A-B-C form. ("When our love was young he looked at only me; then he slept with the concierge's daughter; now, though I've killed him and await the guillotine, I'm content, knowing we'll soon be together in heaven.") The American popular song has duple meter with static subject matter in A-B-A form. ("He doesn't love me, maybe he will tomorrow, but he doesn't today.") The American relates a state of mind, the French a state of body. The difference between America and France is, in the largest sense, the difference between Protestant specialists and Catholic non-specialists.

. . .

I was more moved by the death of Billie Holiday than by the death of Landowska. For if Landowska was closer to the world in which I move, she was farther from the time in which I live, while Billie was part of my day. During twenty years I *felt* her more than any classical performer. Bill Flanagan* says (and I say it too about him) that I plagiarized Billie's spontaneous inflections and froze them into compositional idiosyncracies.

. . .

All music is a sung expression, and all instruments attempt to emulate the human voice. The piano in trying hardest failed most nobly. Yet instrumental composers have gradually ousted lyrical ones, so the latter impose their talents elsewhere—notably on high drama.

Now it doesn't follow that he who has fashioned singable songs will also construct workable operas. Opera's main challenge is theatrical, not vocal. Yes, no one writes songs anymore and everyone writes operas, but few of those operas come off, despite all sorts of wild electronic invention. Possibly it's because the proscenium arch (except for framing dancers) is finished. A brand new outlet for the medium itself is more indicated than the constant refurbishment of musical devices. That outlet will be through a projector. Because the future of opera lies in the movies. What the static aria once achieved on stage the mobile close-up will accomplish on film, with an additional introspection that our age demands. We will no longer avoid poets as librettists: their every explicit, even fussy, word will be understood.

Europe's idols are historical tragedians, ours are recent comedians. Yet even Italians today have forsaken "legitimate" theater and take Marilyn Monroe as seriously as they once took Eleanora Duse. Imagine a new Marilyn, dubbed, singing the words of, say, Frank O'Hara, as set to music by. . . .

. . .

Could unheard melodies be truly sweeter? Intelligence is silence, truth being invisible. But what a racket I make in declaring this.

* The American musician and critic—ED.

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Auschwitz

A Report on the Proceedings Against Robert Karl Ludwig Mulka and Others Before the Court in Frankfurt

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Some twenty former SS men, officers and noncoms, came before a Frankfurt court, in 1963, for their roles in the murder of countless men, women, and children who had been systematically exterminated "somewhere in Poland." Bernd Naumann, who covered the trial daily for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, now presents a never-to-be-forgotten account of this, Germany's first Auschwitz trial.

Mr. Naumann's original newspaper articles provided much of the documentation for the new play by Peter Weiss, *The Investigation*, which opened on Broadway this fall.

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III

ARTISTS don't seek reasons. They are all by definition children, and vice versa. Like children, alas, they are always showing you rough drafts.

. . .

Criminals are saints *manqués*. Saints are artists *manqués*. Artists are criminals *manqués*.

. . .

Does sound come to our ears, or do our ears go out to sound? Earshot is a meaningless word; our ears go out to the horrible beauties all about. Or *should* go out. Really we hear just our heartbeat, taste just the tongue, contemplate our navel, smell nothing but our upper lip, and feel not even our own fingertips. Perhaps they're all we have.

. . .

Twenty years ago after the première of a Ben Weber work at an I.S.C.M.* concert I asked Lou Harrison:† "Was that piece of Ben's twelve-tone?" "Sure. Couldn't you tell by the way he avoided saying so?" Imagine such an attitude today!

Of course I was part of that serial movement—the part that talked against it.

. . .

They're all writing the same piece. At the moment that piece is for intoned speech with small chamber group, and resembles—according to the instrumentation—Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* for parties (Boulez' ice-cubey xylophones), *Pierrot Lunaire* for barnyards (Berio's cackling woodwork), or *Pierrot Lunaire* for Sunday School (Babbitt's organey loudspeakers). Pieces that evoke—as these do—extra-musical rather than intra-musical stimuli are always preferable to vice versa, i.e., these point-blank imitations of the above three B's that grow indistinguishable from one another.

. . .

The difference between Reactionary and Conservative is that the former uses traditional devices unchanged, the latter uses them freshly. Bill Flanagan points out that within the catalogues of, say, just Barber and Moore, both tendencies exist. To name only vocal works: *Knoxville* and *Baby Doe* are conservative, *Vanessa* and *Wings of the Dove* are reactionary.

. . .

I could hope for my music to be thought dateless, like much of Satie (his *Gymnopédies* sound as new today as in 1888); not astonishing for when it was composed, like much of Ives; or pleasantly 19th-century, like much of Menotti; or quickly *démodée*, like much of the current Academy. But without Time, unmannered. . . . They tell me I'm gazing into a mirror of the past. But mirrors are faithless: if they reflect the truth vertically they inevitably lie to breadth, since right and left are reversed, and become wrong and left. Am I right to be left and wrong?

. . .

Late last night, alone—or so I thought—in a studio of Music Hall in Salt Lake City, I was reading through the Purcell *Fantazias* at the piano. Gradually the music grew out of focus. I grew scared, stopped playing, yet sound continued. Wasn't I alone? Stepping into the hallway I heard more clearly what seemed a distant wheezing tuba. I peeked into the concert hall and witnessed this: eight ladies, each armed with a double-bass, were performing unison exercises under the tutelage of a ninth. My ear had heard brass. Unexpected sonorities aren't always identifiable: middle-C on the piano, caught and sustained electronically after the *ictus*, is acoustically identical to the French horn. Pop a green grape into the mouth of an unalerted blind man: he'll think it's a soft marble or a butter ball.

. . .

A real artist judges only results, never possibilities. Blind before risks, he can run only correct ones despite himself—that's his definition; chance and choice to him reverse their accepted meanings. An artist who does not want to be wrong ends by not wanting.

Taste, like intelligence, can stifle the abandon needed for "getting on with it," although intelligence and taste are not akin.

. . .

Yeats: "Man can embody truth but he cannot know it."

The chore of beauty. Maybe what's worth writing can't be written. Why try? As a frame of reference. Art isn't *that* important! Life—to quote the playwright, Arnold Weinstein—isn't everything.

Fame brings more pleasure than the so-called creative act it irrelevantly celebrates. Fame while it lasts is complete, while creation (how I despise that ill-used word!) is often unfaithful, always imperfect.

Perfection is no more a requisite to art than to heroes. Refrigerators are perfect. Beauty limps.

My refrigerator has had to be replaced.

. . .

Stravinsky, being a great man, is always right. The Great don't make mistakes—or what makes them great? Like Marlon Brando's changing physiognomy, all that Stravinsky does is right, even when we know he's wrong.

The Great don't innovate, they fertilize seeds planted by lackeys, then leave to others the inhaling of the flowers whose roots they've manured. A deceptive memory may be the key to their originality.

. . .

Adjectives for music (velvet touch, golden tone, delicious) are tactile, visual, or oral—but not aural, how can they be?

. . .

Poets are worse off than composers because they earn even less, and because their craft does not demand the hackwork that eases tensions. A poet's main problem is what to do with those other twenty-four hours a day.

. . .

My music is a diary no less compromising than my prose, though nobody seems to hear it that way. A diary nevertheless differs from a musical composition in that it depicts the moment, the writer's

* International Society for Contemporary Music—ED.

† The contemporary American composer —ED.

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present mood which, were it inscribed an hour later, could emerge quite otherwise. I don't believe that composers notate their moods, they don't tell the music where to go—it leads them.

Why do I write music? Because I want to hear it—it's simple as that. Others may have more "talent," more "sense of duty" (Lukas Foss now admits this). But I compose just from necessity, and no one else is making what I need.

Yet we're all afraid of being misrepresented, as though we didn't misrepresent ourselves every minute.

To start writing about your life is, from one standpoint, to stop living it. You must avoid adventures today so as to make time for registering those of yesterday. Of course, musical composition is also the sacrifice of social living; but though it too is possibly autobiographical, it is not necessarily retrospective—at least no one can prove it to be.

. . .

Réverdy maintains there is no love, only proofs of love. By the same token there is no poetry, only proofs of poetry. There is no universe, only proofs of the universe, and those proofs are art. . . . People are suspicious of an artist who will not verbalize his work: they feel he is evading the issue. Yet a phrase like "let the music speak for itself" is corny only because it's true. My performers, in singing for their supper, may starve. Still I'm beginning to miss the solitude of work, the silence of my own sounds.

NED ROREM, *the young American composer, is the author of* The Paris Diary of Ned Rorem (Braziller). *A slightly different version of the present piece will be included in his new book,* Music from Inside Out, *to be published by Braziller early in 1967.*

* * *

KOUFAX THE INCOMPARABLE

Mordecai Richler

WITHIN MANY a once-promising, now suddenly command-generation Jewish writer, there is a major league ball player waiting to leap out; and come Sunday mornings in summer, from the playing fields of East Hampton to the Bois de Boulogne to Hyde Park, you can see them, heedless of tender discs and protruding bellies, out in the fresh air together, playing ball. We were all raised on baseball. While today there do not seem to be that many Jewish major league stars about, when I was a kid there were plenty we could identify with. Sid Gordon and Al Rosen and of course Hank Greenberg. Even in Montreal we had, for a time, one of our own in the outfield, Kermit Kitman. Kitman, alas, was all field and no hit and never graduated from the Royals to the parent Dodgers, but it was once our schoolboy delight to lie in wait for him over the clubhouse at Saturday afternoon games and shout, "Hey, Kermit, you *pipick*-head, you think it's right for you to strike out on *Shabbes*?"

Baseball was never a bowl of cherries for the Jewish player. *The Encyclopedia of Jews in Sport,* a trusty reference I am never without, observes that while the initial ballplayer to accept money for playing was a Jew, Lipman E. Pike, first figuring in a box-score in Montauk a week after his bar-mitzvah in 1857, baseball, in those days, was dominated by unsavory, hard-drinking elements, and so there were few *known* Jewish players. The *Sporting News,* in 1902, wrote of one player, "His name was Cohen and he assumed the name of Kane when he became a semi-professional, because he fancied that there was a popular and professional prejudice against Hebrews as ball players." Other major-leaguers were more militantly Jewish. Barney Pelty, for instance, who pitched for the St. Louis Browns from 1903 to 1912, seemingly did not object to being known as "The Yiddish Curver." Still, the number of our players in any era has been small, possibly because, as Norm Sherry, once a catcher with the Dodgers, has said, "Many boys find opposition at home when they want to go out for a ballplaying career." Despite opposition at home or in the game the Jew, as the *Encyclopedia* happily notes, has won virtually every honor in baseball. If there remains a Jewish Problem in the game today, it hinges on the Rosh Hasha-

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nah-Yom Kippur syndrome, for the truth we all have to live with is that much as the Reform temple has done to lighten our traditional Jewish burdens, the rush for the pennant and Rosh Hashanah, the World Series and Yom Kippur, still sometimes conflict.

Should a nice Jewish boy play ball on the High Holidays? Historical evidence is inconclusive. Harry Eisenstadt, once a pitcher for the Dodgers, was in uniform but not scheduled to pitch on Rosh Hashanah 1935, but when the Giants began to hurt his team he was called into the game *and his first pitch was hit for a grand slam home-run.* And yet—and yet—one year earlier Hank Greenberg, with the Tigers close to their first pennant since 1909, played on Rosh Hashanah and hit two home runs. Greenberg went to *shul* on Yom Kippur, alas, and the Tigers lost. The whole country, rabbis and fans at odds, was involved in the controversy, and Edgar Guest was sufficiently inspired to write a poem the last verse of which reads:

Come Yom Kippur—holy fast day
world-wide over to the Jew—
And Hank Greenberg to his teaching and the old tradition true
Spent the day among his people and
he didn't come to play.
Said Murphy to Mulrooney "We shall lose the game today!
We shall miss him in the infield and
shall miss him at the bat,
But he's true to his religion—and
I honor him for that!"

Honor him, yes, but it is possible that Greenberg, the only Jew in the Hall of Fame, was also tragically inhibited by his Jewish heritage. I'm thinking of 1938, when he had hit 58 home runs, two short of Babe Ruth's record, but with five games to play failed to hit another one out of the park. Failed . . . or just possibly held back, because Greenberg just possibly understood that if he shattered the Babe's record, seemingly inviolate, it would be considered pushy of him and given the climate of the times, not be such a good thing for the Jews.

Greenberg, in any event, paved the way for today's outstanding Jewish player, the incomparable Sandy Koufax. So sensitive is the Dodger front office to Koufax's religious feelings that Walter Alston, the Dodgers' manager, who was once severely criticized for scheduling him to play on Yom Kippur, is now reported to keep a Jewish calendar on his desk.

Koufax, who has just published his autobiography,* is not only the best Jewish hurler in history, he may well be the greatest pitcher of all time, regardless of race, color, or creed. His fast ball, Bob Feller has said, "is just as good as mine," and Casey Stengel was once moved to comment, "If that young fella was running for office in Israel, they'd have a whole new government over there. . . ." Koufax has won the National League's Most Valuable Player Award, the Cy Young Award as the outstanding major league pitcher of the year, and the Hickok Pro Athlete of the Year Award. He has pitched four no-hit games, more than any other major league pitcher. He holds the major league record for both the most shutouts and the most strikeouts in one season and also the major league record for the number of seasons in which he has struck out more than three hundred batters. He has tied the major league record for most strikeouts in a nine-inning game and also tied World Series records. I could go on and on, but a nagging question persists. This, you'd think, was enough. Koufax, at least, has proved himself. He is accepted. But is he?

ANTI-SEMITISM takes many subtle shapes and the deprecating story one reads again and again, most memorably recorded in *Time*, is that Sandy Koufax is actually something of an intellectual. He doesn't mix. Though he is the highest-paid player in the history of the game, improving enormously on Lipman E. Pike's $20 a week, he considers himself above it. Fresco Thompson, a Dodger vice-president, is quoted as saying, "What kind of a line is he drawing anyway—between himself and the world, between himself and the team?" Another report quotes Koufax himself as saying, "The last thing that entered my mind was becoming a professional athlete. Some kids dream of being a ball player, I wanted to be an architect. In fact, I didn't like baseball. I didn't think I'd ever like it." And the infamous *Time* story relates that when Koufax was asked how he felt after winning the last game in the 1965 World Series, he said, "I'm just glad it's over and I don't have to do this again for four whole months."

In *Koufax*, which the pitcher wrote with the dubious relief help of one Ed Linn, he denies the accuracy of most of these stories. In fact, looked at one way, Koufax's autobiography can be seen as a sad effort at self-vindication, a forced attempt to prove once and for all that he is the same as anybody else. Possibly, Koufax protests too much. "I have nothing against myths," he begins, "but there is one myth that has been building through the years that I would just as soon bury without any particular honors: the myth of Sandy Koufax, the anti-athlete." He goes on to state flatly that he is no "dreamy intellectual," lured out of college by a big bonus, which he has since regretted, and as if to underline this point he immediately lapses into regular-guy English. "Look, if I could act that good I'd have signed with 20th Century Fox instead of Brooklyn. . . ." Koufax protests that though he is supposed to read Aldous Huxley and Thomas Wolfe, and listen to Beethoven, Bach, and Mendelssohn, if anybody dropped in at his place they would more likely find him listening to a show tune or a Sinatra album. All the same, he does own up to a hi-fi. "I wish," he writes, "my reading tastes were classier, but they happen to run to the bestseller list and the book-club selections," which strikes this reader as something of an evasion. Which book clubs, Sandy? Literary Guild or Readers' Subscription?

Koufax insists the only thing he was good at in school was athletics (he captained the basketball team which won the National Jewish Welfare Board hoop tournament in 1951-52) and denies, to quote *Time* again, that he is an anti-

* *Koufax* (with Ed Linn), Viking, 256 pp., $4.95.

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athlete "who suffers so little from pride that he does not even possess a photograph of himself." If you walk into his room, Koufax writes, "you are overwhelmed by a huge, immodest action painting," by which he means a picture which shows him in four successive positions of delivery. Furthermore, he denies that "I'm mightily concerned about projecting a sparkling all-American image," and yet it seems to me this book has no other purpose. Examined on any other level it is a very bush-league performance, thin, cliché-ridden, and slapped together with obnoxiously clever chapter headings such as, "Where the Games Were," "*La Dolce Vita* of Vero Beach," "Suddenly, That Summer," and "California, Here We—Oops—Come." A chapter called "The Year of The Finger," I should hasten to add in this time of Girodias and Grove Press books, actually deals with Koufax's near tragic circulatory troubles, his suspected case of Raynaud's Phenomenon.

Projecting an all-American image or not, Koufax hasn't one unkind or, come to think of it, perceptive, word to say about the game or any of his teammates. Anecdotes with a built-in twinkle about this player or that, unfailingly end with "That's John (Roseboro)," or "That's Lou (Johnson)," and one of his weightiest observations runs "Life is odd," which, *pace* Fresco Thompson, is not enough to imply alienation.

Still true to the all-American image, Koufax writes, nicely understating the case, that though there are few automobiles he couldn't afford today, nothing has given him more joy than the maroon Rollfast bicycle his grandparents gave him for his tenth birthday when he was just another Rockville Centre kid. "An automobile is only a means of transportation. A bike to a ten-year-old boy is a magic carpet and a status symbol and a gift of love." Self-conscious, perhaps, about his towering salary, which he clearly deserves, considering what a draw he is at the gate, he claims that most of the players were for him and Drysdale during their 1966 holdout. "The players felt—I hope—that the more we got paid, the more they would get paid in the future," which may be stretching a point some.

KOUFAX was not an instant success in baseball. He was, to begin with, an inordinately wild pitcher, and the record for his 1955 rookie year was 2-2. The following year he won two more games, but lost four, and even in 1960 his record was only 8-13. Koufax didn't arrive until 1961, with an 18-13 record, and though some accounts tell of his dissatisfaction over the earlier years and even report a bitter run-in with Dodgers' general manager, Buzzy Bavasi—because Koufax felt he was not getting sufficient work—he understandably soft-pedals the story in his autobiography. Koufax is also soft on Alston, who, according to other sources, doubted that the pitcher would ever make it.

If Koufax came into his own in 1961—becoming a pitcher, he writes, as distinct from a thrower—then his transmogrification goes some way to belie the all-American image; in fact there is something in the story that will undoubtedly appeal to anti-Semites who favor the Jewish-conspiracy theory of history. Koufax, according to his own account, was helped most by two other Jews on the team, Allen Roth, the resident statistician, and Norm Sherry, a catcher. The turning-point, Koufax writes, came during Spring training, at an exhibition game, when Sherry told him, "Don't try to throw hard, because when you force your fast ball you're always high with it. Just this once, try it my way. . . ."

"I had heard it all before," Koufax writes. "Only, for once, it wasn't blahblahblah. For once I was rather convinced. . . ." Koufax pitched Sherry's way and ended up with a seven-inning no-hitter and went on from there to superstardom. The unasked question is, would Norm Sherry have done as much for Don Drysdale?

MORDECAI RICHLER, *author of* The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz, *is a young Canadian novelist who lives in England. His latest novel is* Stick Your Neck Out.

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THE LIMITS OF INNOVATION

THE AGE OF KEYNES. By ROBERT LEKACHMAN. *Random House. 304 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by ANDREW SHONFIELD

IT IS QUITE a long time now since Keynes became firmly established as economic orthodoxy in Britain and the United States. In Britain, the process went further: governments announced their formal conversion early on and Keynesian economics had the status of official doctrine throughout the postwar period. Yet when it came to the crunch, and they faced a deficit in their balance of payments, British governments, Labour as well as Conservative, behaved in good old-fashioned deflationary style—as if Montague Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, and not Keynes had won the intellectual battle of the 1930's. As Robert Lekachman says, it seems as if "the specter of Lord Norman walks Westminster's battlements, tediously lecturing his countrymen on the need to create as much unemployment and as much business recession as might be required to check and reverse adverse balances in Britain's trading accounts."

In the United States, the official resistance to the attempt to bring Keynesian doctrines into the mainstream of official policy has, during most of the postwar period, been fiercer and more explicit. Lekachman reminds us that as late as the summer of 1961, when the U.S. was in a business recession and unemployment had reached seven per cent, President Kennedy contemplated putting taxes up higher, to pay for the military expenditures brought on by the Berlin crisis. His subsequent education in the economics of deficit financing was rapid and complete; American prosperity in the 1960's is a monument to it. Still, it is remarkable that the starting-point of the most radical and progressive, as well as the best educated, President that the United States has had since the war should have been at such a low intellectual threshold.

The odd thing is that in continental Europe, where Keynesian doctrines had barely penetrated until several years after the war, governments were on the whole managing their business cycles so that they caused less interruption to the process of economic growth than in the United States or Britain. Moreover, by the 1960's, most of these European countries were running their economies at a consistently lower level of unemployment than the Americans or the British. There is thus an element of paradox in the story which Lekachman tells, of the way in which a set of novel ideas developed thirty years ago by one economist of genius, who was fortunate enough to possess both a resounding platform and a brilliant expository style, has affected the world in which we live. The last chapter of the book is called "The Triumph of an Idea." But how, in practical terms, has it triumphed? True, the world economy has been much better managed in the past twenty years than in the twenty years before. But on the evidence the result, at any rate until the era of the new United States tax policy in the 1960's, has owed very little to the deliberate application of the Keynesian formula of deficit financing as a device for securing full employment. Full employment in Western Europe, at least during most of the period that we have experienced it, can, I believe, be shown to owe more in the first place to American aid and later on to the continuing American balance-of-payments deficit than to any act of deliberate policy. The point is that Western Europe's achievement would almost certainly not have occurred without the stimulus of a sustained and extraordinarily rapid expansion of international trade, and that rested on the steady annual contribution to the growth of international liquidity made by the United States. In Germany outstandingly, but in several other countries too, full employment in the 1950's was largely the by-product of the export boom.

THE STORY of the 1960's is different. Governments do by now show clear signs of a determination to order their affairs in a systematic fashion so as to maintain—or in the United States case, to secure—the blessing of full employment. The conclusion therefore appears to be that it was not the idea which triumphed, but the coincidental experience of full employment, extended over several years, which drew attention to the idea. What Lekachman shows is how, during all these years, both of the war and the postwar period, the intellectual *climate* in which policy was formulated underwent a profound change. Interventionism by government to achieve broad economic objectives, including higher levels of employment, came increasingly to be regarded as normal. New ideas, even if they were not immediately accepted, became familiar—like the idea of an "economic budget" for the nation, contained in the original version of the U.S. Employment Act of 1946, which was intended to provide the President, and the Congress too, with an independent yardstick to measure the amount of resources of manpower and capital that were available and were failing to get used. There were still the diehards, like George Humphrey, Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury, who as late as the second half of the 1950's was heaping contempt on those who held the immoral notion that you could "spend yourself rich." But by the early 1960's, the reformers, who were bent on the demonstration that you could do just that, were pushing at a half-open door. Today the door is fully open—in Europe as well as the United States.

But it would be wrong to see the story simply in terms of a victory for the intellectuals and techni-

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cians over the prejudices of ignorant politicians. Keynes put the problem of persuasion in the right order in a speech to the House of Lords in 1944 detailing the "triumph" of his ideas—"governments, parliaments, banks, the press, the public, and even economists, have at last accepted the new doctrines . . . ." As Lekachman shows, many of the notions which Keynes labored so hard to introduce into the minds of his fellow economists were familiar to less sophisticated persons, even "commonplace." Thus Lloyd George as early as 1924 was making proposals about public works as a device for pump-priming the economy which assumed the process later embodied in the theory of the "multiplier." Keynes himself only caught up with Lloyd George in the election manifesto which he helped to draft for him in 1929.

In a more profound sense, the essential conflict was between the plain man's perception that in a modern capitalist economy things do not necessarily balance successfully of their own accord, and the classical economist's assertion that if you look far enough, you will always find that they do. The fact that plain men nevertheless allowed themselves to be bamboozled for so long is a tribute to the spiritual force embodied in the great imaginative constructions of classical economics. Any student who has entered into this experience will testify to its compelling aesthetic power. Keynes's glory was that he was a practicing classical economist who changed sides.

THE BEST pages of Lekachman's considerable book are those which bring home to the reader, after the lapse of thirty or forty years, the nature of the prejudices that had to be overcome, the species of intellectual wrestling that was necessary, in order to arrive at a more accurate vision of the world as viewed through the curious simplifying lenses that economists make use of. Lekachman has already given proof of unusual skill and elegance in this form of analysis in *A History of Economic Ideas*. His strength lies in his profound sense of intellectual period, of the horizons which at any particular point in time bound even the cleverest men's thoughts. He shows, for instance, with great shrewdness why it was that economists of the 1920's and 1930's, who were otherwise kind and intelligent and sensitive persons, nevertheless found it impossible to entertain the idea that there might be such a thing as involuntary unemployment. Their world-view rested on two basic assumptions. One was the metaphysical assumption that there is always some price at which the demand for anything and all the available supply of it can be brought into balance. The other was psychological—that prices in a market unimpeded by artificial obstructions accurately measure personal preferences. In that case it followed that if a man was unemployed, he must by an act of will have denied the use of his labor to some potential employer, because he was dissatisfied with the price offered.

All sorts of moral propositions about the way to treat indolent poverty could be made to flow from this kind of exercise in pure economics. But it would be unfair to the economists to suggest that they were really after the moral judgments and used their subject-matter as a means to that end. They were simply stuck with their system, so splendid in its simplicity and analytic power that there was enormous reluctance to contemplate an alternative.

The second part of the book asks the question how far Keynes is relevant to the new problems of the 1950's and 1960's—cost inflation, administered prices, the threat of technological unemployment as a result of automation. The answer is: only very partially so. What all this suggests is an interesting comment on the way in which new ideas influence events. Full-blown Keynesian theory has neither guided the making of economic policy during the 1940's and 1950's, when the postwar economy of the West was being given its shape, nor does it provide solutions for the new crop of economic problems which exercise governments in the second half of the 20th century. It looks as if the real contribution made by Keynes was not, after all, to supply a lot of answers but rather to talk economists into adopting

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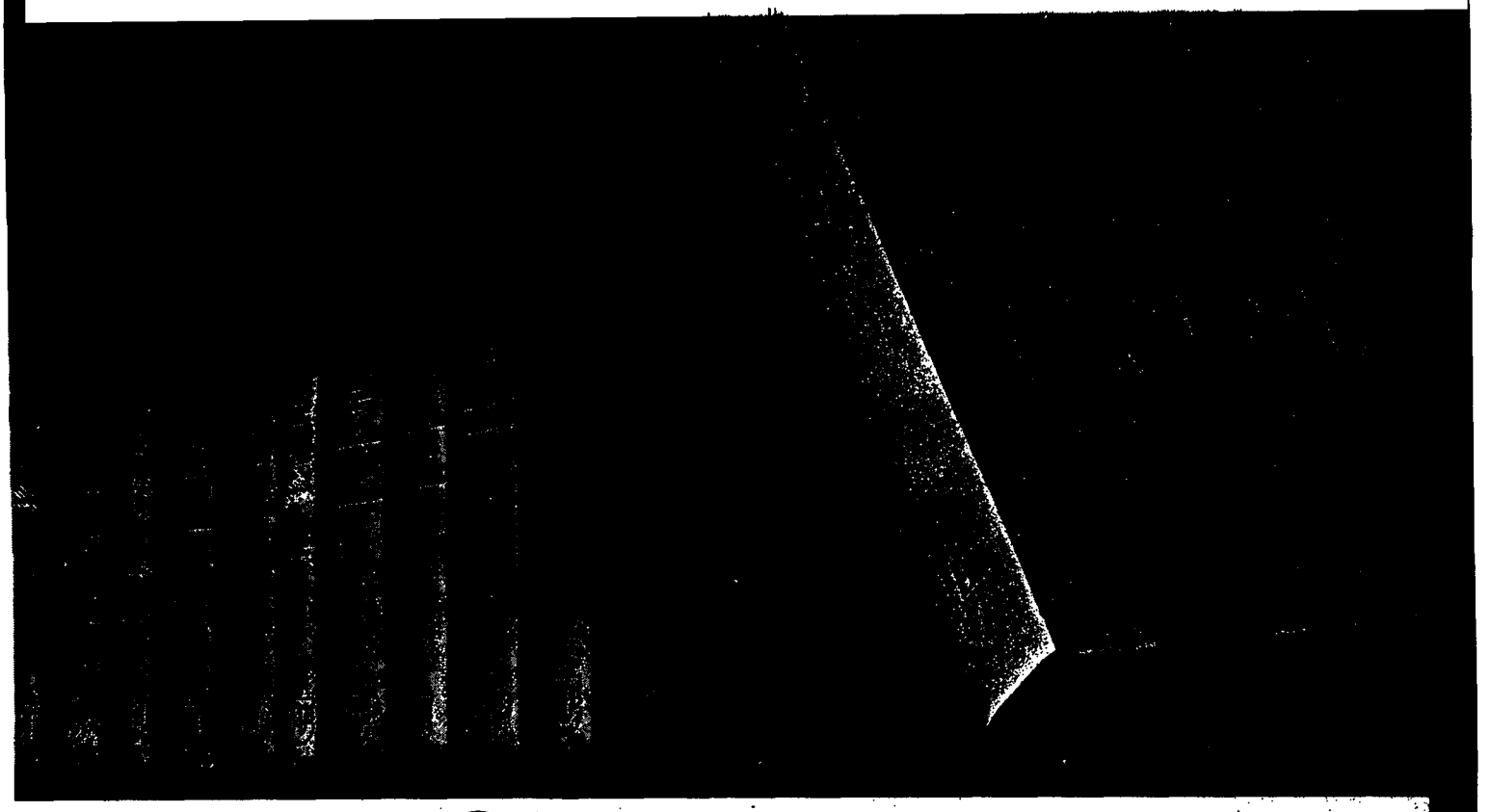

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*David Daiches, COMMENTARY, September 1965

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new ways of looking at things. They have been compelled to take note of and to measure key elements not previously identified as important, and to puzzle over relationships that they would otherwise have overlooked. Of course every innovator would like to be a prophet. Keynes was even less of a prophet than most. But perhaps he needed to have his intense interest in guessing and prophesying, which fills the considerable volume of his journalistic writings, even the cocksure belief in his own prophecies, in order to be prompted to innovate on quite so large a scale.

THE GOLDEN AGE

HEBREW POEMS FROM SPAIN. Introduction, Translation, and Notes by DAVID GOLDSTEIN. *Schocken Books. 176 pp. $5.95*

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

THE FLOWERING of Hebrew poetry in Spain in the two centuries between 1000 and 1200 C.E. is a perpetual challenge to scholarship and to criticism. A challenge to historical scholarship, because the reason why this kind of Hebrew literature should flourish only in this period of Jewish history is hard to determine, and a challenge to criticism because the special uses of imagery and rhythms resulting from the impact of Arabic poetry on the Jewish literary mind are difficult to assess as well as impossible to imitate in English in a manner that is both accurate and effective. David Goldstein, in his concise and lucid introduction to his English versions of some seventy of these poems, sees the revival of Hebrew poetry in Spain as "a direct consequence of two factors: the residence of the Jews in Muslim lands, and the Jews' reappraisal of the Bible." The former brought the influence of Arabic poetic styles and procedures and the latter "a reopening of the Jewish mind and imagination to the actual words of the Bible." One can hardly deny this, yet the precise nature of the acculturation which, for example, led Samuel Ha-Nagid to write both drinking songs and a poem of praise to God for the victory of the army of Granada, (commanded by the poet), over that of Seville, demands fuller explanation.

It is worth pausing at this victory poem. Its Hebrew title is simply *tehilah* ("praise" or "song of praise"), although Mr. Goldstein helpfully calls it "The Victory over Ben Abbad." The Hebrew consists of about 15 lines, each divided into two sections, with the last syllable of each word of each line ending in the syllable *-im* (which, as the masculine plural ending in Hebrew, is not difficult to find). Roughly transliterated, the opening goes like this:

Hali taas b'chol-shana
phealim
k'phaal'cha le-avot
va-atsilim
Ve-li tishchat k'phirim
kats'phirim
ve-li tizbach sh'chalim
kar'chelim

Literally:

Will you do for me every
year deeds
Like your deed for the fathers
and the noble ones?
Will you slaughter for me
young lions like he-goats
And sacrifice for me lions
like ewes?

Mr. Goldstein renders:

Will you perform for me
every year deeds
Like those you executed
for the princes and patriarchs?
Will you slaughter lions
for me instead of goats,
And offer them instead of
ewes for sacrifice?

This is fairly literal, and has a fine strong sound. But—and this happens again and again in translating this sort of Hebrew poetry—the special form and sound of the original disappears. One just cannot do it in English. Indeed, one sometimes wonders exactly what to make of it in the original Hebrew. Line upon line upon line, each with an identical number of syllables stressed in exactly the same places and each line ending with the same syllable—this is not the Hebrew poetry of the Psalms or the prophets; it has a kind of splendid rhetorical monotony slightly resembling what one sometimes gets in Whitman (but Whitman's rhythms are never so regular). On the whole, Mr. Goldstein has not attempted to reproduce the poetic form of the original, and has "judged more by an English eye and ear rather than by a desire to be faithful to the Hebrew poetic structure." This was a wise decision, and results in highly effective English versions.

EFFECTIVE, yet—like the Hebrew, only in a different way—puzzling. The parallelism of the passage quoted above (which has its affinities with, but is not really the same as, the parallelism of biblical Hebrew poetry) beats on throughout the poem and we end by admiring the dogged inventiveness of the poet rather than by appreciating the vitality of the poetry. Some things, of course, are bound to be missing in the English. References to, echoes of, variations on, as well as actual verbatim quotation of biblical passages run through all this Hebrew poetry. There is hardly a line by Judah Halevi which has not some reference to a biblical text. The peculiarly teasing way in which this can be done in Hebrew is impossible to reproduce in English, and the best thing for an English translator is to ignore the biblical echoes and be content to point them out in notes. And then there are puns and *doubles entendres* which are very difficult to reproduce in another language. For example, the biblical word for a young lion, *k'fir*, employed in the passage quoted above, has in addition another biblical meaning, "young hero." This is a simple extension of meaning, compared to the complex plays on words to which the special nature of the Hebrew language lends itself (and the special nature of the English language doesn't). Much, therefore, of the *artifice* of the originals is bound to be lost. This is a pity, because the artifice is often great, and even if one does not always know how to take it, it is there, to be looked at and wondered at. Because most of the kinds of artifice employed are not available to the English language, the writer of English versions must be content with an altogether looser kind of poem. Occasionally, in a short lyric, Mr. Goldstein attempts with considerable success to provide English equivalents for the form of the original; but in the longer

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poems, as he recognizes, to attempt to do this would be a mistake.

The range of these poems, both secular and devotional, will surprise the reader who imagines all Hebrew poetry before the present century to be religious; yet I must confess that the devotional poems, in this selection at least, have the truest ring. Solomon Ibn Gabirol's *Shachar Avakeshcha* ("In the morning I look for you") has that moving quality of lyric expressiveness, reminiscent in a way of George Herbert, that the poems about gardens and girls and apples and wine rarely possess. This Ibn Gabirol poem is in fact included in the morning liturgy for Sabbaths and festivals—one is surprised at the degree to which the best religious poems of this period have been recognized by the compilers of the Jewish prayerbook. Still, it is good for one's view of the Jewish genius to see Isaac Ibn Kalpon's poem upon the gift of a cheese or Samuel Ha-Nagid's charming, if deliberately artificial, little poem of invitation to a party with wine and girls (yet not, I think, as charming a poem as another by the same poet on the same theme, not included in this selection, the "Invitation to Drink Wine" with its splendid last lines: "for the earth to our eyes is like a laughing girl, and the world is like a dancer . . ."). Very late in the history of this poetic flowering, Judah Al-Harizi wrote his *Songs of Love and Desire* from which Mr. Goldstein culls one lyric:

The lute sounds at the
young girl's breast,
Soothing the heart with
its gracious tone;
Like a child weeping in
its mother's arms,
While she sings and smiles
at his tears.

The imagery here is not an echo of the *Song of Songs*, as in so much of the love poetry of Judah Halevi; it is secular in its own right. I may be wrong, but I can hear no biblical echo at all in the image of the child crying at its mother's breast while its mother sings to it, in spite of the fact that the prophets are full of mother-and-child images. The last phrase in the Hebrew—*v'hi tashir v'tsochakat l'vichyo*—seems to me moving and original. This singing and weeping belong (in my frame of reference at least) not to the Bible but to the same area as Carducci's

tramontano le stelle in
mezzo al mare
e si spengono i canti entro
il mio core.

The stars go down into the
midst of the sea
and the songs die away in
my heart.

BUT JUDAH HALEVI remains the greatest of these poets, and Mr. Goldstein gives him good representation, except for his poems of friendship and his elegies, none of which is included. Translating Halevi into English verse is peculiarly difficult, as I know, because I once tried my hand at rendering the great *Tsiyon halo tishali*, the Ode to Zion, with indifferent success. Mr. Goldstein does well with the relatively violent poems in which Halevi argues with himself and his friends about his determination to go to the Holy Land, or describes a storm at sea. Here the craftsmanship is less important than the sheer strength of the poetic argument, which can be reproduced in fairly rough-hewn English. The shorter, more delicate poems are more difficult. Here is Mr. Goldstein's version of *Ya'avor Alai R'tsoncha*, "Let your favor pass to me":

Your anger has enveloped me.
Envelop me now with love.
Shall my sin stand between me
and you for ever?
How long shall I seek your
companionship in vain?
I uphold your right hand. You
have enslaved me to the
stranger.
You who dwell on cherub's wings,
outstretched above the ark,
Arise, look down from your
dwelling.
Save my people, my redeemer.

I don't know how he could have done better than this, but all the same it misses so much. In the first place, it reverses the order of both the opening and the concluding sentences, and thus loses an important effect. The Hebrew opens:

Ya'avor alai r'tsoncha
ka-asher avar charoncha

Let your favor pass to me
as your anger has passed away.

The chiming of *r'tsoncha and charoncha*, "your favor" and "your anger," is made possible by the Hebrew second-person possessive suffix, *cha*, just as most Hebrew rhymes are made possible by the place of suffixes in the language. Further, the meter of the original is strict, each half-line consisting of eight syllables which are in turn divided into two groups of long-short-long-long. This gives a special kind of lift to the poem. The last two lines go:

he-avdetani l'zarim
va-ani chanat y'min'cha

Literally:

You have enslaved me to
strangers
and I am the companion
of your right hand.

goali lig'ol hamonai
rom vehashkeph mim'on'cha

Literally:

My Redeemer! to redeem my
multitudes
rise and look out from
your dwelling

There is an epigrammatic force in the balancing and rhyming of the original which a literal rendering absurdly misses and which even the controlled rephrasing of Mr. Goldstein does not capture.

It may be said that I am blaming Mr. Goldstein for not achieving the impossible. But I am not blaming him, only using some of his renderings to illustrate the nature of the problem. Although he has not achieved the impossible, he has produced poems that read well as English poems and give some idea of the range and interest of the originals. The book is well introduced and unpretentiously annotated. Mr. Goldstein, in short, has tackled a difficult task extremely well, and I hope his collection will be widely read.

FREE-LANCE

BETWEEN THE LINES. By DAN WAKEFIELD. *New American Library. 274 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by JOSEPH EPSTEIN

MACAULAY once estimated the lifespan of his essays, articles, and reviews—what today would be called his "pieces"—to be at most six

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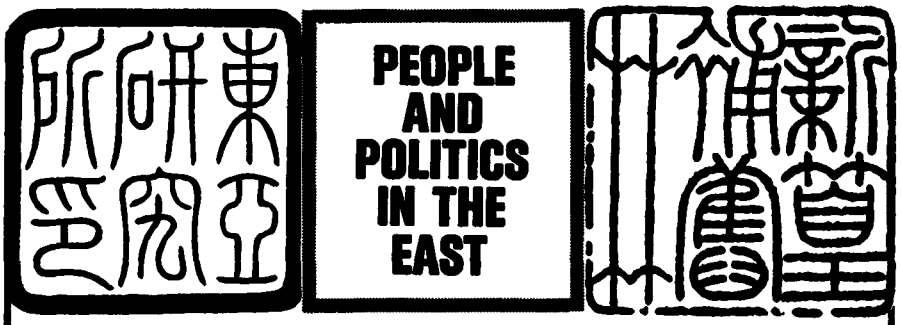
weeks after their initial appearance in print. In his particular case, of course, he could not have been more wrong, since the "pieces" have survived as the *Literary Essays* and the *Historical Essays*. But in general, an estimated longevity of six weeks for most journalistic work is probably not far from accurate. Implicitly, at least, Dan Wakefield would seem to agree. I say "implicitly" because in *Between the Lines*, a selection of his work over the past decade, Wakefield has done more than merely dredge up his favorite pieces and slosh them together into just another collection. He has gone considerably further and strung a running commentary through them—on the order of that devised by Norman Mailer in *Advertisements for Myself*—reviewing the part each article has played in his own continuing education. The result for which he strives, he tells us, "is an illuminating mixture of autobiography, confession, and criticism, constructed around reports I have published, unified only by the 'I' who is behind them all, and the effort of the particular 'I' to inquire as closely as possible into the elusive truth of the scene and situation."

Before going on to inquire into the success of this venture, let me say that I consider Dan Wakefield to be one of the better journalists writing in America today; and by journalist I have in mind what Edmund Wilson means when he calls himself that: someone who makes his living writing for magazines. Wakefield is what is known in the trade as a "free-lance." Rather than writing from his study and out of his head, the free-lance generally reports on events or subjects at first-hand. He usually has no specialty, but skips around to whatever subject happens to interest him—or the editors who will pay for his work—at the moment. Thus, for an article on marijuana Wakefield attended a number of pot parties and also drew on his own previous, and not very felicitous, experience with the drug. Thus, too, instead of producing elaborate condemnations and analyses of racial injustice in Mississippi, he covered the Emmett Till murder trial. And for an earlier



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book on the Puerto Ricans in New York, *Island in the City,* he lived in Spanish Harlem for an extended period.

The resulting reportage varies in quality. Some of the pieces have retained their interest, notably Wakefield's report on Spain and an account of his reactions to poverty in Hazard, Kentucky. Others, however, serve to confirm Macaulay's prediction, and seem to have been shriveled by time. At any rate, I found it hard to work up more than a vague, almost antiquarian interest in articles such as those dealing with a Jack Kerouac poetry reading eight years ago at the Village Vanguard; the libel suit brought against James Jones by a man named Joseph Angelo Maggio; and Carmine De Sapio's 1959 campaign in the Village. What is of consistent interest, though, is the commentary surrounding the various pieces, and nowhere is it more interesting than in those portions in which Wakefield talks about the free-lance life.

THAT commentary begins with a rather desultory essay entitled "The Shadow Unmasked," which sketches out the plan for *Between the Lines* and offers an account of Wakefield's apolitical, non-literary, relatively trauma-free upbringing in Indianapolis. The "Shadow"of the title derives from the comment of a friend who, after Wakefield had published a number of pieces on Israel in which he had figured as "the stranger," asked: "Who do you think you are, The Shadow?"

Which brings us to the first of the arguments in *Between the Lines,* an argument centering around Wakefield's disdain for journalistic pretensions at objectivity and his belief in the journalist's right to appear before the reader in his own person. Wakefield claims that the pieces which gave him the most pleasure were those in which he "had worked up to the admission and use of the I," and in support of the first-person approach he cites such distinguished works as James Baldwin's *Notes of a Native Son* and George Orwell's *The Road to Wigan Pier.* He makes it amply clear he would prefer The Shadow to be gone; and if he had his way he would bid goodday also to "the visitor," "the observer," and "the stranger."

On the face of it, this does not seem to be much of a problem. As with fiction, so with journalism—why not let the material suggest the technique? If a given piece is best written in the first person, why not write it in the first person; if in the third, then why not use the third? Yet things are not quite so simple. Although Wakefield doesn't come right out and say so, the fact is that most magazine editors are quite wary of anything that does not fit their formula ideas of what constitutes a good magazine piece. (After inviting me to write for his journal, such an editor once informed me: "There are five basic leads into any article," and proceeded to enumerate them.) The use of the first person, however, implies a personal and possibly idiosyncratic approach, a clear admission that the writer is recording his own impressions, and not necessarily those of anyone else. While subject to abuses, the first-person approach has the virtue of modesty; it says, in effect, "Here is the way I see this subject," and not, "Here is the way it is." Such modesty frequently runs counter to the tone expected by editors. Wakefield, for example, was originally sent to report on poverty in Hazard, Kentucky, by a mass-circulation magazine, only to find that the available formulas could not contain his strong reactions to what he saw. When, he tells us, the magazine rejected the piece he turned out, he sat down and rewrote it in the first person and proceeded to publish it in COMMENTARY.*

HAVING outgrown the sterilities of formula journalism, Wakefield has also refused to settle for the comfortable life of the specialist, which is another of the dangers and temptations of the free-lance life. People are evidently not aware of the rapidity with which the good journalist can assimilate a great deal of material on a given subject —it is one of the talents learned on the job—and how astonishingly easy it is to become "the leading expert" on whatever one has written about most recently. Wakefield tells us that after *Island in the City* appeared, he found himself a "specialist" on the Puerto Ricans. But despite what one gathers were numerous offers, he wrote only one more piece on the subject and then vowed never to turn to it again.

Shrugging off the mantle of the expert, along with such handsome titles as "social critic" or (more pompous yet) "social analyst," Wakefield remains determinedly the free-lancer, and manages to make his way of life seem quite attractive. "To be able to indulge himself in the things that interest him, to be able to travel to distant lands and events, are of course among the great privileges and rewards of the free-lance writer. He may not be able to cover all the things he would like to, but at least he can often refuse to do those things that fail to interest him. No regular boss can assign him to a subject that bores him to death. In this way the free-lance writer is indeed free."

But even in this way, one must add, there are limits to the free-lancer's freedom; like the rest of us, he is beset by such vulgar necessities as paying for food, clothing, and shelter. "In a decade of living as a free-lance writer," Wakefield informs us, with a candor unusual even in the offices of the Internal Revenue Service, "I have made between three thousand and eight thousand dollars a year." This hardly makes Wakefield—who is still in his early thirties—a candidate for the poverty program, but it does seem to preclude anything more than a rather ascetic existence.

Wakefield's candor about money is also interesting because he has on occasion been criticized for writing for such magazines as *Esquire, Playboy,* and *Mademoiselle.* Wakefield calls this *textural* criticism, about which he remarks: "It was considered that when my words were transferred from rough-grained to slick paper they in some subtle way lost their 'seriousness.' " From the free-lancer's point of view, it would be foolish to refuse to write for the slicks, since in fact he could not hope to survive on the lesser sums paid him by the

* "In Hazard," September 1963.

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smaller magazines. Wakefield himself has but two criteria for writing for any magazine, and these seem to me impeccable: (1) whether he can say in its pages what he pleases and in the way he pleases; and (2) whether it will pay him sufficiently to keep him alive while researching and writing the article. When Wakefield says that both *Esquire* and *Playboy* meet both conditions, I, for one, am ready to believe him.

That said, however, I think it of some interest to add that of the nineteen pieces Wakefield has chosen to reprint in *Between the Lines*, only two originally appeared in the slicks: the *Playboy* article on marijuana, and "Can a Girl from a Small Mining Town?," an *Esquire* piece about the struggles of the *nouveaux riches* to establish themselves in Society. What is more, neither one is up to Wakefield's best writing; or at least in neither is his own voice as readily identifiable as it is in most of his other work. Both pieces are examples of the highly sophisticated, rather racy reporting that is becoming the hallmark of a certain kind of slick article. Such articles allow the use of the first person, but they generally do not allow room for the values, emotions, or sympathies of the man behind the "I." In this kind of article, Wakefield's struggle to work up to the admission of the first person seems to have resulted in nothing more than the right to exercise a grammatical option.

IN FACT, the evidence of *Between the Lines* raises the question of whether the new openness of the slicks has any greater cultural significance than making it possible for some writers to live a bit more comfortably. That they *are* more open seems to me unarguable; for the cultural leveling—some would call it the cultural revolution—going on in America these days is nowhere more evident than in these magazines. Yet all that seems to have changed is the breadth—not the depth—of their interest.

I am not suggesting that good work isn't possible in the slicks; only that it isn't demanded. Wakefield's *Playboy* article on marijuana, for instance, is a kind of

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romp. It relates something of the history of the drug, telling how and by whom it was used and what it has been called over the years; it goes on to describe those who use it today and with what effects; it ends by noting that so long as one can still go to jail for having it in one's possession, one should probably stay away from it. Which is fine as far as it goes, except that it does not go far enough. When Dan Wakefield is at his best, as in the piece on Hazard, the reader is accustomed to go the distance.

THE EPISTEMOLOGICAL SELF

THE KNOWER AND THE KNOWN. By MARJORIE GRENE. *Basic Books. 283 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by MAURICE NATANSON

ALTHOUGH THE conceptual split between the knower and the known is an ancient philosophical problem, in its most pressing modern form it derives from the metaphysics of Descartes, where one finds the beginnings of a powerfully influential divorce of the knower—the subject and his interior awareness—from the known—the exterior reality which is the object of knowledge. Since the 17th century, science has repeatedly insisted that subjective knowledge, in its idiosyncratic variety and relativity, is not real knowledge at all. For knowledge to be real, i.e., truly warranted, it must be "objective," that is, verifiable, veridical, and ultimately dependable. The task of the knower, then, is to transcend his limitations as an individual and to achieve the status of the scientific observer.

The consequence within science of this epistemological split between the world "within" and the world "outside" has been a decisive tendency toward a mechanistic conception of nature, which reduces the world to elemental fragments and devaluates the knower to the status of a passive receptacle for experience or a psychological prison accessible only to the bizarre and questionable devices of introspection. The world of naive, everyday life and experience is devaluated along with the knower, and is to be transcended in favor of the natural scientist's theories and formalizations. Thus, the villainy of the subjective is to be overcome by the clean heroism of scientific method.

Fortunately, there has been no lack of opposition to this sort of philosophical and scientific reductionism, although it is still uncertain how effective the opposition has been. Marjorie Grene's new book represents one robust voice in a general chorus of revolt that has included such philosophers as Bergson, Dilthey, Whitehead, and (more recently) Merleau-Ponty, and, among philosopher-scientists, Buytendijk, Erwin Straus, and the thinker to whom Mrs. Grene is most intellectually indebted, Michael Polanyi. Mrs. Grene's own voice, however, is clearly heard in the protest. She is against the splintering of man's awareness into sensationistic bits; she is against maintaining a scientific paradigm for all domains of knowledge; she is against the dogmatism of a scientific establishment which has relegated value and teleology or purpose to a kind of leprosarium; and she is against philosophical obscurantists who would junk the possibilities of a genuine metaphysics. Concomitantly, she is for understanding man as an active agent in a knowing process which emphasizes the role of discovery and exploration; she is for a conception of physical man as a being-in-the-world, a being through which events in situationally structured unities and patterns of meaning are given status as *human* affairs; and she is for a metaphysics in which persons are rediscovered and redisclosed as the centers and sources of meaning. Altogether, she believes that "to put finally to rest our Newtonian delusions, to renew our conception of nature as *living*, and so to see ourselves once more as living beings in a world of living beings, still constitutes the major task of philosophy in the 20th century."

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with a tripartite structure. Part One treats of "Knowledge as Conjecture" and contains essays on Plato, Aristotle, and Descartes. Part Two, entitled "The Structure of Experience," covers problems in Hume and Kant and includes an essay on "Facts and Values." The final section, "The Complexity of Things," deals with Darwinism, biological theory, and questions of teleology. Taken together, the essays form a coherent argument which rests chiefly on the traditional contrast between knowing as a dynamic, knower-grounded activity, and knowing as an essentially empirical and naturalistic phenomenon seen as part of an evolutionary process. The central philosophical contrasts examined by Mrs. Grene are Plato's doctrine of *anamnesis*—the idea that the knower is ultimately able to know because he can remember or recollect what he had original knowledge of in a Heaven of Ideas—and Aristotle's location of knowledge in "demonstrative science." The debate reappears in transposed form in the chapters on Hume and Kant, where associationism gives way to transcendental philosophy —the quest for an *a priori* machinery of cognition which would tell us something of the conditions necessary for the very possibility of experience. According to Mrs. Grene, Hume's skepticism foundered on the problem of the self, "his want of a theory of the person." And Kant, despite his emphasis on the mind's activity, nonetheless gave us an epistemological self which could never achieve the rank of a flesh-and-blood knower. "The Kantian agent is an agent with no identity, no individuality, no destiny." Yet, as Mrs. Grene sees it, Kantian questions have led to new versions of an activistic theory of knowing—specifically those of phenomenologists and existentialists like Husserl and Merleau-Ponty. Polanyi's "tacit knowing," and the "nonthetic" consciousness of the phenomenologists both point to a primordial dimension of experience: the world as given, immediately and directly, to an agent for whom experience and the world are a continuous, surging aliveness, within which and through which

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individual acts of perception are embedded and realized. It is within this matrix of integral consciousnesss, activity, experience, and "objective" reality that the "person" resides.

Oddly enough, this radical concept of the person, which is the focus of Mrs. Grene's entire argument, is accorded little direct or systematic treatment in *The Knower and the Known*. Taking Polanyi's philosophy of personal knowledge as her point of departure, Mrs. Grene neglects to scrutinize this notion with the same talent for analysis and clarification which she applies so successfully to the work of Descartes and Kant. We are thus treated to a series of exceptionally illuminating analyses of the integral relationship between knower and known, while the root of the issue, the nature and structure of the knower himself, is left indecisive. Yet it is precisely this problem which is most in need of elucidation.

There is, of course, no doubt about the direction Mrs. Grene would take were she to set about writing a major chapter on the concept of the person. "It is Polanyi's theory of tacit knowing," she writes, "which can start us on the right path, coalescing as it does with the existentialist-phenomenological approach of Merleau-Ponty, and it may be, in large part at least, something not unlike the philosophy of *Process and Reality* that will emerge." The disappointment is that Mrs. Grene, at a decisive stage in the development of her argument, points back to her base of operations instead of reconstructing the problem.

THERE ARE other difficulties. Systems of existential and phenomenological philosophy (mainly represented by Merleau-Ponty) tend to be treated as supernumeraries in the drama; they are brought onstage at critical moments but play a limited role. The questions they raise, however, are at least as interesting as the fact that they are, as Mrs. Grene points out, compatible with Polanyi's theory of "tacit knowing." Similarly, Husserl's conception of the "life-world" is urgently relevant to her conception of the sovereignty of experience as against the dominion of science, but she does not pursue the subject. Nor is the phenomenological theory of the "intentionality" of consciousness, a crucial part of Merleau-Ponty's thought, given sufficient consideration in these pages, although, to be sure, the task of establishing a correlation between the position Mrs. Grene is proposing and the contributions of Merleau-Ponty would require an advance considerably beyond the limits of her present essays.

Within these limits, Mrs. Grene has successfully launched a frontal attack of informed and significant dimensions. *The Knower and the Known* is perceptive, sensitive, and, where necessary, blunt. Mrs. Grene is as much at home with the Greeks as she is with the evolutionists, and her close reading of classical philosophers is matched by her informed study of recent biological theory. And to compensate for her failure to venture an analysis of the concept of the person, her own person is very much at the center of this humane and belligerent volume.

ARTIST IN HIS SKIN

ALPHA AND OMEGA. By ISAAC ROSENFELD. *Viking. 288 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE DENNISON

ISAAC ROSENFELD'S death in 1956, at the age of thirty-eight, produced the same shock and sorrow as did the death of Franz Kline in 1962. It was not only that both men were loved and admired, but that these feelings in themselves were a response to an unusual kind of vitality, a vivacity and gentleness of spirit persisting at the heart of the artists' own concern with the anguish of the Extreme. The sense of loss was perhaps greater at the death of Rosenfeld. He was much younger than Kline, and as an artist had not yet reached his full development.

One's idea of what that development might have been was based in part on the extraordinary qualities of the essays Rosenfeld began writing at the age of twenty-three for such magazines as the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, *Partisan Review*, COMMENTARY, and which have been collected in *An Age of Enormity*, one of the finest American books of the last twenty years. His fiction appeared less frequently and attracted less attention. It was not as dazzling as his critical work, and then, too, the temper of the times—it was the Age of Criticism—was not congenial to fiction. One characteristic of that temper is worth mentioning here, since it has a direct bearing on the themes and forms of Rosenfeld's stories. I am referring to the quite common, quite spurious distinction that was made between writing dominated by feeling and writing dominated by intellect. The vanity of the distinction lay in its attempt to persuade us that thinking—ideation—could be equated with thought, and still worse with mind. Let me amplify this point by two quotations. "All the thinking in the world," (the words are Goethe's), "will not bring us to thought. We must be right by nature; then thoughts present themselves to us like the children of God—they jump up and cry 'Here we are!'" The other observation is Johann Merck's, expressed in a letter to Goethe. "Your efforts, your inevitable tendency, is to give poetic shape to reality; others seek to give reality to the so-called poetic, the imaginative, and that results in nothing but stupid trash." (The same point is made by Wordsworth in the *Preface*.)

Rosenfeld understood *thought* in precisely this way. It was the wholeness, the harmony, of the man. This is why his essays are so filled with mind, and why we cannot separate thought, feeling, spirit, but must take everything together: wit, knowledge, severity, insight, affections, loyalties, desires. It is why, after reading the stories in *Alpha and Omega*, of which perhaps only four are wholly successful, one takes the book in its entirety very much to heart. Here is a brilliant mind, an earnest and lovely spirit grappling with the forces (we are too familiar with them as *issues*), which have all but defeated the life of modern man. Such conjunctions are rare in American writing. (Two notable—

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and neglected—exceptions come to mind: *The Empire City* of Paul Goodman, for its power, scope, and the perfection of its language; and Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution,* for its beauty, its wit, and its quality of love.)

The special bearing of these considerations on Rosenfeld's fiction is this: that while he understood the modern age as being politicalized and ridden by abstractions, he undertook to synthesize the fragmented elements of a whole life rather than accept intellect without mind or sensibility without tradition. From this effort, which is basic to his entire career, proceed two unique qualities. First, that his thought, far from being the concatenation of mere ideas, comes through to us in an experiential and necessitous form: it is primary, like sight and touch, and orders a universe of immediate relations. And second, that when he is most personal, most vivaciously himself, he is also most traditional, as in the beautifully humorous stories, "The Misfortunes of the Flapjacks" and "An Experiment With Tropical Fish," which seem to consist only of wise and affectionate laughter yet drive home somber philosophic truths. These two stories, together with "The Colony" and "King Solomon," seem likely to find a permanent place in American letters.

"THE COLONY" is probably the most important story of the present collection, at least thematically. It is a long, deeply considered work, and for all its philosophic concern is a passionate one. It might be read as a companion-piece to the brilliant essay on Gandhi, first published in COMMENTARY (August 1950), and in *An Age of Enormity*.

In both of these works, Rosenfeld deals with what might very well be considered the coordinates of modern life, the points at which the ego-drives of the self and its instinctual bases intersect with morality, politics, and religion.

In the essay, Rosenfeld observes that Gandhi repeated in politics the identical regimen through which he obtained mastery over his instinctual and egoistic drives. "It was an act of genius," he writes, "to recognize that politics need be nothing more than the simple extension of psychic economy." The politics worked. The mode was love: it was himself that Gandhi gave. Yet politics, too, was Gandhi's "defense against knowing himself." How was it, then, that out of that crippling regimen, the denial of the instincts, there emerged not a cripple but a whole man of extraordinary powers? Rosenfeld quotes the words of Nehru: "[Gandhi] . . . is the very opposite of the Calvinistic priestly type. His smile is delightful, his laughter infectious, and he radiates lightheartedness. There is something childlike about him which is full of charm." Toward solving this paradox, Rosenfeld suggests that Gandhi "performed a basic operation on life, converting everything natural to the ideal," which was tantamount to drawing upon the resources of culture in such a way as to transform them once again into nature. "Can culture really become nature?" he asks. "How does a man go against life and return to it, distorted but whole, with the satisfactions that failed in the beginning marvelously restored? . . . I cannot explain it; the last step in the transaction between character and culture is missing, at least in my own understanding. What we cannot explain is a mystery. This, the living childlike smile, so unlike the smile of the Sphinx, and yet of the same enormous silence, is for me the mystery of Gandhi."

"The Colony," the imaginative work which parallels the essay, might be thought of as an attempt to draw nearer to this mystery, though in fact it was written first. It is not "set in India," but using certain of the techniques of Kafka, abstracts from reality just those coordinates necessary to state its concerns. Its hero is a man like Nehru, come to power after the death of his leader. He is too sophisticated, too Western simply to adopt his leader's solutions as an act of faith. He must win his faith and repeat every step in the teeth of his own rational skepticism, for he is faced by the same unfinished non-violent war of liberation, the same lusts of the self, and the same need to unify the private and the public man. The story begins with a speech to his followers, which is followed by arrest, solitary confinement, and a hunger strike undertaken without any clear idea of a political motive. He keeps a diary during the days of his fast. "Regret nothing. It's not a religious impulse. I still have no faith, never will have. No faith, but fidelity. That, yes!" Though he has been fasting in complete isolation, he has become more dangerous to the state. The guards release him into the prison yard and he is set upon by the prisoners, former comrades who have been subjected, successfully, to "experiments." The guards provoke and inflame their brutality. ". . . They rushed at Satya again and once more began to beat him. His pain and his pity were identical: 'Pity them! Save them!' The unexpressed thought remained in his consciousness as he lay under their blows. But now suffering alone constituted his hold on life."

The story was written in 1945. If anything, its relevance has increased.

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The Foreign Policy of the Fifth French Republic

by W. W. Kulski. An objective, comprehensive, and fully-documented analysis of de Gaulle's relations with the nations of the world, this book surveys all aspects of his foreign policy from his election in 1958 to the present, and examines the strength of his support in France and the probable survival of his policies. *$8.50*

The Arab Ba'th Socialist Party

History, Ideology, and Organization

by Kamel S. Abu Jaber. This is the only full-scale account in English of the dominant party in Syria, its commitment to Arab unity and to non-alignment with East or West, and its growing influence throughout the Middle East. *$6.50*

Administrative Problems in Pakistan

edited by Guthrie S. Birkhead. This study of public administration in Pakistan since the 1958 Revolution explores the factors involved in administrative reform and discusses the structure of Pakistan administration. *$5.00*

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Syracuse University Press

Syracuse, New York 13210

Yet for all the virtues of this story, its idiom is not wholly Rosenfeld's own. Its voice is not as distinct and as various as the voice which emerged in "The Misfortunes of The Flapjacks" and "An Experiment With Tropical Fish," and which finally appeared full-blown the year of his death in "King Solomon."

Again, in the last story, the underlying theme is one of wholeness, integrity, though the application is not so much political as interpersonal, a question of confrontation, and especially of *presence.* The King is transcendently *real.* Which is to say that he is so real that certain qualities of myth begin to attach to him.

> Every year a certain number of girls. They come to him, lie down beside him, place their hands on his breast, and offer to become his slaves.
>
> This goes on all the time. It is a simple transaction, a lovely thing: "I will be your slave," say the girls, and no more need be said. But Solomon's men, his counselors, can't bear it—what is this power of his? Some maintain it is no power at all, he is merely the King. Oh yes, admit the rest, his being the King has something to do with it—but there have been other kings, so it can't be that.

And in fact no one can explain the King. There are no distinct attributes in which he excels, not even wisdom. He is simply marvelously *in his skin,* and therefore again and again transcends the ones who surround him. The Queen of Sheba sends her photograph and arrives in pomp. She impresses him, annoys him, wearies him; perhaps she even excites him, though she is past her prime, as is he. She departs with an uneasy sense of a great romance, and Solomon, as befits the occasion, stands in the tower and sees her off. He has acquired the lease to her oil lands.

The story is a delight. Its questioning, paradox-proposing tone is tuned halfway between gossip and high philosophy. I can think of nothing else quite like it.

There is not space here to discuss the relation of the early stories to the later ones, except to say that the development is organic and that this is one reason why the book is meaningful in its entirety and not merely by virtue of its best stories. In the same way that Solomon is in his skin, Rosenfeld is in his themes.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ANDREW SHONFIELD, *the distinguished British economist, is the author of* Modern Capitalism.

DAVID DAICHES, *a frequent contributor, reviewed Mother Katherine Hargrove's* The Star and the Cross *in our October issue.*

JOSEPH EPSTEIN *is an editor at the* Encyclopedia Britannica.

MAURICE NATANSON, *a new contributor, teaches philosophy at the University of California at Santa Cruz.*

GEORGE DENNISON *is a playwright and critic.*

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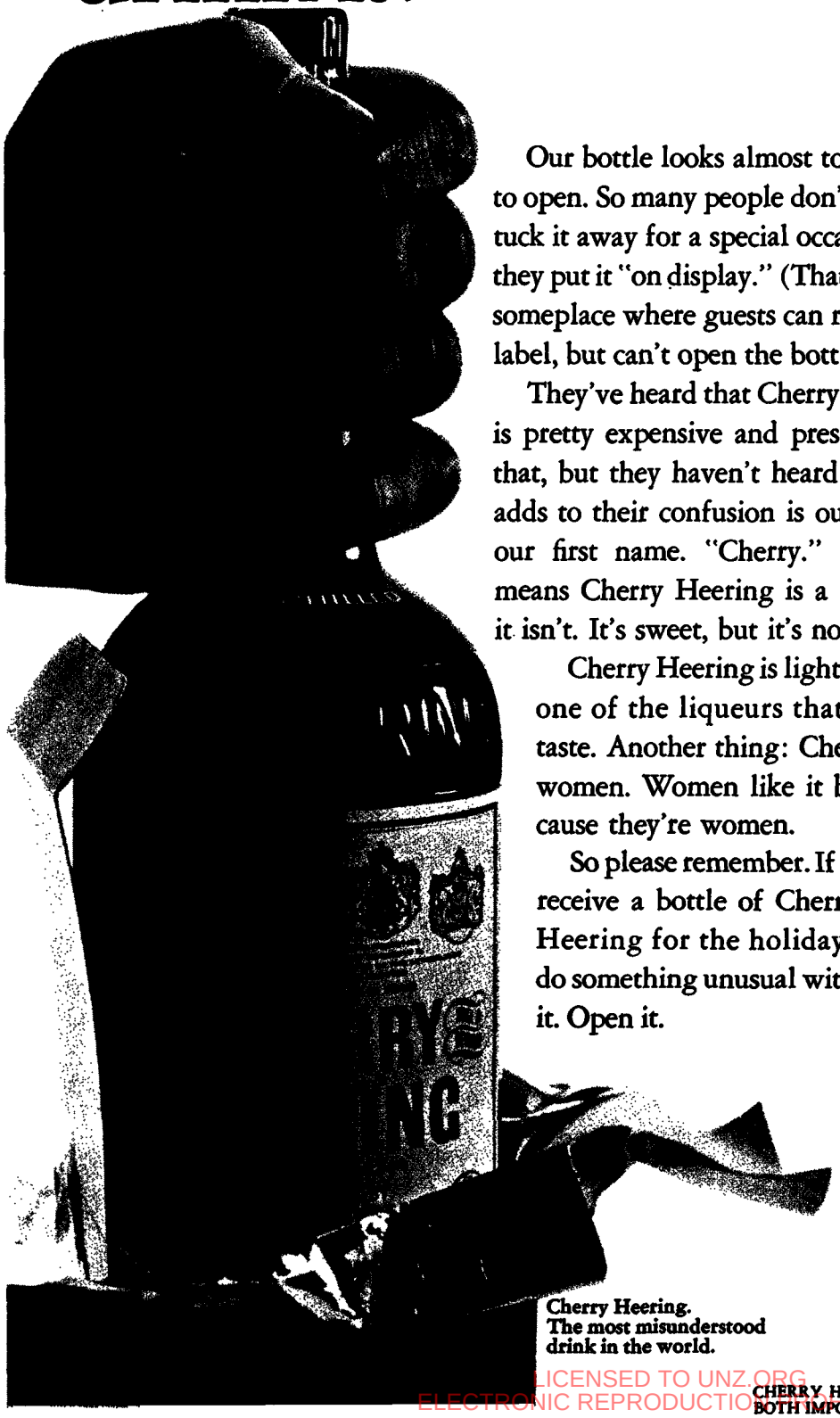
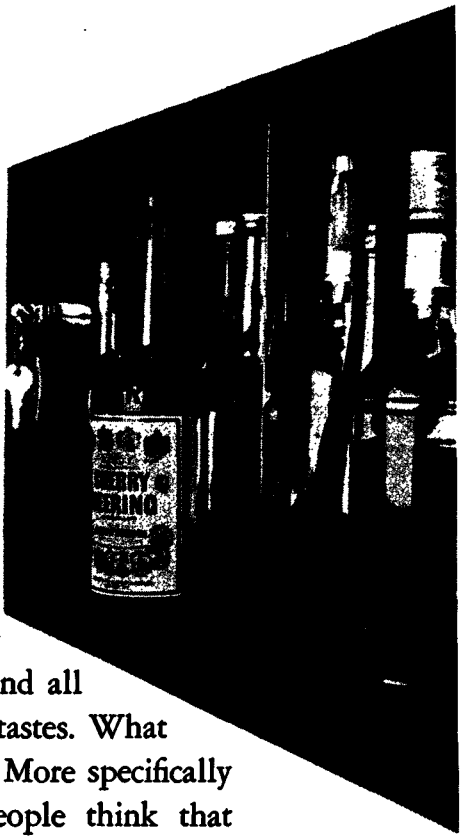
Many people are so happy to get Cherry Heering for the holidays, they never drink it.





Our bottle looks almost too good to open. So many people don't. They tuck it away for a special occasion or they put it "on display." (That means someplace where guests can read the label, but can't open the bottle.)

They've heard that Cherry Heering is pretty expensive and prestigious and all that, but they haven't heard how it tastes. What adds to their confusion is our name. More specifically our first name. "Cherry." Some people think that means Cherry Heering is a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

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